

Radio **MIRROR**

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER

**You can't hear it
but you can read it—**

**JACK
BENNY'S
'VACATION
BROADCAST'**

It's a howl!

■
**JOAN
RAWFORD'S
DRAMATIC
RADIO
ADVENTURE**

■
**COMPLETE
DAY-BY-DAY
PROGRAM
LISTINGS
AND NEWS**

—
DOROTHY LAMOUR



A BREATHLESS EVENING

DID YOU NOTICE HELEN'S
BREATH AGAIN TONIGHT-
SICKENING!



HELEN'S! HELEN'S
AND HERBERT'S. WOULDN'T
YOU THINK THEY WOULD
USE LISTERINE?

THEY'RE NOT THE
ONLY OFFENDERS. IT'S
EVERYBODY THESE DAYS.
TOO MUCH SMOKING AND
DRINKING.



WISH I COULD DO SOME-
THING ABOUT SUCH
FRIENDS-BUT WITH
ALL THEIR FAULTS I
LOVE THEM STILL.

GRACE GETS AN IDEA AND CALLS THE CARPENTER

CAN YOU COME RIGHT
UP, MR. THORPE? YES,
I WANT MY BRIDGE
TABLE ENLARGED.



MAKE IT TWO FEET WIDER ALL
AROUND-SO PEOPLE CAN'T GET THEIR
HEADS TOGETHER.

O.K. LADY, BUT IT SOUNDS
NUTS TO ME.



NOW LET THEM COME,
HALITOSIS OR NO. IT'S
SO WIDE WE'LL NEVER
NOTICE THEIR
BREATH!

CORKING, DARLING!
MAYBE WE HAD BETTER
MAKE THE
FIRST PRIZE
A BOTTLE OF
LISTERINE.



*So
she built her bridge table
two feet wider*

WHY OFFEND NEEDLESSLY? Modern habits explain why so many people have halitosis—(bad breath). The sad part of it is that you never know when you offend, but others do, and hence avoid you.

If you want to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times for social or business engagements.

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation in the mouth, the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your mouth feels wonderfully fresh and clean and your breath is sweeter, wholesome and more agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Co.



For Halitosis (BAD BREATH) use LISTERINE

**Pampers her skin with costly lotions
but she ignores her tender, ailing gums**

—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING



**How often such neglect leads
to real dental tragedies . . .
give your gums the benefit
of Ipana and Massage.**

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and

captivating—but not until she learns the importance of *healthy* gums to *sound* teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, *see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. “More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums” is the likely verdict

—and, very often, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don’t wait for the warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Remember

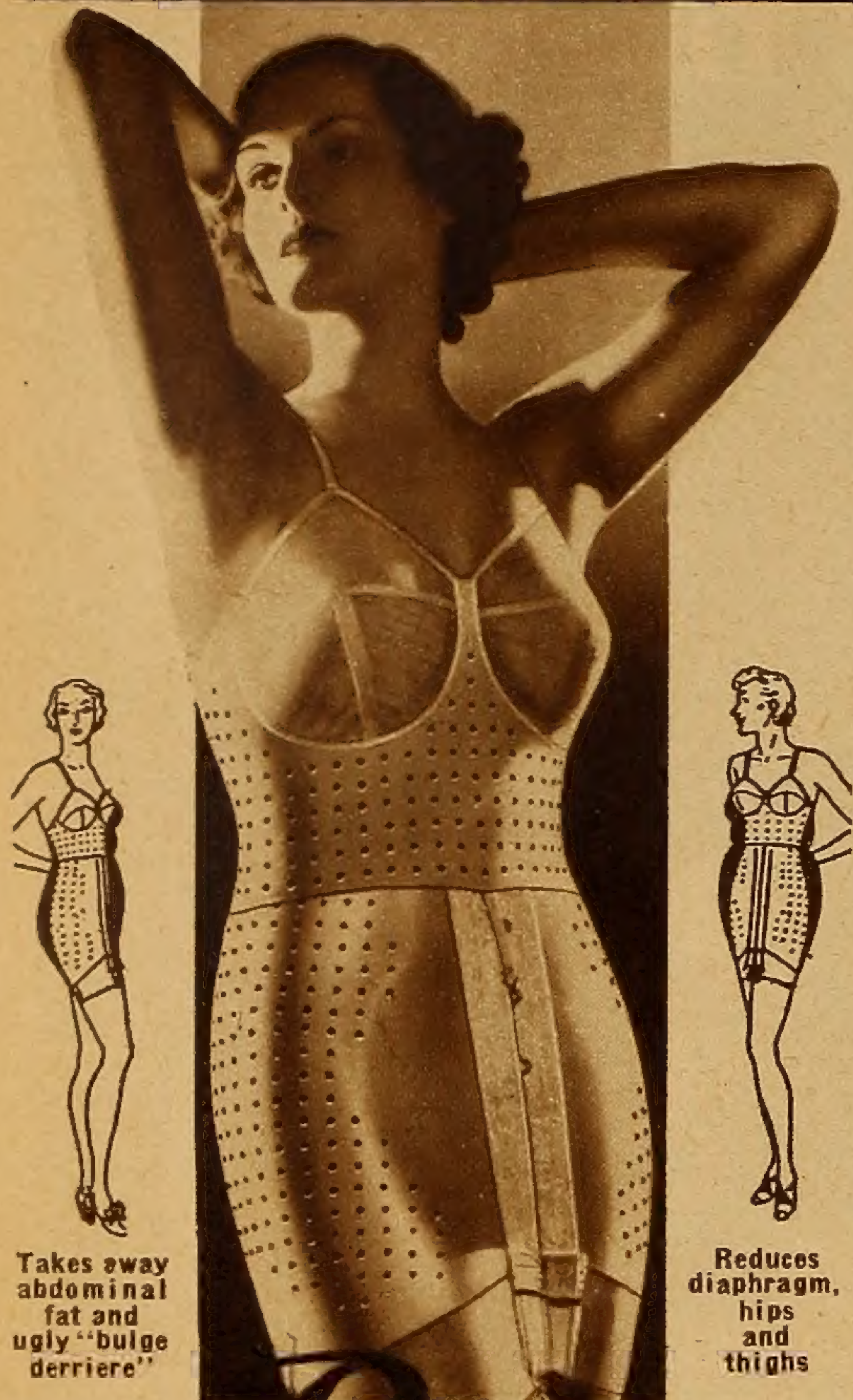
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

Quickly...

Correct Your Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



IF YOU
DO NOT

Reduce

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18" says Mrs. Faust. "Never owned a girdle I liked so much—reduced 26 pounds," writes Miss Marshall. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

■ You need not risk one penny... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere are actually reducing hips, waist, diaphragm and thighs. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just those spots where fat first accumulates.

No Diets, Drugs or Exercise!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The Perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. And with the loss of excess fat will come increased pep and energy.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You risk nothing. Mail coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 289. 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET in plain envelope, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

SEPTEMBER, 1937

VOL. 8 NO. 5

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN

Executive Editor

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS

Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASS'T EDITOR

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- Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast"..... 14
The funniest feature we've ever published
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COVER—DOROTHY LAMOUR—BY FRANK VAN STEEN

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PROFESSOR QUIZ'

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Who is Deanna Durbin's singing teacher?
 2. Who is the only person, other than Lum and Abner themselves, ever heard on the Lum and Abner programs?
 3. Who is the telephone girl on Hollywood Hotel?
 4. Does the trio on the Universal Rhythm show work on any other program?
 5. What former child movie star, now that he's grown up, is leading an orchestra in Hollywood and planning on bringing it to New York soon?
 6. The author of what well-loved radio serial recently made a trip to the Orient aboard the China Clipper?
 7. What radio and movie star is the bona-fide mayor of a town in California?
 8. What is radio's oldest male quartet?
 9. What famous orchestra leader only recently made his very first appearance in New York City?
 10. Who is now playing the part of "Honeychile" for Bob Hope?
 11. What two radio stars are interested in sports professionally?
 12. What radio performer is famous exclusively for his snoring ability?
 13. What famous actress and radio favorite will be missing from her regular spot on the air next fall, according to present plans?
 14. What orchestra leader is enthusiastic over "musical therapy", the method of using music to cure physical ailments?
 15. What radio star has a son who is the radio editor of a Detroit newspaper?
 16. What is the name of the race course in California in which Bing Crosby is financially interested?
 17. What famous pair of newlyweds are talking to radio sponsors for a program this fall?
 18. What star, off the air for the summer, is spending the hot days watching workmen build him a new house?
 19. Who plays Eb and Zeb on the Al Pearce hour?
 20. What is the theme song of the Chase and Sanborn show?
- (You'll find the answers on page 56)

Short-cut to Reno



**A short, but frequent, story . . .
"Lysol" disinfectant made the
ending happy.**

JUDY and Bill grew up together . . . were childhood sweethearts. Everybody said, "They'll be happy".

But . . . in less than a year of married life, Judy said Bill was cruel, indifferent. Bill said, "We both made a mistake". . . . But old Doc Davis, who'd brought them *both* into the world, discovered the *real* story. And "Lysol" disinfectant helped make the ending happy.

The tragic thing about it is, a woman *seldom knows* she's guilty of neglecting herself. Fortunately, any woman can (and millions of women do) know how *not* to offend. They know that "Lysol" disinfectant provides a wholesome cleans-

ing method of feminine hygiene. They know these six qualities of "Lysol" which make it so valuable:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 9-R.M.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.





Frank Crumit returns to the air as a non-singing master of ceremonies on Universal Rhythm. Below, with Rex Chandler.

Above, the whole Burns family: George, Ronnie, swimming expert Sandra, and Gracie—who's going to dance with Astaire!

WHAT'S NEW?



IT'S UP-TO-THE-MINUTE AND DOWN-TO-EARTH—A COMPLETE CHRONICLE OF THE MONTH'S BIG EVENTS IN THE MICROPHONE WORLD

THE love bug is making a concerted attack on Horace Heidt's orchestra. This fatal germ has vanquished one King sister and one member of the orchestra, and its victory over another King sister and another of the boys is only a matter of time. Louise King and Alvino Rey, the electric guitarist of the band, were married just before the organization took its two-week vacation, and Donna King is engaged to Charles Goodman, Horace's top baritone singer.

* * *

Not one, but two important things have happened to Ed Wynn. First, he married Frieda Mierse shortly after Mrs. Wynn received a Reno divorce. Second, he reached a decision about his own future in radio—which is that he doesn't care whether he ever goes on the air again or not. He has told intimates that he thinks the day for

his specialty—puns—has passed, as far as radio is concerned; and that he'll leave the more elaborate type of comedy to others. Meanwhile, he wants to write a daily newspaper column and produce a musical show on Broadway.

* * *

Ray Noble, now that he's become a comedian on the Burns and Allen show, is also getting into the good old American swing by turning into an inveterate prize-fight fan. Every fight night in Hollywood, he's on hand in a ringside seat. Daresay he dashes off a cup of tea and rushes to yell, "Give 'em the axe!"

* * *

It was a slightly belated honeymoon that Martha Raye took with her new husband, Buddy Westmore. Picture work kept her in Hollywood until a week before the last

**By TONY
SEYMOUR**

Jolson broadcast. Absolutely radiant, she rushed direct from the next-to-the-last broadcast into Buddy's waiting car, returning just in time to give out the closing hi-de-hi's on the next Tuesday's opus with Palsy-Walsy-Alsy. A few days later she was scheduled to be off for a ten-week personal appearance tour.

The sympathy of thousands of fans and radio workers goes out to the Lanny Rosses. Their eagerly awaited baby died at birth.

One of Hollywood's showiest show places is Joe Penner's new home, formerly owned by Tito Schipa. When visitors go through it they are particularly impressed by the elaborate servants' quarters, equipped with showers, a private dining room, and windows which open on the garden. "Yep," is Joe's explanation, "I want everybody in this house to be comfortable and have plenty of room. Why, we even have a room for hot and cold running termites."

Georgie Stoll's being seen nightly at Hollywood's Famous Door night club—but not for the purpose of showing any Hollywood lovely a good time. No, Georgie goes to the Door to listen to the torrid rhythms of Stuff Smith and his hot fiddle. The syncopating violinist has every musician in town fascinated, but Georgie seems particularly intrigued. Maybe he's thinking up some innovations for his fall appearance on the Camel show.

Frank Gill, one of the scribes for Eddie Cantor, as well as for the Texaco summer show, is a proud new father. He'd sort of hoped for a boy, but when the baby turned out to be of the feminine sex he thought up such a good gag he didn't mind the disappointment. He sent out wires to all his friends: "Guess it's the Cantor in me."

So you thought Eddie Cantor was on vacation? You wouldn't if you were around the studio during rehearsals for the summer Texaco show. Eddie rushes over, watches from backstage, and gives advice mixed with the irresistible Cantor grin—then runs back to the movie studio for another take on "Ali Baba Goes to Town." A nice, restful vacation.

Charlie Winninger's enthusiasm on the Show Boat program, now that he's back as its star, is as real as your enthusiasm over that two-week summer rest. It's not generally known that during the last year or so, since Charlie began making great strides in movie popularity, he turned down some half-dozen offers to go on the air in other programs. It (Continued on page 78)

CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by

Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star

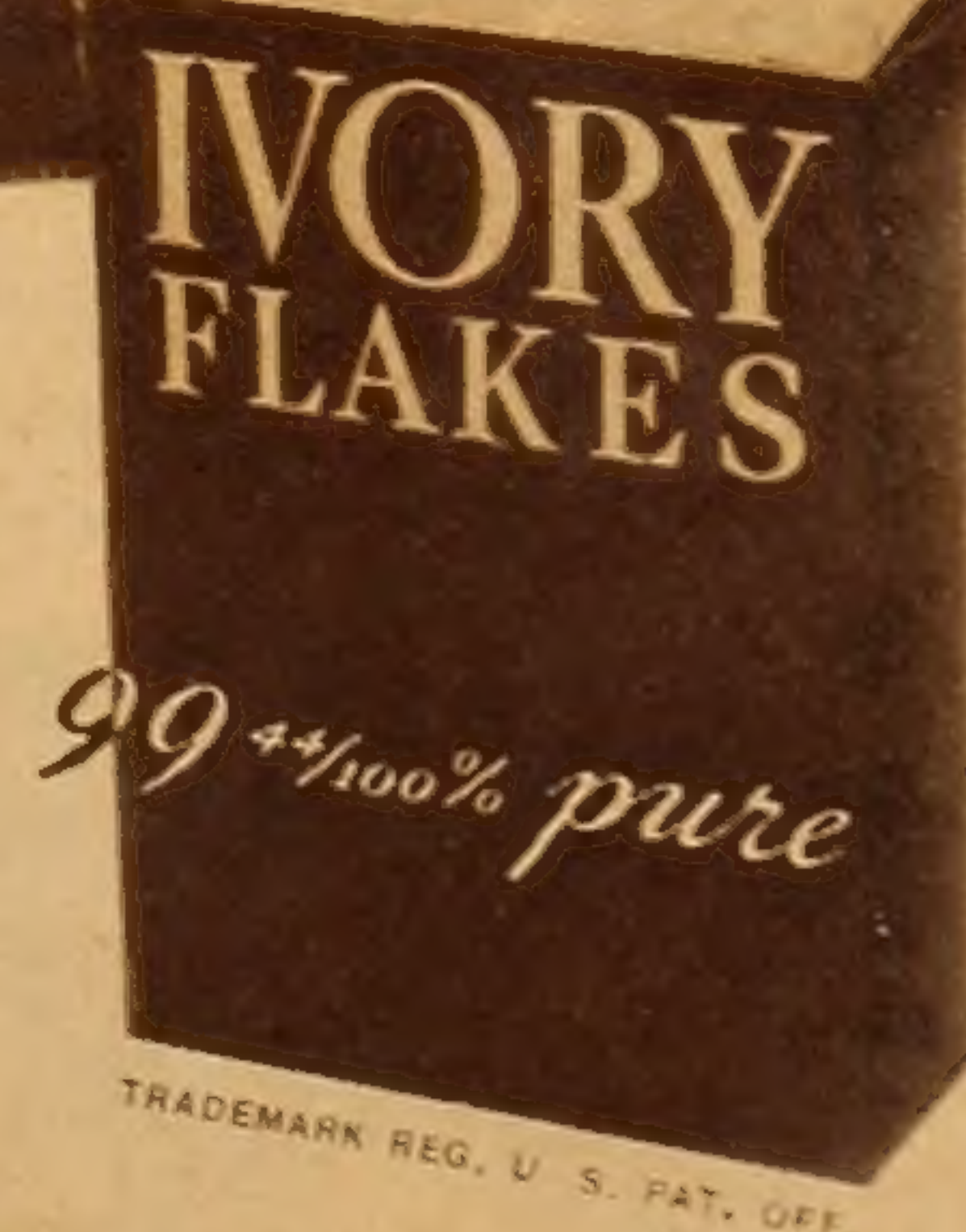


THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

**Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . .
colors bright . . . because they're pure**



WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

THE **3**
MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.



Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

By RUSS KING

Dorothy Alt, right, sings with Harold Green's unique International Orchestra made up of thirteen different nationalities.



COAST-TO-COAST HIGHLIGHTS



Betty Worth, above, plays stooge for Jay C. Flippen over WHN and WOR. Right, the Twin Cities' sport-spieler is Dick Cullum.



MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: Although Minnesota's twin cities don't always see eye-to-eye on everything, they did get together on a daily sport-spieler to represent them on the air. Selecting St. Paul's KSTP as the station outlet, the sponsor, Hamm's Beer, chose Minneapolis' outstanding sports writer to do the talking. And if you're a Twin City sports follower you've already guessed that Dick Cullum is the man at the mike.

Spotted at 5:55 p. m. seven days a week, Dick doesn't attempt to give all the sports news of the day, but instead

treats the major items editorially in much the manner of his popular daily sports column in the Minneapolis Journal.

Dick's previous radio activity has been limited to a weekly question and answer program for his paper during the football season. Preferring football and boxing in the line of sports, Dick was the organizer of the Minneapolis Journal Downtown Quarterbacks Club last year. The club has a membership of some five hundred of the city's most prominent citizens who meet every Monday during (Continued on page 88)

THE PACKARD SHOW, for the summer, is featuring Johnny Green's music and the voices of Trudy Wood, Jimmy Blair, and Jane Rhodes.

The time and network are the same as when Fred Astaire and Charlie Butterworth were at the helm—Tuesdays at 9:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., on the NBC Red network. If you think, as I do, that Johnny Green is one of the smartest maestros in the business, this program's exactly right for you. If you want comedy, you're out of luck; there isn't much and what there is, is only good for mild chuckles. But then, laughing too hard in the summertime only makes you hotter. The three young vocalists blend nicely with Johnny's music—which means that none of them stands out particularly. There are, perhaps, a few too many commercial announcements for comfort.

YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS, on CBS at 10:30 P. M., E.D.S.T., every Monday, is something really new in the way of programs. You ought to like it. Carl Carmer, the author of that non-fiction best-seller of a few years back, "Stars Fell on Alabama" (and I don't mean the song), is the master of ceremonies and narrator who tells you all about the local traditions and legends of every part of the United States, a different part each Monday. Comedy, fantasy, history and tragedy are all grist for the Carmer mill, and he presents them in an amusing and interesting way. He's not above mixing in a bit of music now and then when it's needed, either. Listen in, and if you're an old-timer around your home town, you may find yourself groping back into your memory for an old story to contribute to Carmer's collection of American lore. Think back now . . . What was that old story Grandpa used to tell?

THE REVIEWING STAND B Y S E L E C T O R

UNIVERSAL RHYTHM is a full-sized hour show now, having moved over to the Sunday - night spot — nine o'clock, E.D.S.T., on CBS—

which its sponsor formerly used for a symphony orchestra. It will stay there until fall. Frank Crumit is the most important addition to the cast, with Richard Bonelli, Carolyn Urbaneck, Alec Templeton, and Rex Chandler's orchestra remaining in the show. Frank's a genial and pleasant master of ceremonies, and keeps things moving at a pace that isn't too slow for a Sunday-night program. I understand he won't sing at all, which seems a pity. The sponsors rate a bow for giving us such generous helpings of Alec Templeton every week—he's one of the finest entertainers I know. Richard Bonelli and the orchestra are, of course, dependable, and Miss Urbaneck seems to be a real find in the sweet-singer department.

ELDER MICHAUX, SOLOMON LIGHTFOOT, is back on the air after a long absence, broadcasting this time on a coast-to-coast Mutual network, Monday nights at ten o'clock, E.D.S.T. Maybe I'm all wrong, but it seems to me that the years have done something to the worthy Elder and his congregations. Haven't they all become less excitable, more reserved and dignified? I don't seem to hear that loud and fervent chorus of "Yeah man!" in the background any more. The Elder's oldtime fans may not entirely approve of this modern restraint, but otherwise the program is just as good as it used to be back in the days when it was on CBS. The Elder is just as cunning as ever at linking a snatch of sermon with a snatch of music, the sermons are just as homely and inspiring, and the music just as fresh and beautiful.

Glare-Proof!

—to flatter you in
hard sunlight

Pond's 3 "Sunlight" shades

Summer Brunette

Sunlight (LIGHT)

Sunlight (DARK)

This year Pond's has *three* "Sunlight" shades! Choose your shade according to your tan. Blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun. Pond's "Sunlight" Shades soften the hard glare of the sun on your face. Flatter you outdoors and in!

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 8RM-PJ. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1937)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company



Strong sunlight
throws a hard light
on your face

Pond's "Sunlight"
Shades catch only the
softer rays of the sun
—soften your face



what

DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

Elinor Harriot takes all the feminine parts in Amos 'n' Andy's show.

\$20.00 PRIZE

A SUMMERTIME FAN

SUMMERTIME always makes me more interested in radio programs. Some of my friends say they don't like the summer shows because most of the big stars are off the air, but to me it's all the more interesting to see what the substitutes can do. Many a fill-in has made good and been given a break during the summer when people are not always in a receptive mood. You know, I'm pretty fed up with some of radio's big comedians, and a change will do me good, and a vacation will do them good. Maybe if all we dialers could get together and really listen in this summer, and send in our bouquets and huzzahs, we might be

rewarded with extra fine entertainment this winter. The hot, sticky days won't stop me from tuning in—not with that new automobile radio we're going to buy Dad for Father's Day.

Janice Brown,
Washington, D. C.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!
YOUR LETTERS OF
OPINION WIN PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE \$20.00
SECOND PRIZE \$10.00
FIVE PRIZES of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 26, 1937.

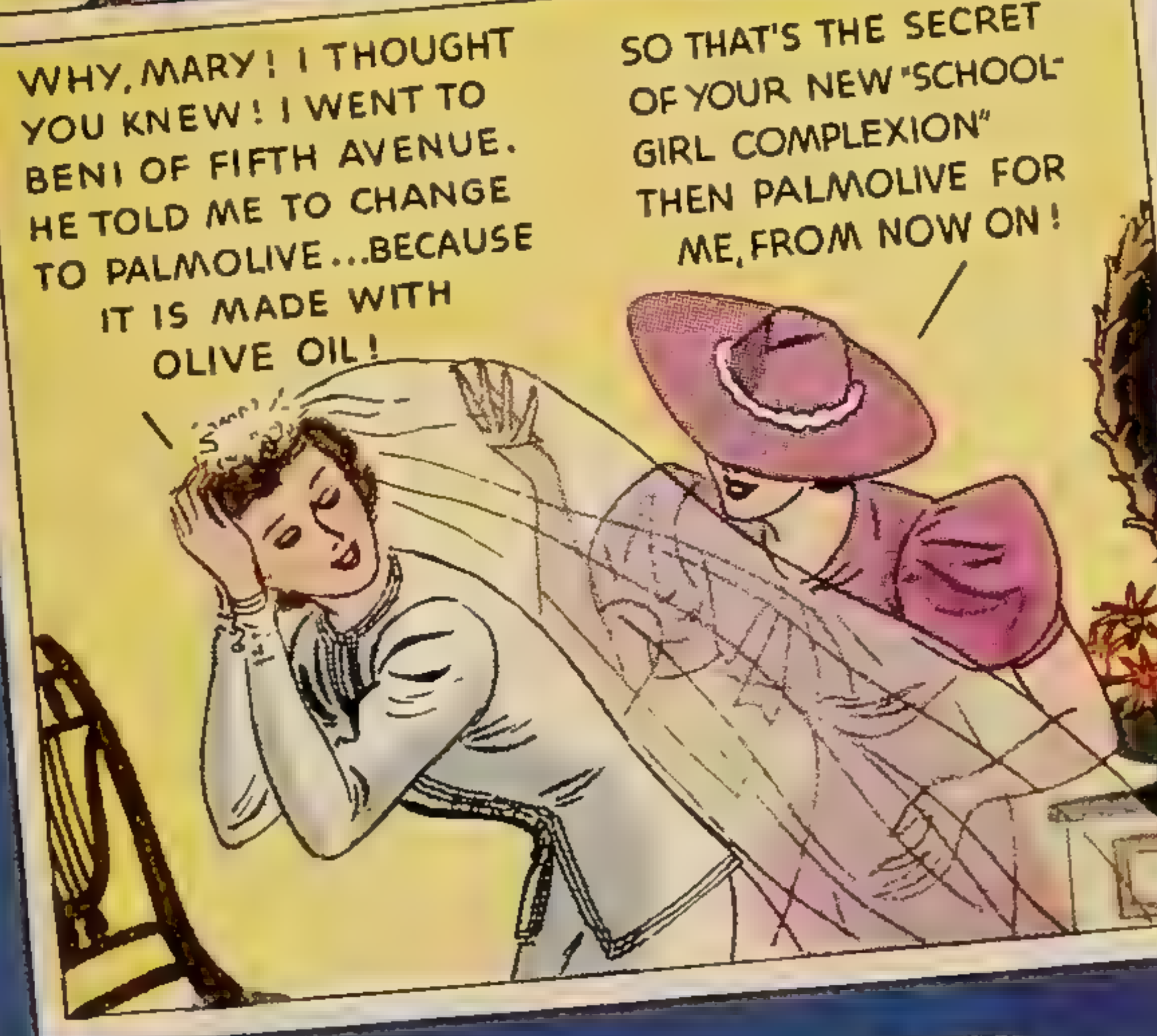
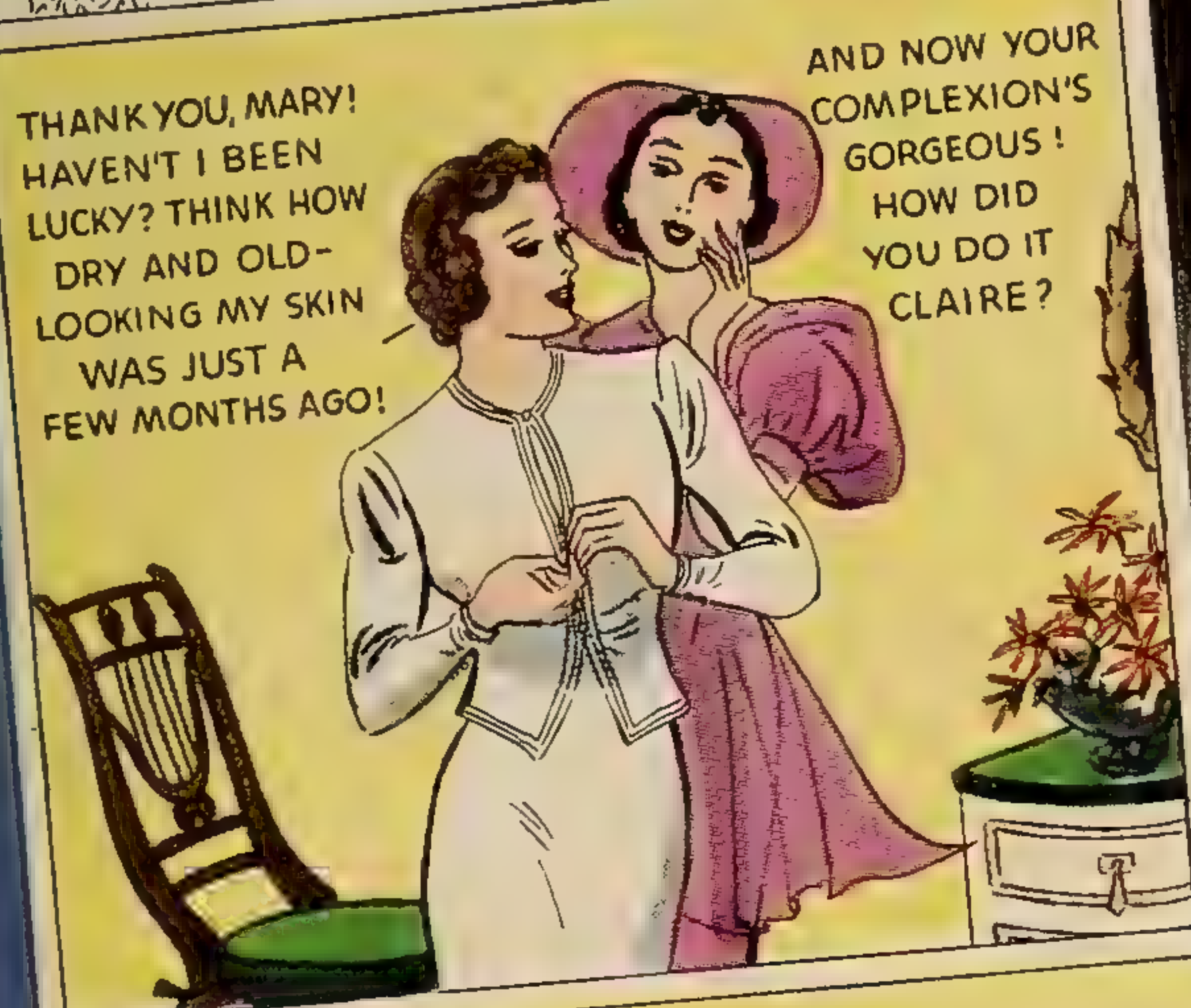
\$10.00 PRIZE

THE TURN-OFF STRIKE

Arise, ye members of the Day Time Listeners' Club, organize a sit-down or "turn-off" strike against sponsors of the various women's programs who "talk down" to us kitchen mechanics of Local No. 50,000,000 of the Homemakers' union. We demand shorter hours of announcements directed toward child minds, and higher pay in the form of intelligent programs advertis- (Continued on page 76)

Here Comes the Bride!

ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS

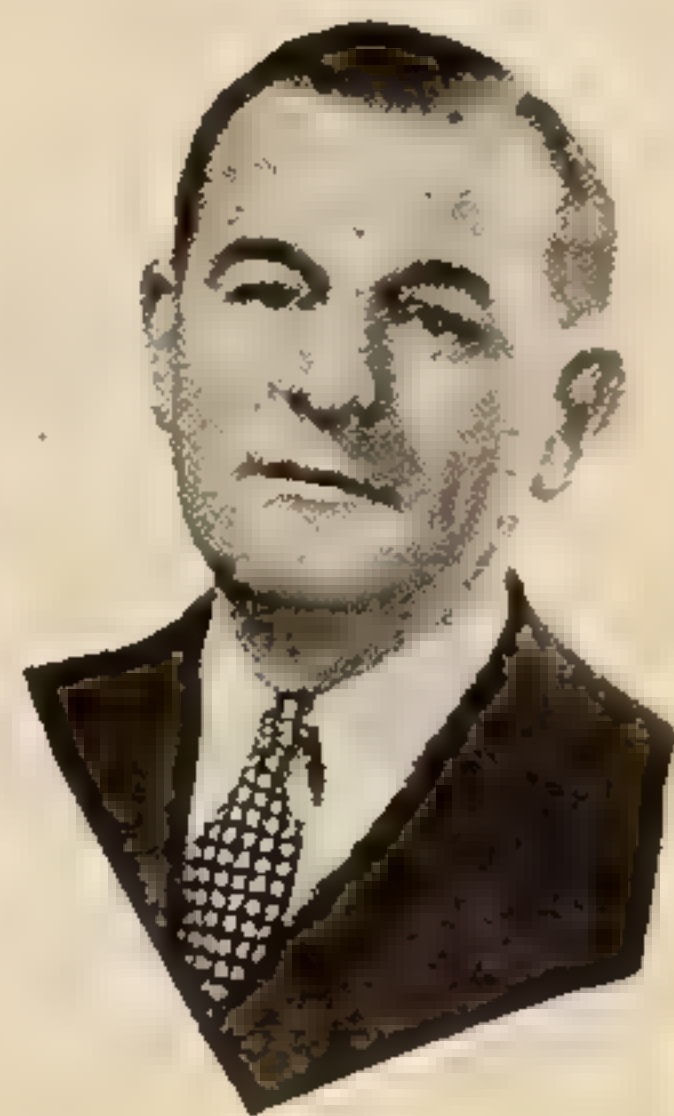


DON'T RISK "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

BY BENI OF FIFTH AVE., FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

"Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.



"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the regular daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is really different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics—softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, *different* lather help make *your* complexion lovelier!

Gown by Bergdorf Goodman
Complexion by Palmolive



TO KEEP THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

*Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr.
Plays an exciting game
of tennis*



TENNIS—Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camels. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"



WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton (*foreground above*) looks charmingly cool in white shark-skin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy... gives me the grandest lift!"



TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

MISS JOAN BELMONT, *New York* • MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston* • MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.,
New York • MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston* • MRS.
ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia* • MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR.,
New York • MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York* • MRS. NICHOLAS G.
PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore* • MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR.,
New York • MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., *Chicago*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.



Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!



M-G-M Photo

The lovely owner of one of Hollywood's greatest voices held out a long time before she gave in to radio's lure.

By
NORTON
RUSSELL

IT TOOK MORE THAN THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS THEY'LL PAY HER EVERY WEEK TO LURE THAT MAC- DONALD GIRL TO THE AIR

"If only," sighed one sponsor after another, "we could get Jeanette MacDonald!"

But they never could.

Even luring the little lady into a broadcast studio for a guest appearance was considered to be something in the line of a major victory. As for signing her up on a regular weekly program—well, that was just out! Jeanette simply didn't care for radio. She'd said so, often enough, and apparently she meant it.

Until she changed her mind. A few weeks ago the sponsors of Vicks' Open House show announced with quiet pride that they had the MacDonald signature on a contract and that she would begin a weekly series in September.

It was enough for the sponsors that they'd scooped the whole radio industry in getting Jeanette as their star. Not for them to inquire into the reasons for a lady's change of mind. They could afford to be satisfied with the fact that she *had* changed it. But if they'd looked a little deeper into the situation they'd have uncovered an explanation so utterly and delightfully feminine (Continued on page 75)

HOW RADIO WON

Jeanette



Paramount Photo

With an armful of Mary Carlisle, the sun shines bright on Bing Crosby as he sings for Paramount's "Double or Nothing." Bing's gone (on a vacation) but not forgotten.



Paramount Photo by Malcolm Bulloch

Ah Romeo, wherefor art thou Benny? Gail Patrick, above, is Jack's heartbeat in "Artists and Models." Though he's off the air, turn the page for a hilarious "summer show."

Stop! Look! Listen!

JACK BENNY'S



Jack Benny



Mary Livingstone

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here is a new idea—RADIO MIRROR's own READIO-broadcast. You can't hear it, but you can read it, and get thirty minutes of the same fun you have when you tune in America's number one comedian. On these pages you will find some of the best laughs and playlets that have made Jack Benny's program the most popular in the past three years. It's all based on material furnished by Jack Benny himself, and skilfully blended to make a perfect program—Jack's "Vacation Broadcast." Watch for his second READIO-broadcast next month.*

THOUGH Jack Benny's off the air, RADIO MIRROR magazine is bringing you a full Benny program! All you have to do is lean back in your favorite easy-chair and tune in to this magazine. The reception is good—the dials are set just right—are you ready? Then imagine that it's Sunday evening. If you live in New York the time is

seven o'clock. If you live in a daze, it's seven o'clock anyway. There go the chimes, and the announcer saying, "This is the National Broadcasting Company". Another voice, hearty, robust—it's Don Wilson:

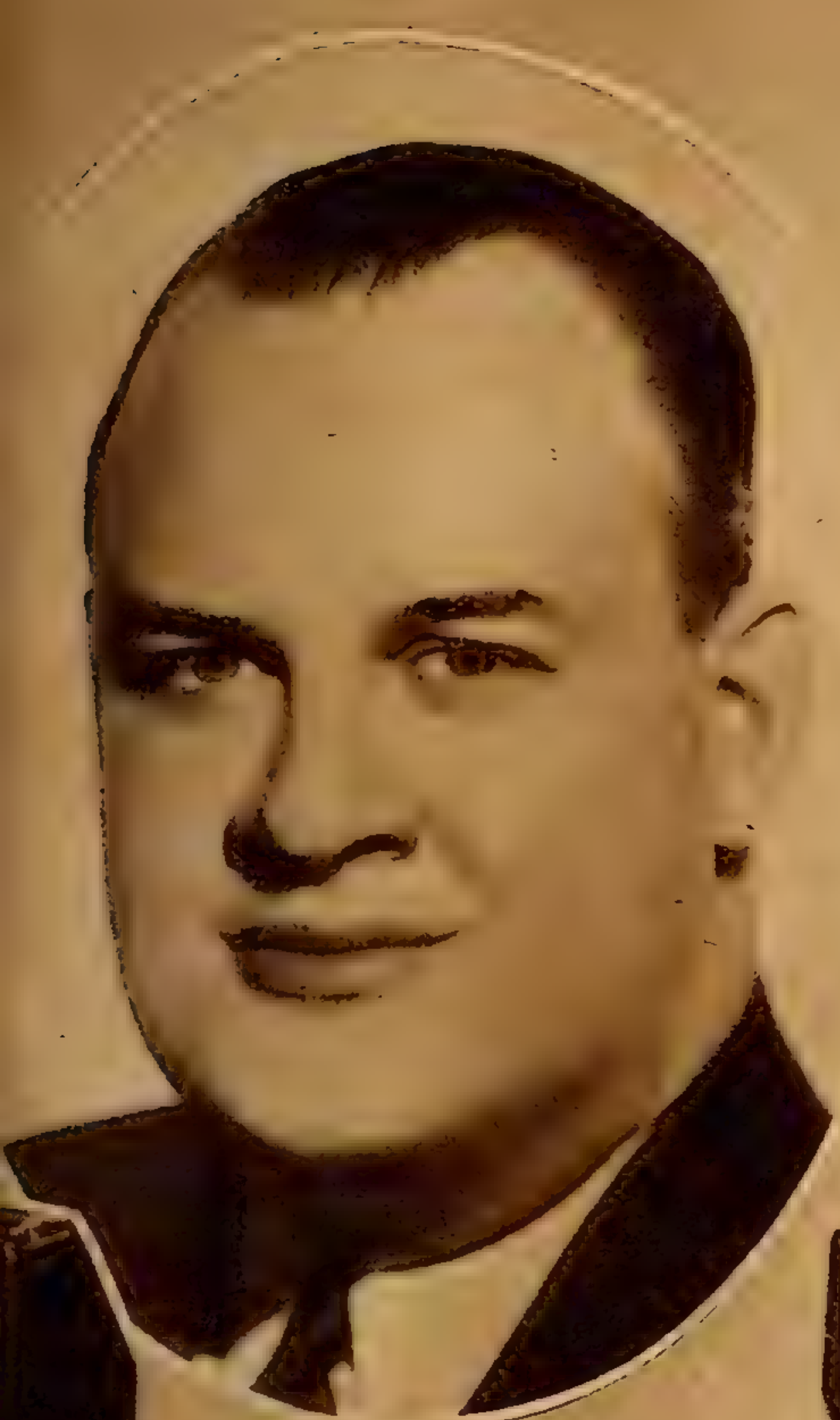
"The Jell-O program! Starring Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone and Phil Harris and his orchestra. The orchestra opens the program with "September in the Rain."

(Close your eyes and listen a minute. Sure enough, it's Phil Harris leading his men in the charming music of "September in the Rain.")

DON: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Jack, Mary, and all the rest of us are sailing for Europe on our summer vacation. We're all here on board the good ship *Jelloa*, which is due to get up steam and start out any minute. And now we bring you *your* friend, *my* friend, and *Jack Benny's* friend—as fine a fellow as ever stooped to pick up a cigar butt—Jack Benny! . . . Uh, where is Jack, anyway?

YOU CAN'T HEAR IT BUT YOU CAN READ IT! THIRTY MINUTES OF THE

'VACATION BROADCAST'



Don Wilson



Kenny Baker



Phil Harris

PHIL: Jack just called up, Don. He said he and Mary were on their way over to the ship now. They ought to be here any minute. (. . . *Listen. There's the sound of an automobile motor and an auto horn. Somebody's in an awful hurry. Now they're talking. Remember that high-pitched voice of Mary's, and that worried one of Jack's?*)

MARY: Watch out, Jack. You nearly hit that dog.

JACK: Mary, I'm driving this car, and I've got to step on it. We're late.

MARY: Watch out! You nearly hit that bakery truck.

JACK: Hey, you big palooka, why didn't you put your hand out?

TRUCK DRIVER: If I did, I'd put it on yer jaw.

JACK: Oh yeah?

TRUCK DRIVER: Yeah!

JACK: (*He starts the car again*). Oh well, it's a good thing for that mugg I'm in a hurry.

MARY: It's a good thing for you, too. Careful, Jack, you're on the sidewalk.

JACK: How did I get up here? A fine place for the city to put up sidewalks.

MARY: Oh look, Jack, a fellow wants you to stop here.

JACK: Who is it?

MARY: He's got a uniform on and he doesn't look like a sailor.

JACK: Well, I can't stop now. (*We hear a police whistle*).

MARY: Look, Jack, he's running after us and he's got a motorcycle under him.

JACK: Oh, that's different.

THE COP: Hey, you, pull over there to the curb! (*We hear the car and the motorcycle slow up and stop*)

THE COP: What's your hurry and where's your driver's license?

JACK: Why, officer, it isn't at (*Continued on page 68*)

AME LAUGHS YOU GET WHEN YOU TUNE IN RADIO'S TOP COMEDY HOUR

Joan Crawford's

DRAMATIC RADIO ADVENTURE

THE contracts were signed, to everyone's satisfaction. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone were to be co-starred in a brief air version of Maxwell Anderson's great play, "Elizabeth the Queen," on the Camel program. Joan was delighted with the part of Elizabeth. Dramatic, stormy, poetic, beautiful—it represented, to her, a chance to do something fine and unforgettable.

Then somebody mentioned the studio audience.

Joan's face went white. "Audience? But of course there isn't going to be one! I can't play in front of an audience!"

But, they told her, there had to be one. There always was, for the Camel show. Besides, it would only be for ten minutes.

"Then I can't do it," Joan cried. "Walking out on a stage in front of all those people would be just like walking to the electric chair. My legs simply would not hold me up—not even for *one* minute!"

Nobody who saw the stark fright in her eyes at that moment could have thought for a minute that she didn't mean what she said. Yet Joan did play Elizabeth in front of a studio audience. And later, on one of the Lux Theater full hour shows, she played Mary, Queen of Scots—again for a studio audience.

In those two radio appearances lies the story of how Joan Crawford overcame her greatest handicap, licked her greatest fear. Radio did what no amount of sympathetic advice from Franchot Tone, her husband, or careful coaching by teachers, could do. Radio cured her of an actress' most dreaded terror—stage fright. For that, simply, was what it was.

More even than all that, radio taught her how to accept many things in her life, the life of a star, which always before had made her sick with nervousness. And finally, it opened the door to her greatest (Continued on page 59)

With Rupert Hughes and Franchot Tone, Joan faced her first ordeal.



B y

KATHERINE

ALBERT

A new portrait study of
M-G-M's charming Mrs.
Tone, taken just after
she won the first round
of her greatest battle.

Hurrell

BRILLIANT STAR OF HOLLY-
WOOD AND ROMANTIC IDEAL,
YET HER GREATEST AMBITION
WAS BEYOND HER REACH. THEN
SHE TRIED RADIO AND LEARNED—



AS HILARIOUS AS ONE OF HIS BROADCASTS, THE STORY OF A WOODEN IMP WHO HAS THE NERVE TO TRY ALL THE THINGS HIS MASTER WOULD LIKE TO DO

Charlie McCARTHY



CHARLIE McCARTHY, as full fledged a ventriloquist's dummy as was ever put together with wood and glue and dressed in the finest top hat and tails, really lives. In fact he lives a much fuller and happier life than do most of us mortals, because Charlie does everything and says everything he wants to and never worries about getting a punch in the nose.

It's the darndest story I ever told. The funniest, too, and the most revealing. It's the story of how Charlie McCarthy is the real Edgar Bergen, who says what Bergen is really thinking and who does what Bergen really is yearning to do. It's also the story of how Charlie has finally brought his owner and master fame and fortune by being the hit of the Chase and Sanborn program, Sunday nights.

And if you don't believe me, you should drop around some time. You should have been there the day, for instance, that Charlie and Edgar took a day off from radio and went to the movie set to make a comedy.

Rehearsals were over and they were getting ready to shoot the scene. Edgar and Charlie were sitting at the bar. On the stool next to them was a very beautiful girl in a very low gown. Edgar looked. Then, as a gentleman should, he turned away and nibbled on a pretzel.

But Charlie, Edgar's real self, wasn't so easily restrained. Casually, Charlie turned in the girl's direction. His eyes rolled. He leaned towards her. He looked, long and hard. Then he positively leered.

"Um-m-m, um-m-m!" he murmured. "Um-m-m-m, um-m-m-m!"

Edgar Bergen had spoken, with Charlie's lips and Charlie's gestures. Once more, Edgar had stifled an instinctive remark, only to find Charlie coming to his rescue.

Lots of people have the wrong idea about Edgar Bergen and Charlie. They think because Edgar is a ventriloquist, he talks for Charlie. Actually, as I'm proving to you, it's Charlie who talks for Edgar. Really, he's Edgar's subconscious personality, and not so subconscious at that.

During the filming of the same comedy, there was trouble with Charlie's carrot colored wig. It wouldn't stay on straight. "I'll fix it," said a property man and without further ado, he did, driving a nail into Charlie's head with three sharp blows.

"Why you—!" screamed Charlie, reeling under the blows. It was Charlie talking, but it was Edgar saying what he really thought of all the property men who have barked him in the shins and bumped him on the head while rushing past with tables and chairs.

Of course Charlie's a person. He's the Edgar Bergen the rest of the world doesn't see unless it's lucky enough to be around when Charlie swings into action. Even then, it's impossible to appreciate what's going on unless the whole story is understood—as hard as it would be to understand why, when radio engineers get the mike ready for Edgar to speak his lines they put it in front of Charlie.



B y A D E L E
W H I T E L Y F L E T C H E R

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHY CHARLIE
AND EDGAR BEREN ARE INSEPARABLE

REALLY LIVES!

For fifteen years now Edgar and Charlie have been side partners. And in Charlie, Edgar has a partner made to order. Charlie was copied after a little Irish newsboy Edgar greatly admired. Carrot-colored hair, high cheekbones, a big mouth and bold eyes. The newsboy's name was Charlie. The workman who wrought this spirit of free youth from wood was Mack. Edgar supplied the ending.

It was natural that Edgar's dreams for Charlie and himself should be concerned with the theater, for he had been in and out of the theater—and in it as much as possible always—ever since he was twelve years old. In the theater he found the excitement and adventure and romance other boys discover in tales of cowboys and soldiers.

The theater in Decatur, Michigan, where Edgar first worked was small and crude. On those nights when there was a performance it was Edgar's job to start the fire, turn on the lights, take the dust covers off the chairs, and make the place ready for the customers who eventually would stroll in.

One night when no performance was scheduled the woman who owned that theater passed by to find the lights on and the price sign out. She slipped inside to discover the twelve-year old Edgar at the piano. His fair hair shone under the light and he was playing with what he felt were professional flourishes. His antics amused this

woman who once had been an opera singer. But his playing impressed her. He had a way of dramatizing the melodies he coaxed from the black and white keys.

"Hello there," she called. Edgar jumped. "Don't be alarmed," she said, "I saw the lights on and came in. And I'm glad I did. How would you like to be the piano player around here in the future?"

It was a couple of years later, quite by accident, that Edgar learned he could, as he calls it, "diffuse" his voice. He explains the mysterious business of ventriloquism very simply, incidentally.

"When you're a ventriloquist," he says "you speak from your stomach instead of from your throat. In Latin venter means stomach and loquor means speak. In this way, you see, you aren't obliged to move your lips. Consequently the eyes of those who watch help create the illusion that it is your dummy speaking. For they see the dummy's mouth open and close while your mouth remains still and they register this fact with the brain."

It was his mother Edgar fooled first. One summer afternoon he was sitting in the kitchen watching his mother bake an apple pie when he decided it would be fun to make her think there was someone at the door.

"Hello in there," he called in the muffled voice he had been practising because the sound of it seemed to come from no place in particular. And while he spoke he tapped on the bottom of his chair.

When his mother went to the door he couldn't conceal his delight.

(Continued on page 91)



Paramount Photo

● Lovely Claudette Colbert of the screen becomes a full-fledged radio star in October. She will do a series of four broadcasts, and maybe more, for the International Silver Company. Claudette's latest Paramount picture is "I Met Him In Paris," and if you hear anybody saying that a double was used for the ice-skating scenes, tell 'em it isn't so. She's Mrs. Dr. Joel Pressman in private life and her next picture will be "Tovarich" for Warner Bros., with Charles Boyer.



Scotty Welbourne

● Lest you forget—that Dick Powell is typical of everything that makes a top-flight radio star—we're proud to present this distinctive new portrait study. There's still hope that Dick will be back on a coast-to-coast program in the fall; meanwhile, you'll see him in his newest Warner Brothers picture, "The Singing Marine," with none other than Doris Weston, who got her start on Major Bowes' Hour, as his leading lady, and Hugh Herbert in the cast.

BEHIND THE

Hollywood

FRONT



At a Fidler party: Allan Jones, Mrs. Fidler, Jimmie, Mrs. Jones (Irene Hervey).

THE bow-'n-arrow boy L'il Dan'l Cupid, is doing his stuff in bright fashion here lately. Shirley Ross, the pert piping canary on the Ken Murray show, is just this side of becoming Mrs. Eddie Anderson. . . . Petite Marlyn Stuart is the light in Buster Keaton's eyes. Odd that Keaton should have palpitation of the heart over a longstress. He's hard of hearing. Some people say they will be surprised if anything comes of the Keaton-Stuart affair. They even hint that Ken Murray may marry Marlyn, instead of Florence Heller. I put no credit at all in this wild rumor. . . . The Ruth Hollingsworth-Dick Foran romance climaxed in marriage two days before he completed his radio contract with Burns and Allen.

AGAIN NBC'S MOST DARING

HOLLYWOOD BROADCASTER

SCORES HERE FIRST WITH

NEXT MONTH'S HEADLINES

BITTER rivals are Martha Raye and Ella Logan, the Scotch chanteuse. So you might imagine the charged atmosphere when Ella replaced Martha on a recent Jolson broadcast. And it might explain why Ella poured more umph into her vocal dynamics than ever before.

* * *

MILTON BERLE can never be as funny on the air as he was at the Trocadero just before leaving for New York. This zany's imitation of Gypsy Rose Lee actually laid people in the aisles. (Those who weren't already under the tables.) And speaking of Community Sing (Berle's program), Jack La Rue's young sister Emily was one of the forty paid singers in the audience to give vocal support to the last Hollywood program. Despite the fact that stooges are planted in every Sing audience, Milton doesn't let them come to rehearsal. He hopes his gags will strike them spontaneously funny, too.

* * *

FUNNY Saying Dept.: Deanna Durbin and Bobby Breen call Eddie Cantor "Daddy" over the radio but in real life, he's "Uncle" to them. Sort of a case of Double Eddidentity. (Hmmm!)

* * *

IT'S a real love match between Conrad Thibault and his beautiful blonde wife. (She was Eleanor Kendall of New York). After the marriage she gave up her Blue Book position and devoted herself to her husband's career

Right, Mrs. Chester Lauck is determined that Chester must get enough to eat. He's Lum, of Lum and Abner. Below, the Jack Oakies—without the dog that raised Jimmie Fidler's ire against Venita Varden Oakie.



by Jimmie Fidler



with admirable self-sacrifice. She's at all of Conrad's rehearsals and is truly his most valued critic. Probably the Paul Munis are the only others who parallel this type of marriage, with the wife responsible for so much of the husband's success without herself coming in for any public credit.

* * *

BING and Dixie Crosby are certain the new child will be a girl; hence the pink decorations in the nursery for the December bundle from Up There. Incidentally, the Crooner has wagered more than two grand the next one will be a Miss.

* * *

CHESTER LAUCK (of Lum and Abner fame) has been caught recording the bright sayings of his 4-year-old. Apparently this stealing of gags from infants should be called to Milton Berle's attention.

* * *

DON'T try to sit in on a Chase and Sanborn rehearsal. Only Ann Harding is allowed—aside from the cast, of course. She sits in the same second row seat left and is always addressed as Mrs. Janssen . . . *never* as "Miss Harding."

* * *

FIBBER McGEE and Molly still rate at the top of the comedy ladder but I don't consider them as funny to see as to hear. However, I'll be glad if I'm wrong, and if their forthcoming movie "This Way Please" is up to the comedy standard of their air-shows, you'll hear a whoop of happiness out of me. This is one team of comics that has come to Hollywood without going Hollywood.

Incidentally, Honore and Don Ameche, Lum and Abner and their wives, together with Fibber and Molly, are all Chicago alumni; they're all on the radio, all happily married with children, and all run around together out here.

(Continued on page 83)



Walter O'Keefe's keeping
Town Hall Tonight a-goin'
while Fred Allen's away.



Jane Froman and
Don Ross are Jell-
O's summer stars.

Hot time



She's Trudy Wood who
sings on the Packard
summer show, Tuesdays.



The Sunday night Cantor show now brings Igor Gorin's voice.

Big timeers

These hot Fridays you hear Alice Faye singing for Chesterfield.

Harry Von Zell's subbing for Phil Baker on Sundays.



HUMPTY

DUMPTY SAT ON



W. C. is a specialist in a funny fall—but once one became a tragedy.

NEVER *did* like the idea of being buried alive," Bill Fields said.

I sat in the warm afternoon sunlight watching Bill try his strength by gently decapitating dandelions with a mashie-niblick. Only a few weeks before he had lain in a sanitarium patching himself together again after the worst two years of multiplied miseries that ever swooped down on anyone, let alone a professional funny man.

Only a few days before, he had padded out of the wings

of the NBC studio in Hollywood and at once become the newest sensation of the air.

He had set Radio Row, Hollywood, the whole country talking about the great comeback of as great an artist and gentleman as ever hit the airwaves. But in all the talk in all that was being printed and said, there was no mention of the amazing true story back of Bill's return to public life. In their excitement, their eagerness to talk about the obvious, the columnists and the writers had missed the

A WALL—

ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE
KING'S MEN COULDN'T PUT HIM TO-
GETHER UNTIL—THE AMAZING TRUTH
ABOUT W. C. FIELDS' RETURN TO LIFE



By KIRTLLEY
BASKETTE

greatest story of all—the story I am proud to be able to reveal here.

The truth is that you and I owe the return of Bill Fields to radio. It was radio which did what all the king's horses and all the king's men—and many of Hollywood's highest-priced doctors—couldn't do: put Bill together again. It was radio which, one night, roused the old Fields' fighting spirit and made him so mad he couldn't take time to die. But even before that night, radio had given him a reason to

go on living—a way of enjoying life even in a hospital.

Even now—though many people do not know this—the story of Bill's recovery is not finished. He is still a sick man. He must spend nearly all his time at home, resting, while two secretaries protect him from over-solicitous friends and casual interviewers attracted by his sudden new success. He is not strong enough to attend the dress rehearsals of his program. His doctors sternly forbid him to exert himself more than is absolutely necessary. (Continued on page 73)

The Feud

THAT'S SHAKING HOLLYWOOD— WITH LAUGHTER

BY JOHN EDWARDS

WHEN Mrs. Mabel Jones of Strawville, Iowa, develops a good, healthy, old-fashioned hate for Mrs. Hazel Smith of down-the-street, it may not be news to the rest of the world, but it keeps Strawville telephones working overtime breaking dates, taking sides and planning shooting parties.

But when the same thing happens in Hollywood, the four corners of the world, not of Strawville, make up the squared circle for the big battle. Especially when all the principals and seconds are not only movie stars, but radio stars as well.

Well, sir, that's exactly what has been going on under the sun-blessed sky of old Hollywood. And it's kept the town rocking on its heels with laughter.

It's been funny, all right, to those looking on. But a lot of others are having a harder time seeing the humorous side.

Just about everyone you ever heard of has gotten mixed up in it. Jack Benny, for instance, because he's Mary Livingstone's husband. Shirley Ross because—well, everybody gives you a different reason there. Mary Livingstone because—and everybody has still another reason here. Martha Raye. Fibber McGee and Molly. Jackie Coogan. Betty Grable. Need we go on, or is that an all-star cast? Maybe it's enough to say that a brand

**IT'S A GRAND AND
GLORIOUS FREE-FOR-
ALL, AND A WHOLE**

Shirley Ross, who
began the battle.



new star is in plenty of hot water, that a nice romantic engagement has got new worries, that three shiny new careers may be jinxed, and that there's bound to be plenty of weeping into pillows at night.

Right now, Shirley Ross is sitting under the watchful eyes of all Hollywood, because, with just three pictures to her credit, she walked out on the fourth one—and walked out flat. The reason? Mary Livingstone, says Shirley. The picture? "This Way Please." The rest of the cast? Well, Fibber McGee and Molly. Mary Livingstone. Buddy Rogers and Ned Sparks. And now that Shirley has left, Betty Grable.

Don't think the whole thing took Mary Livingstone by surprise. She'd been warned—by one who'd already crossed swords with Shirley. So, to make what might become a Hollywood epic into a short story—

It wasn't all right, but it wasn't a matter for worry, either, when Hollywood first learned that in comparison to Shirley and Martha Raye, Wally Windsor and Stanley Baldwin were bosom buddies. Martha and the Ross girl worked on the same lot together. Worse yet, they were cast in the same picture together, "Waikiki Wedding." But the on-lookers felt that this beautiful new singing sensation was entitled (*Continued on page 92*)

GALAXY OF MOVIE AND RADIO STARS ARE MIXED UP IN IT

Mary Livingstone,
who carried it on.



Martha Raye, who
stood by cheering.



Illustration
By Francois



RAINBOW'S



20th Century-Fox

"Honey," his schoolday sweetheart who finally became Mrs. Ameche, and young Dominick Felix, junior, show Don around.

GOLDEN WEALTH AND HAPPY MARRIAGE ARE DON AMECHE'S IN THIS EXCITING CLIMAX OF HIS ROMANTIC LIFE STORY



END



By DOROTHY
ANN BLANK

CONCLUSION

THANKSGIVING Eve of 1929 marked Don Ameche's debut on the legitimate stage, and he remained a member of the stock company through the winter in Madison. It was grand experience—a new play each week, old-timers in the company to watch, and his own college dramatic coach, Bill Troutman, to give him pointers.

When the company pulled out in June, Don stayed on and played in four university summer school shows. He was marking time now, because Troutman intended to drive to New York early in the fall and had invited Don to accompany him. Also, it gave him a chance to go home and explain to his father that he would soon be in the big money on the stage.

In New York, it looked at first as though this might come to pass, for without too much delay Don's agent placed the young man in a Fiske O'Hara show called "Jerry for Short." He played a butler, true, but a butler on the Main Stem was better than a lead in the sticks.

After only six weeks, the show went on the road and Don was going the rounds again. He took a short swing at the barn drama, in a Greenwich, Connecticut, theater where new shows were tried out. Among his co-actors were Rollo Peters, Georgette Cohan, Johnny Breedon, and Sylva Breamer. It was fun, but not very lucrative. He was soon "on vacation" again.

Then came his best break so far, a good part in a show called "Illegal Practice." When it left New York, he too went on the road. He got good notices, and felt that this was his real start in show business.

When he played Chicago, he phoned the Michael Roes Hospital and asked for Honore. But he hadn't kept close enough track of her—they told him she was now working in a Nashville, Tennessee, hospital. He dropped her a note, which she didn't answer. The romance seemed definitely cold.

When "Illegal Practice" closed, Don returned to Broadway and a long stretch of thin months. He hadn't saved his money; hadn't made a lot, for that matter. He lived in a modest theatrical hotel in the midtown section, and actually learned for the first time what (Continued on page 65)

PERSONALITY



THE VILLAINNESS—Janet Logan, left, who plays Clara Blake on the CBS drama, *The Romance of Helen Trent*, sounds more villainous than she looks. Janet is a newcomer to radio and this is her first job. She was born in Eldon, Mo., on February 3, of a mother who was an elocutionist and a father who played the violin. In High School she excelled in basketball and as leading lady in the school plays. On a vacation trip to Los Angeles, Janet won a beauty and talent contest and was given a role in a stock company. She made several RKO movie shorts as a dancer. Then she returned to Chicago and for two years played on the Show Boat, "Dixiana," anchored in the Chicago River. She has brown hair and eyes; weighs 95 pounds.

SHOW BOAT BARITONE—Thomas L. Thomas, right, admits the most thrilling moment in his life was when he was picked a winner in the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air. The L in his name stands for Llynfnwy. He was born February 23, 1913, at Maesteg, South Wales, came to America quite young, settling in Scranton, Pa., with his family. He became radio minded after winning the Atwater Kent audition. His first radio job was in the Show Boat choral group, and now he's won a contract on the same show. Tommy likes shrimp salad and dark blue suits.



PRIMA DONNA JEAN—Jean Dickenson, left, is the lovely young soprano of NBC's Sunday-night American Album of Familiar Music, with Frank Munn. Jean's radio fame began last summer when she sang on Hollywood Hotel while Anne Jamison (opposite page) was vacationing. She was born in Montreal, Canada, December 10, 1913, and because her father is a mining engineer was educated in such far-apart places as India, Africa, San Francisco and Denver. She learned Hindustani, from her native nurse, before she could speak English. Her radio debut came in Denver, over NBC, while she was still going to school. After she came to New York, Lily Pons selected her as a protegee. Jean's eyes and hair are brown, and she dislikes red fingernails.

CLOSE-UPS

EMOTION EXPERT—Anne Stone, right, was born Aneuta Zukovsky at Geneva, Switzerland. Her mother was Rosa Zukovsky Stone, concert violinist who made her debut with the late, famous Mme. Schumann-Heink, and she's the niece of the noted Russian poet, Helemsky. She came to Chicago with her parents in 1910 and decided to go on the stage. Began studying under Anna Morgan. Then played in stock companies on the West Coast. She even had a role in John Barrymore's picture, "General Crack," and finally got her break in radio without an audition. Since 1937 she's played in NBC's Young Hickory, Your Health, the Piccadilly Music Hall, and Lights Out. Anne is five feet two and loves to swim.



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—Bruce Kamman is the Old Professor of NBC's Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten, broadcast late Saturday afternoons. When ten, Bruce resolved to become a great cornetist, an ambition that led him into show business and thence to radio. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, February 18, 1899. Later the family moved to New York where he took his cornet lessons. He soon became a jack of all trades in the show world until he joined WHB in Kansas City, in 1920. In 1932, he invented the Kindergarten and his "poopils."

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL'S VIRGINIA—Anne Jamison, right, is the little girl with the lyric soprano voice who's been singing on the Hollywood Hotel over two years. She was born in Belfast, Ireland, January 24, 1910. Her father was a British army officer. Anne sang when she was a child but only began to study voice seriously when her family migrated to Canada. A few years later she came to New York to study with Estelle Liebling, and a few days after her arrival she was given a successful audition which ended in a contract to sing as Virginia opposite Dick Powell. She's small, has red-gold hair and her favorite dish is Indian curry which she makes to perfection. She could earn a living as a dramatic actress or secretary, if her voice ever went back on her.



BYE-LO-BYE

FOR YOUR OWN
HOME—FREDDY
MARTIN'S FA-
MOUS ARAGON
THEME MELODY

REFRAIN *F Slowly and with feeling*

p-mf *G* *Ab7* *Fm* *Ab7* *Db* *Fm* *Bbm*
Bb7 *Gm* *Bb7* *Eb* *Gm* *Cm*

Bye - - lo, go to sleep, my ba - by,

p-mf *F* *Faug.* *Bb* *Gm7* *C7* *F* *Gm7* *C7*
G *Gaug.* *C* *Am7* *D7* *G* *Am7* *D7*

Ev - 'ry lit - tle bird is in its nest, _____

F *Ab7* *Fm* *Ab7* *Db* *Fm* *Bbm* *F* *Faug.*
G *Bb7* *Gm* *Bb7.* *Eb* *Gm* *Cm* *G* *Gaug.*

Bye - - lo, go to sleep, my ba - by, Just you cud-dle

Bb *C7* *F* *Bb* *F* *Gm7* *F* *Gm7* *Ddim.* *F* *Am* *Dm*
C *D7* *G* *C* *G* *Am7* *G* *Am7* *Edim.* *G* *Bm* *Em*

accel.

down and rest. Lit - tle dream-boats sail - in' for the

Gm7 *C7* *F* *Bb* *F* *Gm7* *F* *Am* *Dm* *E7* *Am* *F#dim.*
Am7 *poco* *rit.* *D7* *G* *C* *G* *Am7* *G* *accel.* *Bm* *Em* *F#7* *Bm* *poco* *rit.* *G#dim.* *Gdim.*

Swanee riv-er shore, Hear the sand-man knock-in' at our lit-tle cab-in

poco *rit.* *accel.* *poco* *rit.*

LULLABY

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MUSIC CORP., N. Y.

C7 D7 Am Bm C7 D7 F G *a tempo* A^b7 B^b7 Fm Gm A^b7 B^b7 D^b Eb Fm Gm B^bm Cm

door. Bye - lo, go to sleep, my ba - by,

F G Faug. Gaug. B^b C C7 D7 F G B^b C F G Gm7 Am7 F C7 D7 Gm Edim F[#]dim.

To the Bye-lo - bye lul - la - by.

2. F G C7 D7 Am Bm C7 D7 F G Caug. Daug. F7 G7 B^b C Faug. A7 B7

Close your eyes, my hon-ey, - don't you cry, my

Dm Em D^b7 Eb7 F G A^b7 B^b7 Fm Gm A^b7 B^b7 D^b Eb Fm Gm

hon-ey, - Mm Mm Bye - lo, go to sleep, my

B^bm Cm F G Faug. Gaug. B^b C C7 D7 F G B^b7 C7

ba - by, To the Bye-lo - bye lul - la - by.

poco a poco rit.





Nowhere will you ever find a radio program that's as much a social event as the Grand Ole Opry. Every Saturday night, the broadcast hall is packed with four thousand people. They've arrived in every kind of farm conveyance from hundreds of miles.



Left above, a family pulls up in Nashville, having driven over dirt roads in the same truck they use to haul produce to market. Above, dressed in their best, another family comes early for good seats. Not only Tennessee, but Kentucky, Alabama, and Georgia contribute to the colorful audience.

IT'S MADE



Above, the barn-like hall where four thousand men, women and children crowd in to stamp and sway to the music they find so intoxicating. But just now Cameraman Ed. Clark has their interest.



Left, De Ford Bailey, whose half talking, half playing on the harmonica makes him a favorite with Opry fans. He boasts of being a member of the original cast along with Uncle Dave, Paul Warmack, and the Possum Hunters.

The Possum Hunters, right, have opened every Opry program. They carry on, despite their leader's death last August. Every week day they till the land and dream of Saturday.



For hours before the broadcast begins at eight o'clock, eager fans line up outside the hall. Here is a typical group below, with a mother adding a last touch to her child's finery. Note the man on the far right, in his shirtsleeves and slacks. Special policemen, stationed on the highways, are necessary on Ole Opry nights, to route the heavy traffic to the Opry hall.



The broadcast's in full swing and only one member of the audience fails to pay attention. Four hours of folk music—the longest regular program on the air—is barely sufficient for these mountaineer critics.

RADIO HISTORY

**DEAN OF TENNESSEE PROGRAMS,
WSM'S FOUR HOUR LONG GRAND
OLE OPRY BROADCASTS ARE BE-
COMING AS BELOVED A SOUTH-
ERN TRADITION AS CORN PONE**



Left, King of the Ole Opry is sixty-eight-year-old Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dewdrop!" His son, Doris, plays with him.

Above, as unique a group as radio can boast—the Rockfield Jug Band, which can coax weird tunes out of weird instruments.



Gene Krupa is Benny's ace drummer. He has played with most of the top-notch dance orchestras in the country.



A candid shot of one of Benny Goodman's hot trumpet players, Harry James "in the groove on a hot lick".



Left, Peg La Centra, the Swingman's singing attraction in his recent sensational tour of one-night stands.

WHEN Benny Goodman brings his orchestra to town the first thing the local police do is call out the reserve traffic officers, the riot squad, the fire department, and any stray volunteers who happen to be hanging around the station. They can't ever tell. They may need them. Wherever Benny Goodman is advertised to play, there's a crowd, and sometimes the crowd does unexpected things—like the audience in the New York Paramount Theater, which was so enraptured over the Goodman music that some people actually got up and danced in the aisles.

Because Benny Goodman started from less than nothing, and from that humble beginning became the greatest dance-band attraction in jazz history; because he is the wonder and delight of dozens of so-called "serious" musicians; because he and his co-workers have added scores of colorful and expressive new words to the language; and because his career is an example for all aspiring musicians—for all those reasons, this issue of "Facing the Music" is dedicated to him.

First, before getting into the story of this music master, you'll have to have a glossary of Swing Language, a language which (*Continued on page 80*)

By KEN ALDEN

**SWINGING THE SPOTLIGHT
TO THE KING OF SWING—
BENNY GOODMAN, WHO IS
MAKING DANCE BAND HIS-
TORY WHEREVER HE GOES**

Benny Goodman started on a shoe-string and now his yearly earnings are estimated at \$100,000.



THE MUSIC

Below, when Benny played for this mixed crowd in Newark, New Jersey, they had to call out the riot squad.

Benny's style of leading is casual. He beats time and calls out "swing orders" for his men's guidance.



HOW Dorothy

LOVE runs along in the good old-fashioned pattern for most of us. Girl meets Boy. Girl marries Boy. Girl and Boy settle down, build a home and live happily ever after. But it has been different for Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay. Their story might have been lifted bodily from the pages of the latest best-seller, so unique, so dramatic it is.

It really is two stories. Vina Delmar or F. Scott Fitzgerald might have written the first—their romance, fresh, gay, and naive. And their marriage might have been conceived by Noel Coward; it is just that adult, sophisticated, and ultra-modern. Which is rather amazing in itself when you consider that Herb is just thirty now and Dorothy won't be twenty-three until next December. Veritable babes in love. But so wise—or daring!

Their story starts five years ago, long before Dorothy was anything but a pretty, rather frightened kid. She had yet to be signed by Chase and Sanborn as the featured singer on their radio program, along with such people as W. C. Fields, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen and that delightful, dummy, Charlie McCarthy. She had yet to be seen on the screen in "Jungle Princess" and "Last Train to Madrid," or win the coveted feminine lead in Samuel Goldwyn's epic, "Hurricane." She had yet, in fact, to sing on the air or act before a camera at all.

She was pretty, yes, as thousands of girls all over the country are pretty. Dark hair, violet-blue eyes, full mouth, and slim, well molded figure. But definitely not the alluring, poised glamor girl you know today. Winning the title of Miss New Orleans in the national Miss America beauty contest had been the biggest thrill of her life.

Along with that title she won \$250 in cash—more money than she'd ever seen before in all her life. She took it and went to Chicago with her mother to have one grand fling of fun, to forget for awhile that she was Miss Lamour, secretary to a Louisiana business man; that she must earn a living for herself and her mother, widowed when Dorothy was a two-year-old baby; that although she had dreamed of a college education, a sorority pin and so forth, graduation from high school and a Girl Scout merit badge would be all she would ever know of that.

When that \$250 was gone, she knew she must return, must stop playing Cinderella.

The first memorable thing that happened to her in Chicago was losing her petticoat in public. The second was her first glimpse of Herbie Kay. In that instant she fell hopelessly, madly in love with him. He was leading the orchestra in the Black Hawk restaurant. Like a moonstruck kid, she watched him from her table. Round-eyed, she stayed until the waiters practically threw her out. Then she went home to her mother with her heart behaving in a strange way.

Leave Chicago and her new god now? Impossible! Suppose the prize money *was* gone? She would get a job, any job to earn more. Suppose she hadn't met Kay and didn't have a dog's chance of doing so? She could at least see him sometimes, from a distance. Suppose she had few friends. What did that matter? She had Kay to worship. And worship him she did. And always has ever since.

She got a job, as model in Marshall Field's department store. When she lost that job, she became a clerk. When that folded she gladly accepted work as an elevator operator, wearing



Lamour FOUND LOVE

**BEGIN THIS UNIQUE ROMANCE THAT'S GAY, MODERN AND FILLED
WITH ALL THE REAL EMOTIONAL TURBULENCE OF LIFE TODAY**

a uniform of dark green gabardine with white pique collar and cuffs. All that mattered was that she was in Chicago, and so was Herbie Kay.

Ironically, if she had not taken that elevator-girl job, she would never have met the man she loved. Beautiful Dorothy Dell, fated to meet a tragic death in an automobile crash in Hollywood, stepped into her elevator cage one afternoon. The two Dorothys had been fellow winners in the beauty contest and a warm friendship had developed between them.

"What on earth are you doing here in Chicago?" Dorothy Dell asked. "And of all things, running an elevator?"

Dorothy smiled. "Earning a living," she said.

"But why Chicago?"

"Secret," Dorothy answered.

"Must be something to do with love if it makes you blush that way to mention it," Dorothy guessed shrewdly. "Anyway, darling, this is no work for you. You ought to be singing like I am."

Dorothy protested she had no voice, and as far as she knew, it was true. In the eighteen years of her life she had made three public appearances as a vocalist—one as a three-year-old dressed in a Red Cross nurse's uniform, to sell Thrift Stamps; one when she was seven to win a basket of groceries on amateur night at a neighborhood theater; and the last when the master of ceremonies at the Club Forest in New Orleans had introduced her as Miss New Orleans and practically blackjacked her into singing a duet with him.

"Pooh," Dorothy Dell dismissed her protests. "I'll teach you."

She taught her one song, "Dancing on the Ceiling," and then arranged an appearance for her on guest theatrical night at the Terrace Gardens in the Morrison Hotel. The lack of an evening gown in the Lamour wardrobe was remedied by borrowing a slinky green satin one from Dorothy Gulman, the hotel's press agent.

Came the night. Scared to death, Dorothy sang. Or tried to. She couldn't remember those words she (Continued on page 62)

Dorothy Lamour and her band-leader husband, Herbie Kay, are today two of Hollywood's happiest people. But once—



**TAKE A TIP FROM RADIO'S
STARLETS! THERE'S NOTH-
ING LIKE GOOD OLD SOAP
AND WATER FOR THE GLOW-
ING COMPLEXION OF YOUTH**

AND where does beauty begin? With youth, of course, from the very first days when baby has a tepid bath with lathery soapsuds, right up to the debutante age when little Miss Teen experiments with forbidden cosmetics! Perhaps you older girls have got off the track somewhere since that first flush of youth. Perhaps you're wondering what has happened to the former elasticity of your skin, the fresh natural glow of your complexion. Then perhaps you'll find the answers here in our first-hand information on beauty care for modern sub-debs. For one thing, have you forgotten that the beginning of all beauty treatments is that old reliable, soap-and-water, supplemented by creams and light make-up chosen with sense and care?

Judy Garland, who has been busy the past year making a notable success on the Oakie College program, in addition to her stage and screen activities, has a mother who is wise in the ways of make-up, for Judy is her third daughter to be in the entertainment world. She knows that all mothers must begin very early and very earnestly to stress the importance of lovely skin, smoothly groomed hair and gleaming teeth.

"A great many mothers I meet," says Mrs. (Continued on page 87)



THE BEGINNING
OF
Beauty

What a contrast! Judy Garland, fourteen-year-old star of Jack Oakie's program and Gracie Allen, in circle, at the same age. When Gracie's picture was taken, it was a job to keep those long curls always looking neat. Judy's simple hairdress requires no fussing.

By
JOYCE ANDERSON

After 14 Day Evaporation Test

8 popular brands of polish became thick and gummy, evaporated 35% to 60%, while the NEW Cutex Polish stayed smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever!



Do You Lose $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of Your Nail Polish By Evaporation?



New Cutex Polish is Usable to the Last Drop!

"**WE'RE** getting tired of having to pay for TWO bottles of nail polish in order to really get ONE!" women complained. We thought that was a legitimate grievance, so we perfected our wonderful New Cutex, and now we are proud to say, "Buy the New Cutex and you'll get *all* the polish you pay for!" We've made sure that the last drop will be just as much of a joy to apply as the first one!

To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish . . . two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands—and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as

New "Smoky" Shades

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray or delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A smoky shade for tanned hands. Good with brown, beige, gray, green.

ROBIN RED—New, soft red. Goes with everything, sophisticated with black and white.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Flattering—especially with the new wine shades!

THE NEWEST SHADE—BURGUNDY—Brand-new deep, purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing . . . just right!

Think what a saving this means! A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades . . . and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

And besides giving you twice as much for *your* money, Cutex costs so little to begin with! The New Cutex is still the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

MAIL COUPON TODAY for complete Cutex Manicure Kit, containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 16¢.

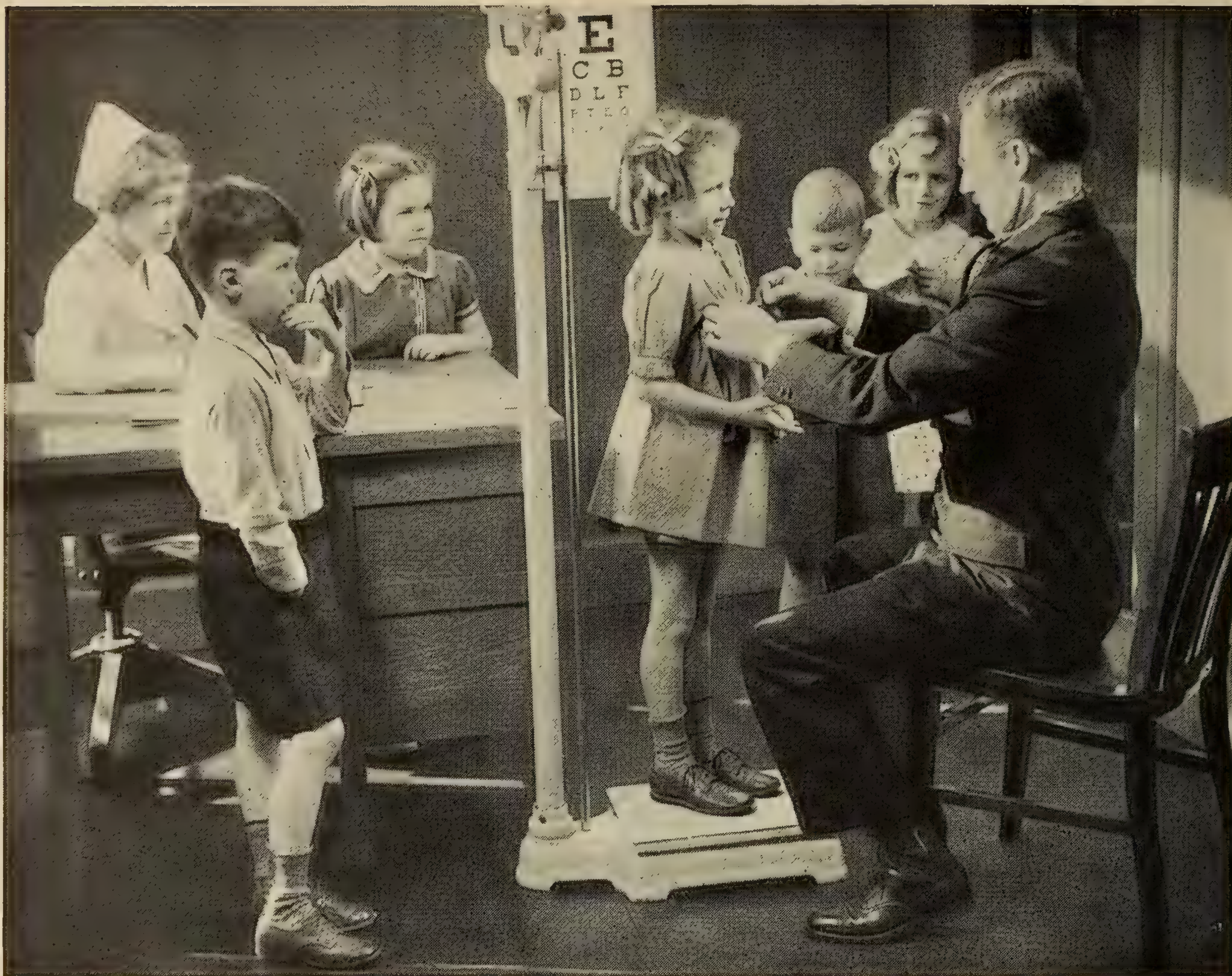
Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-9
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name

Address

City State



Beginner's Luck-1937

SPECIAL CHILD CLINICS... SPECIAL DAILY CARE...

EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE

NO WONDER TODAY'S CHILDREN GET A BETTER START!

WHAT a lucky start in life the youngster of 1937 gets!

No leave-it-to-chance care for him.



Special clinics guard him in every step of his growth and development. Special foods—special soaps—special toys—in fact, from his first day on, everything he gets is made especially for him.

Doesn't it stand to reason he should have a special laxative, too? A child's little system is not like yours. It is much too frail for the ruthless effects of an "adult" laxative.

For that reason, many doctors suggest

Fletcher's Castoria. It is, as you know, purely a child's laxative—made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs—nothing that could cause cramping pains. Nothing, in fact, that could possibly harm a child's delicate system.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel, gently urging the muscular movement. It is safe—sure—yet thorough.



A famous baby specialist has said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant

taste. Children don't balk at taking it. That's important! For, as you know, you can easily upset a child's entire nervous system by forcing him to take a bad-tasting medicine.

More than 5,000,000 mothers have learned to rely on Fletcher's Castoria. Why not get the economical Family-Size bottle from your druggist today? The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Laxative Made *Especially*
for Babies and Growing Children

RADIO MIRROR •
almanac
JULY 23 TO AUG. 24

EIGHT NEW PAGES DESIGNED TO DOUBLE YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE! DAY BY DAY PROGRAM LISTINGS AND NEWS FOR THE WHOLE MONTH—VITAL INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR DAILY BROADCASTING HIGHLIGHTS

ALL TIME GIVEN IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

- 8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Melody Hour
NBC-Red: Goldthwaite Orch.
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
NBC-Red: Children's Concert
- 9:00
CBS: Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's
NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 10:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
NBC-Red: Bible Highlights
- 10:30
CBS: Romany Trail
NBC-Blue: Walberg Brown Ensemble
- 11:00
NBC: Press-radio News
- 11:05
NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy, piano
- 11:15
NBC-Red: Bravest of the Brave
- 11:30
CBS: Major Bowes Family
- 11:45
NBC-Red: Henry Busse Orch.
- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Southernaires
NBC-Red: Hour Glass
- 12:30 P. M.
CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
MBS: Ted Weems Orchestra
NBC-Blue: Music Hall of the Air
NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussion
- 1:00
CBS: Church of the Air
NBC-Red: Dorothy Dreslin
- 1:30
CBS: Poetic Strings
NBC-Blue: Our Neighbors
NBC-Red: Dreams of Long Ago
- 2:00
CBS: St. Louis Serenade
MBS: The Lamplighter
NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA
NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
- 2:30
CBS: Dramas of the Bible
NBC-Red: Thatcher Colt mysteries
- 3:00
CBS: Everybody's Music
NBC-Blue: Noble Cain Choir
NBC-Red: Walter Logan Orch.
- 3:30
NBC-Blue: London Letter
NBC-Red: Widow's Sons
- 4:00
CBS: Spelling Bee
NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers
NBC-Red: Romance Melodies
- 4:30
NBC-Blue: Fishface, Figgsbottle
NBC-Red: The World is Yours
- 5:00
CBS: Our American Neighbors
NBC-Blue: There Was a Woman
- 5:30
CBS: Guy Lombardo
NBC-Blue: Roy Shield Orch.
- 6:00
CBS: The Chicagoans
NBC-Blue: Grenadier Guards Band
NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
- 6:30
NBC-Blue: Golden Gate Park Band
NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
- 7:00
CBS: Columbia Workshop
NBC-Blue: Helen Traubel
NBC-Red: Jane Froman, Don Ross
- 7:30
CBS: Harry Von Zell
NBC-Blue: Bakers Broadcast
NBC-Red: Fireside Recitals
- 7:45
NBC-Red: Fitch Jingles
- 8:00
CBS: Milton Berle
NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields.
- 8:30
CBS: Texaco Town
- 9:00
CBS: Universal Rhythm
NBC-Blue: Rippling Rhythm Revue
NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 9:30
NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
- 9:45
NBC-Blue: Choir Symphonette
- 10:00
NBC-Blue: California Concert
NBC-Red: Sunday Night Party
- 10:30
CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
- 11:00
CBS: Press Radio News
NBC-Blue: Judy and the Bunch
NBC-Red: Orchestra
- 11:30
Dance Music

SUNDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By HARRY VON ZELL

Fast living, like fast driving, often ends in a sudden stop.

Sunday, July 25, 1937

WHY not plan on staying home on Sunday for a change—and why not try it today? Because you can have a full listening day if you like. The Davis Cup Challenge Round continues in England, for one thing. . . . And at two o'clock, E.D.S.T., this afternoon, the Magic Key of RCA has its usual batch of unusually good stars to entertain you. Jean Sablon, the French singer you hear on this show, is the first star ever to be signed by the Magic Key for a series of consecutive broadcasts. He's a Parisian, a bachelor, a European favorite, and a sports enthusiast. To familiarize himself with American tastes in popular music he buys phonograph records—since the first of the year he has pur-

chased more than a thousand disks . . . Tonight, Harry Von Zell has a stellar line-up of guests on his Good Gulf program, 7:30 over CBS—Harry McNaughton, whom you know better as Phil Baker's Bottle, Carson Robison and his Buckaroos, who have been absent from the air too long, Soprano Bettina Hall, and the Three Musical Notes (whatever they are) . . . The CBS Workshop, the half-hour just before the Gulf show, presents "Flight," by John William Andrews. . . . And Milton Berle's program is on at its new time, eight o'clock instead of ten . . . which is very nice if you've always wondered whether to listen to Berle or the Sunday Night Party, on NBC at ten with James Melton.



Jean Sablon, romantic French singer, is the first star to appear regularly on Magic Key.



The Gulf Show tonight has Cornelia Otis Skinner as its guest, doing character sketches.

REMEMBER William Tell and the apple? Unless your Almanac's memory has gone, William and his cross-bow have a lot to do with today's celebration in Switzerland. It's the Swiss Independence Day, and NBC is short-waving the speeches and authentic yodels. . . . Instead of relying on our neighbors across the seas for entertainment, CBS today is sending them some. Its special Latin-American broadcast, this afternoon at 5:00, E.D.S.T., is in honor of Colombia and Ecuador, and is being short-waved in their direction as well as broadcast to you and you. . . . Harry Von Zell's special guest tonight on the Gulf show (7:30, CBS) is a gracious lady and a fine artist—Cornelia Otis Skinner, the

daughter of actor and actress Otis Skinner and Maud Durbin. In Bryn Mawr, where she went to school, Cornelia once played Macbeth to Ann Harding's Macduff. Her debut on the professional stage was with her father. After a few seasons in which she was in the casts of Broadway shows she branched out into monologues and character sketches which she wrote herself and acted by herself. Her appearance tonight is one of these "one-woman shows". . . . Between three and four this afternoon CBS and NBC's Red network vie for music-lovers' attention, each with a symphony concert. CBS has Howard Barlow and Everybody's Music, NBC has the Chautauqua Symphony.

Sunday, Aug. 1, 1937

Sunday, Aug. 8, 1937

YOU must be on hand tonight to welcome Nelson Eddy back to the air. Unless there's a last-minute switch in plans, he's making his bow tonight as the featured singer of the Chase and Sanborn program at 8:00 on NBC-Red—and with him in the cast your Almanac defies you to find a more star-studded show than this one: W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, Nelson and guest stars. Whew! . . . The Columbia Workshop tonight is offering "The Last Citation," by John Whedon, whose work appears every now and then in the magazines. Time, 7:00 P.M., E.D.S.T. . . . Right afterwards, on the same network, Harry Von Zell has as his guest Ilka

Chase, stage and movie actress who just now is playing in the smash comedy hit, "The Women," on Broadway. After you've seen her in that play you'd never believe she's a nice person, but she is. She was born in New York City and educated in Convent schools, and is the former wife of Louis Calhern, whom you've seen in the movies and heard on the air. She's slim, tall, black-haired and brown-eyed. . . . CBS' salute to our Latin-American neighbors at 5:00 this afternoon is directed toward Peru. . . . Get set for some real swing and listen to Mike Riley's opening at the New Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh over NBC. Mike's the guy who wrote "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." . . .

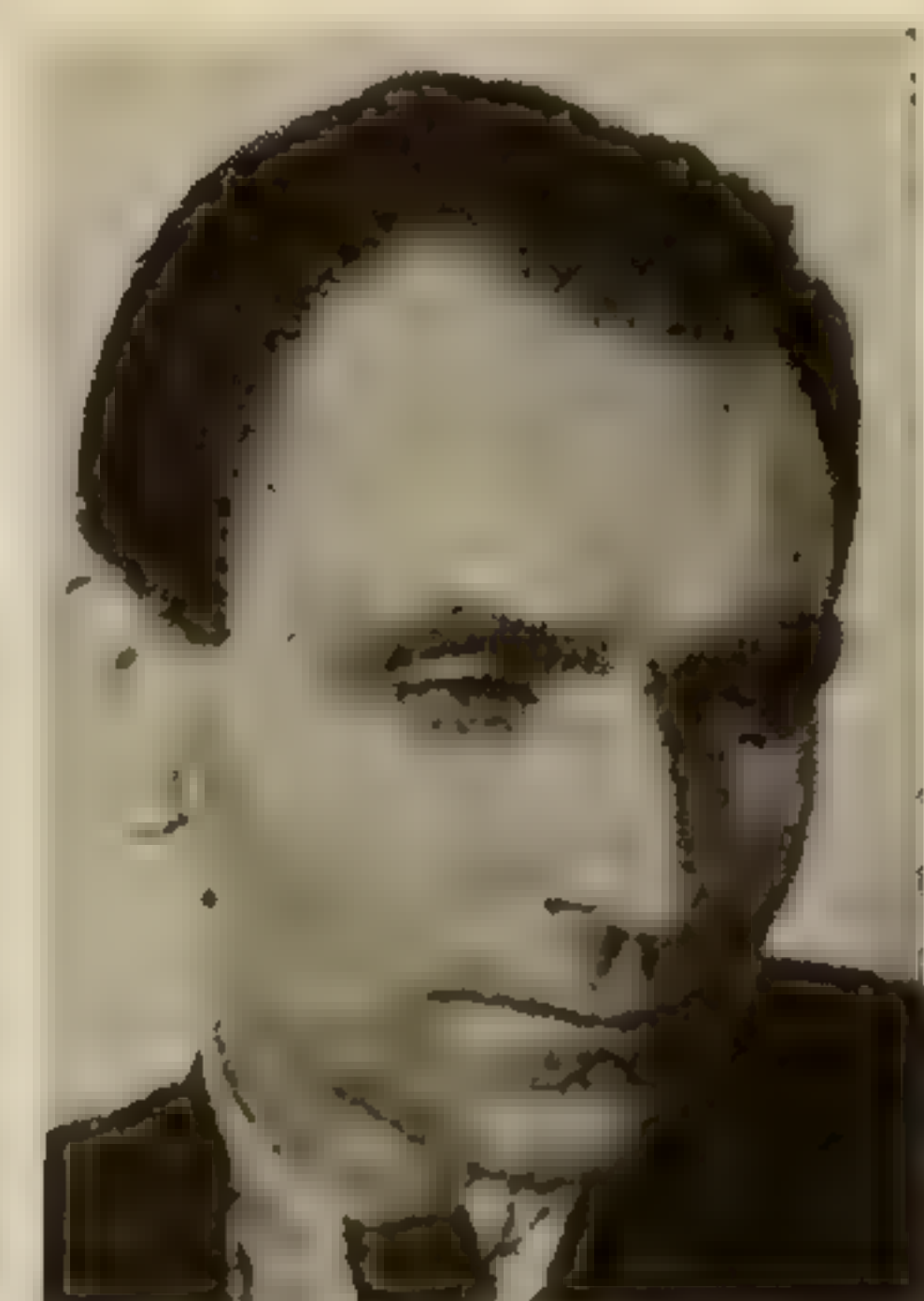


Tonight's Gulf program guest is Ilka Chase—you've seen her in the movies.

Sunday, Aug. 15 and Aug. 22, 1937

AUGUST 15: That Columbia Workshop is more than a year old now, and as a sort of celebration tonight it's presenting a repeat play in answer to several requests. The play is Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart," in a dramatization by Director Irving Reis. . . . CBS' salute to Latin-America this afternoon at 5:00 is being sent especially to Panama, Salvador, and Nicaragua. . . . Birthday greetings are in order today to Johnny, the call-boy of the Johnny Presents programs sponsored by Philip Morris. . . . Don't forget at nine o'clock to listen to Universal Rhythm, on CBS . . . with time out at 9:30 for the busy Mr. Winchell, on NBC's Blue network. He's still in Hollywood, working on a new picture.

AUGUST 22: Patriotic feeling should run high today, as you listen to NBC's broadcast of the Franco-American Athletic Meet in Paris. . . . And, for that matter, as you listen to CBS' salute to the Island group of Latin American countries, Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. . . . Your Almanac, at least, is glad that Werner Janssen has a program all to himself now. He and his orchestra have taken over the Baker's Broadcast at 7:30 tonight on NBC-Blue. He's widely considered to be America's greatest young musician, but that doesn't stop him from going to town on popular music too. In private life he's the son of a New York restaurateur and the husband of movie actress Ann Harding.



The summer star of the Bakers Broadcast, NBC at 7:30, is musician Werner Janssen.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell

9:55
NBC: Press Radio News

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh

12:00 Noon
CBS: Swinging the Blues
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: News

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Col. Jack Major
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Pop Concert
NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red Follow the Moon

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Clyde Barrie

5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Blue: Jackie Heller
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
NBC: Press Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Hughie Barrett's Orch.
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Passing Parade

8:00
CBS: Alemite Half Hour
NBC-Blue: Good Time Society
NBC-Red: Burns and Allen

8:30
CBS: Pick and Pat
NBC-Blue: Goldman Band
NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone

9:00
CBS: Shakespeare's Plays
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: McGee and Molly

9:30
NBC-Blue John Barrymore
NBC-Red: Hour of Charm

10:00
CBS: Wayne King
MBS: Elder Michaux
NBC-Red: Contented Program

10:30
CBS: Neck o' the Woods
NBC-Blue: Radio Forum

11:00
Dance Music

MONDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By MAJOR BOWES

Friendships, like rare wines, are the rewards of thoughtful selection.

Monday, July 26, 1937

IT'S the final day of the Challenge Round for the Davis Cup at Wimbledon, and by tonight you'll know how well the American team—Donald Budge, Frankie Parker, Bryan Grant and Gene Mako—has done in its attempt to wrest the cup from the English defenders. And tonight Bill Tilden, who ought to know a little about tennis, gives you a resume of the day's play on CBS. . . . When you listen to Walter Blaufuss direct the Breakfast Club orchestra on NBC this morning at nine, remember it's his birthday—as it is Gracie Allen's. If George doesn't present her with a birthday cake tonight on their program (eight o'clock on NBC-Red) he's guilty of gross negligence. . . . Then from 9:00 to 10:15

P.M., E.D.S.T., to the Battle of the Shakespearites. John Barrymore is streamlining away on the Bard on NBC, while CBS is continuing its self-imposed task of corralling every actor in Hollywood and turning him into a Shakespearean declaimer. . . . When you listen to Lowell Thomas on NBC tonight at 6:45, visualize a tiny attic studio at his country home near Pawling, N. Y., because that's where he speaks his piece these hot summer nights. He can always be found in the country unless he absolutely has to be in the city. Did you know that when he was barely of legal age "Tommy" started his adventurous life by outfitting and heading two private expeditions into the sub-Arctic?



You can depend upon Lowell Thomas, NBC at 6:45 P.M., for a concise news report.



Donna is one of the four eye-satisfying King Sisters on Horace Heidt's program.

THIS is your day if you're interested in education. NBC has gone to work and arranged to broadcast some of the meetings of the Seventh World Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations, which begins today in Tokyo, Japan, and continues until August 7. The theme of NBC's broadcasts is based on the ideal of better international understanding, and that's a worthy undertaking. . . . From the other side of the world comes the annual Welsh National Eisteddfod at Machynlleth, also over NBC's facilities. In case you're confused, an Eisteddfod is nothing but an old-fashioned sing-fest, and Machynlleth is a town. . . . The great Shakespeare battle has come to an end, but NBC is still mak-

ing a bid for the interest of you drama-lovers by offering a radio version of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Beyond the Horizon," at 9:30, E.D.S.T. tonight. It's the first of a four-play O'Neill cycle. . . . Meanwhile, CBS is still giving Shakespeare the benefit of the best actors it can find—well, anyway, the best known, even if some of them never have had much to do with the classics before. . . . Those Horace Heidt Brigadiers are on the air again tonight, from 8:00 to 8:30, with the King Sisters, whose real last name is Driggs, but who are really sisters. Their names are Donna, Alyce, Louise, and Yvonne, and they were all born in the West and educated in the Mormon faith. Donna's engaged to one of the boys in the band.

Monday, Aug. 9, 1937

THE western edge of the continent supplies today's sports thrills, when the Public Links Golf Tournament begins in San Francisco. Golfers go for this tournament in a big way, and every big-name mashie-swinging who can spare the time will be there to try for the prize-money. Both NBC and CBS have their San Francisco announcers on the job for your benefit, today and until August 14—next Saturday. . . . Tonight, Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" competes with another of Bill Shakespeare's plays for the interest of everybody who complains radio doesn't have enough good drama. "The Fountain," of course, is on NBC-Blue at 9:30; Shakespeare on CBS at 9:00. . . . Brewster Morgan who di-

rects these Shakespeare radioizations, began his career as a scholar—a Rhodes scholar, in fact, specializing in the history of diplomacy. In Oxford he became interested in the drama, and was the only American and the only undergraduate ever to direct plays in the Oxford Theater. . . . He returned to America to find radio going full blast, and a year's illness kept him in bed where he could do nothing but listen to air programs. . . . That settled it. When he got well again he went to work in the radio department of an advertising agency; later joined the CBS forces in New York; and now finds himself back in the midst of Shakespeare once more. It's a small world, after all—wherever you go, you find Shakespeare.



The man who's responsible for CBS' Shakespeare series is Brewster Morgan, the director.



Col. Jack Major has his variety show ready for your entertainment at three this afternoon.

AUGUST 16: Have you been neglecting one of radio's unique personalities? If you have—or even if you haven't—tune in CBS at 3:00 o'clock this afternoon and every Monday afternoon for Col. Jack Major and his variety show. In the first place, Jack isn't sure what state he was born in—he was born in a speeding train, and it might have been either Tennessee or Kentucky. He first studied for the ministry, but worked in local theatricals to help himself through school, and dropped his church ambitions when he became the master of ceremonies at a hotel in Houston, Texas. He sang with Jack Hylton's band in London, and with Isham Jones in America, and after his entry into radio was simul-

taneously featured on three Chicago programs. His favorite pastime is telling "whoppers" in a soft drawl and with a perfectly straight face. . . . The competing dramas tonight are O'Neill's "Where the Cross is Made" on NBC and probably Shakespeare's "Macbeth" on CBS. . . .

AUGUST 23: CBS proudly announces that it has the exclusive rights to broadcast the National Doubles tennis matches from the Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts, today and until August 29. . . . But both CBS and NBC have the National Amateur Golf tournament from the Oldwood Country Club in Portland, Oregon. . . . It may turn up a brand new golfing champion.

Monday, Aug. 16 and Aug. 23, 1937

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical

9:00
CBS: Dear Columbia
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
NBC-Red: Barry McKinley

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: News

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:30
CBS: Dalton Brothers
NBC-Blue: Music Guild
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: Airbreaks
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Concert Hall
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Blue: Have You Heard
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:15
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
NBC-Blue: Florence George

8:00
CBS: Hammerstein's Music Hall
NBC-Blue: Husbands and Wives
NBC-Red: Johnny Presents

8:30
MBS: Listen to This
NBC-Blue: Edgar A. Guest
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00
CBS: Al Pearce
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Blue: Ben Bernie
NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson

9:30
CBS: Benny Goodman
MBS: True Detective Mystery
NBC-Blue: Sweetest Love Songs
NBC-Red: Johnny Green

10:00
CBS: Your Unseen Friend

10:30
NBC-Blue: Past Masters
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

10:45
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

11:00
Dance Music

TUESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By CHARLES WINNINGER

The easy chair is the hardest to acquire.

Tuesday, July 27, 1937

WHEN you listen to the NBC Red network today at 1:15 P. M., New York time, you're listening to Isabel Randolph acting the part of Dan Harding's Wife—and when you tune in The Story of Mary Marlin on the Blue at ten or the Red at 12:15, you're likely to hear her playing the part of Margaret Adams. She's a busy actress, and is apt to turn up on almost any dramatic program that's broadcast from Chicago. Isabel says she never earned a cent in her life except in some branch of the entertainment field—radio, the stage, or movies. She's more interested in children than in anything else, and has two of her own. Between broadcasts she studies child psychology—it helps her

to understand her own youngsters as well as aiding her to play the part of the mother in Dan Harding's Wife. . . . Tonight you West Coasters can hear Reggie Child's orchestra making its debut in Eilitch's Gardens, Denver. NBC broadcasts his music over its Coast network only. . . . Balanced diet for your evening's listening, from seven o'clock to eleven: Comedy, Amos 'n' Andy at 7:00; music, Vocal Varieties at 7:15; more comedy, Lum and Abner at 7:30; variety show, Hammerstein's Music Hall at 8:00; romantic melodies, Wayne King at 8:30; novelty, Vox Pop at 9:00; sophisticated jazz, Johnny Green at 9:30; movie news, Jimmy Fidler at 10:30; comedy drama, Vic and Sade at 10:45.



Isabel Randolph's portrayal of Dan Harding's Wife is an expert dramatic job.



Bring all your domestic troubles tonight to Allie Lowe Miles, star of Husbands and Wives.

Tuesday, Aug. 3, 1937

HAVING covered the Welsh situation thoroughly yesterday, NBC moves north today and takes a good look at the Dublin Horse Show in Ireland—with, sometime during the day, another glance at the Education Conference in Tokyo. . . . Meanwhile, things swing along at a good, entertaining pace right here at home. Don't miss the Dalton Brothers, on CBS at 2:30 in the afternoon, nor the Theater Matinee on the same network at 3:00. The kids have their choice of the Singing Lady or Don Winslow of the Navy at 5:30, and the whole family will want to hear Lowell Thomas at 6:45. . . . At 8:00, on NBC-Blue, Sedley Brown and Allie Lowe Miles go into another session of Husbands and Wives,

that entertaining forum which deals with how to be happy though married. Judging from Allie's picture, anybody but a blind man ought to be happy married to her. Allie was born in Chicago, but keeps the exact year a secret, and has lived in every state in the Union except three. Until 1927, when she began writing for radio, she was a teacher and dramatic coach and professional actress. She has written scenarios, three novels, and hundreds of magazine articles. . . . Oh, yes, she's married, and has been since August 14, 1922. She has one son, is an excellent housekeeper and cook, and makes a hobby of hooking her own hooked rugs. . . . No, her husband isn't her radio partner, Sedley Brown.

Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1937

TODAY it's NBC's turn to announce an exclusive sports event. . . . The Ladies' Cup, lady drivers' trotting race, at Goshen, N. Y., is all NBC's for the broadcasting. Trotting races are almost a lost art, so you'd better listen in. . . . For you who find trotting races too much of a strain in the heat of the day, there are plenty of entertaining dawn-to-dusk features—the Gold Medal Feature Hour on CBS from 1:00 to 2:00 p.m., E.D.S.T., with Betty and Bob, Betty Crocker, Joe Emerson's hymn sing, Arnold Grimm's Daughter, and the day's news. . . . or Edward MacHugh on NBC-Blue at 11:45. . . . or Pretty Kitty Kelly, which is making great strides in popularity, on CBS at 10:00.

. . . Did you know that Clayton Collyer, who plays the part of Mike Conway on this show, is the handsome brother of June Collyer of the films? He too wanted to go on the stage when he was a child, but his parents persuaded him to study law instead. . . . After two years of handing out legal advice he decided he'd had enough. A brief stage career led him to the Cavalcade of America program on CBS, and now he does seventeen broadcasts a week. Clayton's twenty-nine years old, married to a girl he met last year on a blind date, and likes to ride horseback and play baseball, football and tennis. . . . Comedy recommendation for tonight: Al Pearce, Arlene Harris, Tizzie Lish and the gang.



Clayton Collyer, tall and handsome, is Mike Conway in the Pretty Kitty Kelly broadcast.

Tuesday, Aug. 17 and Aug. 24, 1937

AUGUST 17: You and a couple of million other people are listening today to The O'Neills, at 11:00 A.M. on NBC-Blue and at 3:45 P.M. on NBC-Red, and it will double your pleasure to know the people who play all the parts. So here goes for the complete cast: Mrs. O'Neill, Kate McComb; Peggy O'Neill Kayden, Violet Dunn; Monte Kayden, Chester Stratton; Danny O'Neill, Jimmy Tansey; Eileen Turner, Arline Blackburn (she also plays Pretty Kitty Kelly in the program of that name); Eddie Collins, Jimmy Donnelly; Mr. Collins, Santos Ortega; Mrs. Bailey, Jane West (she also writes the show); Sir Donald Rogers, John Moore. . . . Watch your Almanac for the thumbnail stories of

these stars. . . . Just to start them off right, here's something about Violet Dunn:

AUGUST 24: Violet Dunn is tiny, brunette, and a native of Toronto, Canada, where she was born May 28, 1912. Her parents were both in the legal profession, but Violet went on the stage when she was only eight, as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The family moved to New York and Violet soon found a part in a Broadway show. She has also been on the stage in London and in the movies there and in Hollywood. . . . She has played Peggy ever since the show went on the air. For a hobby she makes hooked rugs, for relaxation she reads, and for sports she rides horseback.



Violet Dunn has played Peggy in The O'Neills ever since the program first went on the air.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: Music in the Air
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon
CBS: Cheri: Three Notes
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour

1:45
CBS: News

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Manhattan Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
CBS: Current Questions
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
CBS: Music of the Past
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:00
CBS: Elsie Thompson
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club

5:15
NBC-Blue: Young Hickory
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Blue: Meet the Orchestra
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter

8:00
CBS: Cavalcade of America
NBC-Blue: Beatrice Lillie
NBC-Red: One Man's Family

8:30
CBS: Ken Murray
MBS: Tonic Time
NBC-Blue: Helen Menken
NBC-Red: Wayne King

9:00
CBS: Frank Parker
NBC-Red: Town Hall Tonight

9:30
CBS: Beauty Box Theatre

10:00
CBS: Gang Busters, Phillips Lord
NBC-Blue: Healan of the South Seas
NBC-Red: Your Hit Parade

10:30
CBS: Gogo de Lys
NBC-Blue: Minstrel Show

11:00
Dance Music

12:30
NBC-Red: Lights Out

WEDNESDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By JESSICA DRAGONETTE

A fool's worry is his millstone, a wise man's his wings.

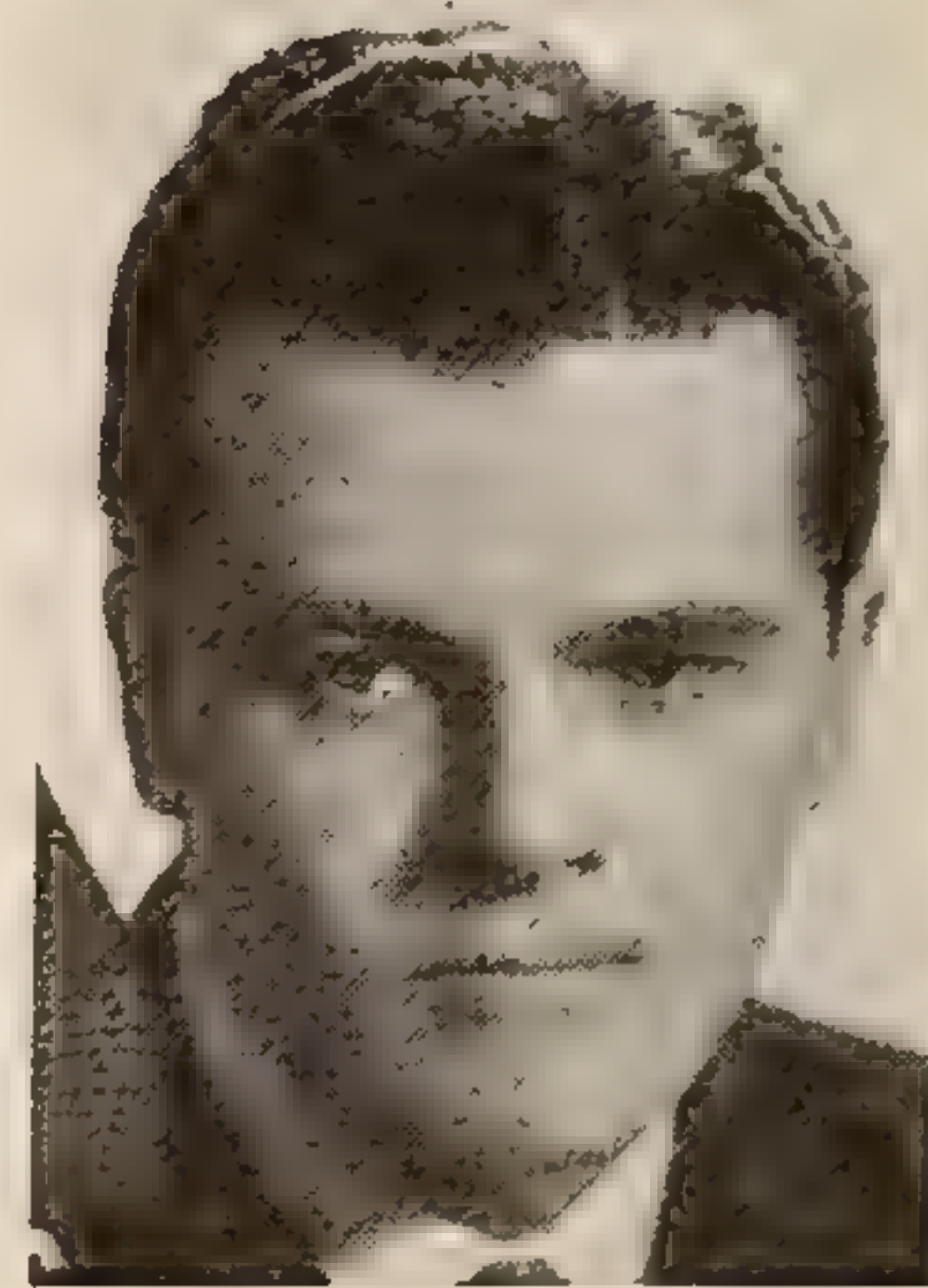
Wednesday, July 28, 1937

RUDY VALLEE has to spend most of today rehearsing for tomorrow night's program, and it's too bad, because today is his birthday. He was born in Island Pond, Vermont, on July 28, 1901. . . . He hasn't time to listen, but you have, to two novelties from abroad. Singers from all nations have gathered in Breslau, Germany, for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the famous German Saengerbund. And in Norway, in the city of Trondheim, they're celebrating St. Olav's Day. NBC plans to have microphones working for both occasions. . . . But don't let the excitement abroad keep you from remembering some home-grown reliables, such as Aunt Jenny's Life Stories, at its new time, 11:45 in the morning,



Tonight's Connie Boswell's last guest appearance, singing on Ken Murray's program.

Kathryn Cravens in the afternoon, and Beatrice Lillie, Helen Menken, and the Gang Busters in the evening. . . . Beatrice Lillie, incidentally, may not be on the air all summer long, so if you're a Lillie fan you'd better not miss her tonight. . . . Playing one of those villainous criminals on Gang Busters you find Edmund MacDonald. He's a nice guy in real life but on the air he has played every big gangster of the last decade, and has been shot, electrocuted, and hanged so many times he has lost count. He began his career on the stage, but decided it was time to move when he tried out for four plays, all but one of which failed before they got to Broadway. His first air job was in Omar, the Mystic.



Edmund MacDonald, of the Gang Busters cast, has portrayed many famed gangsters.

Wednesday, Aug. 4, 1937

THERE'S a new show for your attention today, aiming to get itself well established before the fall rush of new programs. "Hello Peggy" is its name, 11:45 to 12 noon on NBC-Red its time and network, and dramatic serial its character. There'll soon be so many serials on the air that even the actors in them will get confused—not to speak of the listeners. . . . Tonight, Connie Boswell makes her final guest appearance on Ken Murray's program, 8:30 on CBS. Connie, just to get you straight on these Boswells, is the middle sister—Martha's the oldest and Vet's the youngest. She's very superstitious, and always braids a lock of hair before performing on the stage, or keeps her fingers crossed during a

broadcast. She writes poems, plays, and short stories for her own amusement, but won't even let a publisher look at any of them. . . . Your Almanac hopes you don't have to be reminded that the Gold Medal Feature Hour has a new time—1:00 to 2:00 in the afternoon, Mondays through Fridays. Incidentally, Modern Cinderella has been replaced by a new serial called Arnold Grimm's daughter, written by Margaret Sangster, famous novelist and magazine writer. Its title seems to follow a radio trend . . . like Dan Harding's Wife, etc. Tonight, at nine o'clock on CBS, Andre Kostelanetz and Frank Parker dispense more music. Andre's theme song "Carefree" is one of the best on the air.

Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1937

YESTERDAY NBC had the Ladies Cup trotting races from Goshen, N.Y.; today the same network has the most important trotting races of all, the Hambletonian Stakes, considered by those who keep up on such things to be the "world's series" of trotters and their owners. . . . You hear Dorothy Lowell twice today and every day except Saturday and Sunday. She plays the part of Sunday, the orphan girl adopted by two miners, in Our Gal Sunday, on CBS at 12:45 P.M.; and at 11:00 A.M., on the same network, she plays the part of Nancy in Trouble House, which is one of the features of the Heinz Magazine. . . . Dorothy is just old enough to vote, was born in New York but was taken

abroad to study in Austria when she was only six years old. After a year she came back to America for more education—an education which finally climaxed in a dramatic school. Her first big radio role was impersonating Ginger Rogers in "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood." She's vivacious and red-haired, but doesn't lose her red-headed temper very often. . . . For your novelty of the day, why not try Meet the Orchestra on NBC-Blue at 5:54? And for your old reliables, which you may have been neglecting lately, One Man's Family, on the Red at 8:00, and Harry Salter's music on Your Hit Parade on NBC-Red at 10:00. Of course, if you prefer excitement, there's Gang Busters at ten, too.



Star of two of your favorite daytime serials is red-headed, vivacious Dorothy Lowell.

Wednesday, Aug. 18, 1937



Carleton Young is the romantic leading man in Dorothy Lowell's two daytime serials.

THOSE Russians are mighty proud of their ability to fly through the air with the greatest of ease, so there ought to be a good show for you to listen to today when NBC broadcasts the Aviation Day festivities from Moscow. . . . People jumping out of airplanes in parachutes, doing backflips and tail spins, and what not besides. Pity there's no television yet. . . . Last week at this time your Almanac told you about Dorothy Lowell, who plays in both Trouble House and Our Gal Sunday. . . . Today it's the turn of Carleton Young, who plays opposite her in both serials. In Trouble House (CBS at 11:00 A.M.) he's Bill Mears, the farmer who is also a law student; and in Our Gal Sunday (CBS at 12:45

P. M.) he is another "Bill," the spurned suitor. . . . Romantic leads, both, and no wonder, because Carleton is one of the handsomest men in radio—six feet tall, wavy dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a profile. He was born in Westfield, N. Y., and led a school dance band to help pave his way through Carnegie Tech. His stage experience includes a season with Pauline Frederick in "Elizabeth the Queen," and in the movies he was with Jean Arthur and other stars. . . . Trouble House's other players are Elsie Mae Gordon as Phoebe, Ann Elstner as Martha Booth, Ray Collins as John, Jerry Macy as Harvey, Rita Allyn as Olive, Ted Reid as Ted, and Gretchen Davidson as the hard-to-please Sally.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical

9:00
CBS: As You Like It
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
CBS: Captivators
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Allen Prescott

12:00 Noon
CBS: Merry-makers
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15 P. M.
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Words and Music

1:45
CBS: News

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:30
NBC-Red: It's a Woman's World

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge

3:00
CBS: Theater Matinee
MBS: Mollie of the Movies
NBC-Blue: NBC Light Opera
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Howells and Wright
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
CBS: Bob Byron
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:15
NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy
NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong

5:45
CBS: Dorothy Gordon
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
CBS: George Hall's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties

7:30
CBS: Clyde Barrie
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
MBS: Pleasant Valley Frolies
NBC-Blue: Cabin in the Cotton

8:00
NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee

8:30
NBC-Blue: Robin Hood Dell Concert

9:00
CBS: Major Bowes Amateurs
MBS: Gabriel Heatter
NBC-Red: Show Boat

9:30
MBS: Melody Treasure Hunt
NBC-Blue: Midnight in Mayfair

10:00
CBS: Floyd Gibbons
NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall

10:30
CBS: March of Time

11:05
CBS: Dance Music
NBC-Blue: NBC Night Club
NBC-Red: John B. Kennedy

11:15
Dance Music

THURSDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By FLOYD GIBBONS

A man's first duty to himself is his duty to others.

Thursday, July 29, 1937

AT one o'clock today, New York time, you hear a radio veteran whose name you've probably never heard mentioned on the air. She's Florence Freeman, who plays Sue Blake, in the Love and Learn dramatic serial on NBC-Blue. Pretty, blonde, of German-Russian parentage, Florence was born in New York City just twenty-six years ago today. She went to college at Columbia University, and has both a B.A. and an M.A. degree. Her first plan was to be a school teacher, but after a year and a half of teaching she decided she liked the stage better. Her first radio audition was in 1931, her first NBC program in 1934. She's worked on the Shell program, the Radio Guild, and with Paul Whiteman

... and her hobby is reading with a bowl of fresh fruit at her elbow. . . . The Kolisch String Quartet is playing again at the University of California, on NBC-Blue at six o'clock. . . . The same network has its last concert from Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia, tonight at 8:30, but you can still hear the same orchestra on the Red network until August 14. . . . Don't forget that you have your choice between Major Bowes and the Show Boat at 9:00. Whichever you choose you're sure of a good show, so your Almanac offers its blessings and refuses to make any recommendations at all for that hour. . . . And Easy Aces, NBC-Blue at seven, are staying on the air all summer.



Florence Freeman, star of Love and Learn, is an actress who began as a school teacher.



Jack Haley adds radio to his jobs as principal comedian of the revised Show Boat.

Thursday, Aug. 5, 1937

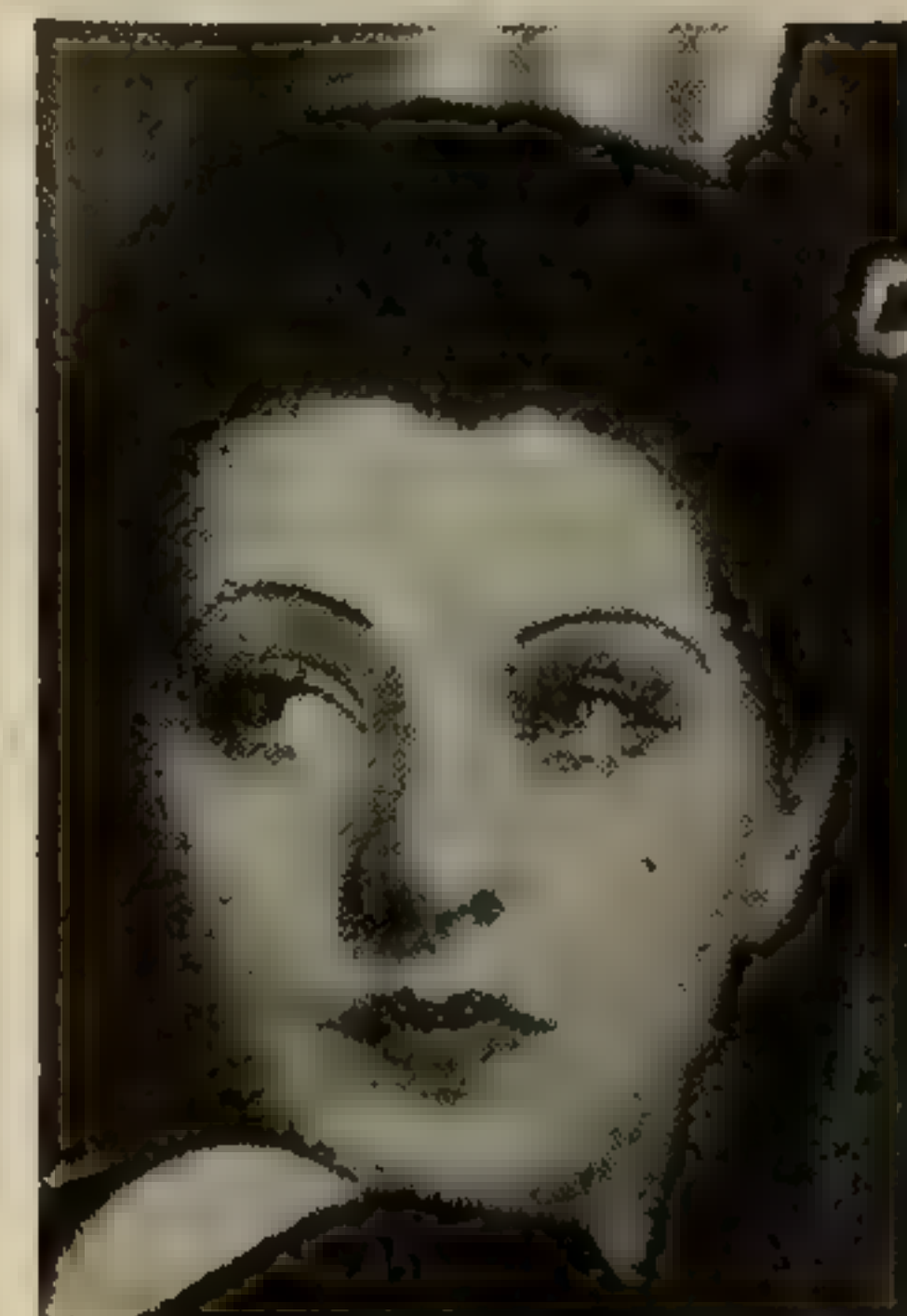
BIRTHDAY greetings today to Al Goodman, the dependable musical director of so many radio programs he can't list them all. You heard him last night directing the orchestra for Jessica Dragonette, and if Show Boat hadn't recently moved to Hollywood you'd hear him directing it tonight. . . . When Show Boat moved, it acquired not only its old skipper, Charlie Winninger, but a new comedian, Jack Haley. Listen to him tonight at 9:00, on the NBC Red network, and you may discover a new radio favorite. . . . Jack was born in Boston on August 10 (remember the date—you may want to send him a birthday card next Tuesday) and went to the Boston schools. His family wanted him to be an elec-

trician, and he did his best to like the work, but finally gave up and did what he wanted to do—go on the stage. Vaudeville was his first field; then he got into musical comedy and was such a success that he got a film contract. You saw him last as the mike-shy singer in "Wake Up and Live" with Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie. . . . He's an expert handball player, he really has a good singing voice even if Buddy Clark did do his singing in the picture, and he hates baby food because he had to eat quantities of it a few years ago as an example to his infant son. . . . Before listening to Jack, you'll have time to hear half an hour of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

Thursday, Aug. 12, 1937

THE radio is a medium of entertainment for the whole family, they say—and here are your Almanac's recommendations for every member of your family today: For Mother, It's a Woman's World, NBC-Red, 2:30; for Father, Lowell Thomas, NBC-Blue, 6:45; for Brother, aged eighteen, Floyd Gibbons' True Adventure, CBS, 10:00 P.M.; for Sister, aged sixteen, Club Matinee, NBC-Blue, 4:00; for Brother, aged seven, the Singing Lady, NBC-Blue, 5:30; for Grandma, the Personal Column of the air, NBC-Blue, 11:15 A.M., or NBC-Red, 4:15 P.M.; for Grandpa, Clyde Barrie, CBS, 7:30 P.M.; for the whole family at once, Show Boat, NBC, 9:00 P.M. . . . Virginia Verrill, whom you hear on Show

Boat, is no radio stranger to you, but this is the first big program she's been on for several years. . . . Probably all a result of her recent movie contract with Sam Goldwyn. . . . Virginia was born in Santa Monica Canyon, California, where the Hollywood Bowl is now, on November 20, 1916, and her childhood ambition was to be a violinist and dancer. . . . Her radio career began in Hollywood, carried her to New York, and now it's brought her back west again. She's George Washington's great-great-great-niece, always wears blue and no jewelry except a diamond ring which belonged to her grandmother, and when she's singing always holds tight to the music stand with one hand for fear it will fall!



Another Show Boat addition since it moved West is Virginia Verrill, its singer.



If there's a mother on the March of Time tonight, you can bet Adelaide Klein plays her.

Thursday, Aug. 19, 1937

TONIGHT'S your last chance to listen to Bob Crosby's orchestra from the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston, on the Mutual system. It's his last night there—and if Bing's still on his vacation he's apt to drop in to see the kid brother. He served notice several weeks ago he was coming east to check up on his old haunts. . . . The March of Time is rolling merrily along through the hot months, once more under the sponsorship of the magazine which originated it. Listen tonight at 10:30 on CBS, and see if you can spot the voice of Adelaide Klein, the March's featured actress. If there's a mother on tonight's program, she's sure to be Adelaide, no matter what her radio nationality. Although she can actually

speak only one language Adelaide has an uncanny ability at dialects. On the air she's been the mother of characters ranging all the way from Abraham Lincoln to Gene Tunney. . . . Her early ambition was to be a concert singer, but in her first radio program, singing, spirituals, she mixed character portraits with the music, and from then on there were more and more characterizations and less and less singing. Off the air she studies political economy, plays bowls, and sails her own boat on Long Island Sound. . . . After you listen to the March of Time, there'll be just time to hear John B. Kennedy present his Footnotes on Headlines on NBC-Red at eleven o'clock.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Island Serenaders
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Blue: William Meeder
NBC-Red: Home Songs

9:00
CBS: Metropolitan Parade
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Richard Maxwell

10:00
CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs

10:15
NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
NBC-Red: John's Other Wife

10:30
NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill

10:45
NBC-Red: Today's Children

11:00
CBS: Heinz Magazine
NBC-Blue: The O'Neills
NBC-Red: David Harum

11:15
NBC-Blue: Personal Column
NBC-Red: Backstage Wife

11:30
CBS: Big Sister
NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
NBC-Red: How to Be Charming

11:45
CBS: Aunt Jenny's Life Stories
NBC-Blue: Edward MacHugh
NBC-Red: Hello Peggy

12:00 Noon
CBS: Winston and Sutton
NBC-Red: Girl Alone

12:15
CBS: Edwin C. Hill
NBC-Red: Mary Marlin

12:30
CBS: Romance of Helen Trent

12:45
CBS: Our Gal Sunday

1:00
CBS: Betty and Bob
NBC-Blue: Love and Learn

1:15
CBS: Hymns: Betty Crocker
NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife

1:30
CBS: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Special Edition

1:45
CBS: News

2:00
CBS: Kathryn Cravens

2:15
CBS: Jack and Loretta

2:45
CBS: Myrt and Marge
NBC-Red: Girl Interne

3:00
CBS: Kreiner String Quartet
NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family

3:15
NBC-Red: Ma Perkins

3:30
NBC-Red: Vic and Sade

3:45
NBC-Red: The O'Neills

4:00
CBS: Among Our Souvenirs
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones

4:15
NBC-Red: Personal Column

4:45
NBC-Red: The Guiding Light

5:15
NBC-Red: Dari-Dan

5:30
NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
NBC-Red: Don Winslow of the Navy

5:45
CBS: Funny Things
NBC-Blue: Jackie Heller
NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie

6:15
CBS: Hobart Bosworth

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume

6:45
CBS: Frank Dailey's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas

7:00
CBS: Poetic Melodies
NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy

7:15
CBS: Song Time
NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

7:30
MBS: The Lone Ranger
NBC-Blue: Lum and Abner

7:45
CBS: Boake Carter
NBC-Red: Bughouse Rhythm

8:00
CBS: Broadway Varieties
NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert

8:30
CBS: Hal Kemp's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Death Valley Days

9:00
CBS: Hollywood Hotel
NBC-Blue: Robert Ripley
NBC-Red: Waltz Time

9:30
NBC-Red: True Story Court

10:00
CBS: Ferde Grofe's Orch.
NBC-Blue: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
NBC-Red: First Nighter

10:30
CBS: Hollace Shaw
NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

10:45
NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

11:05
CBS: Dance Music

FRIDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By PHILLIPS H. LORD

You'll go broke if you put all your faith in "the breaks."

Friday, July 23, 1937

YOUR special events for today are mostly music. For instance, at 6:00 P. M., E.D.S.T., on the NBC Blue network, there's a half hour of chamber music coming from the University of California—a special broadcast and one of a very few scheduled for this summer. The performers are the Kolish String Quartet, the non-commercial sponsor is the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, and the music you'll hear is by Beethoven and Schoenberg. . . . Ferde Grofe's half-hour program comes tonight from Hollywood at 10:00 (Eastern time of course). . . . Maestro Grofe flew out to the coast for a program at the Hollywood Bowl and decided to stay over for tonight instead of flying back.

And very wise, too. . . . It's opening night in the Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City for Dick Stabile's orchestra. Will Osborne was slated for the engagement, but he lost out to Dick. Your nearest NBC station is the one to tune in. . . . All of which leaves just room for a hint on how to use your Almanac—because we're betting you haven't been using it correctly. Don't try to read it all at once. Pretend there's nothing in it except the section which bears the date of the day you're reading it—and just read that section when you first turn on your radio. Keep it near your radio as you listen, and refer to it, and the accompanying program directory, every now and then.



Dick Stabile's orchestra opens tonight at the Million Dollar Pier in famed Atlantic City.

Friday, July 30, 1937



Nora Stirling specializes on CBS this afternoon in Funny Things, a show for children.

LET'S remind the children today, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, to listen to Funny Things, on CBS from 5:45 to 6:00, P.M., E.D.S.T. And it wouldn't do us any harm to listen in along with the kids. Nora Stirling, the creator and narrator of Funny Things, has liked to study encyclopedias all her life. When she was a little girl her friends called her "Fascinating Facts Nora." Recently she discovered that her sister's children had the same curiosity about facts and origins, so she persuaded CBS to let her expand her audience. Nora has been on the air several years but this is the first program she has starred on. She's a southerner, born in Atlanta, Ga., the daughter of a Scotch physi-

cian, and went to a school in Edinburgh run by ladies named the Misses Gossip. She went on the stage when she was barely out of her 'teens. . . . Don't forget the Kolish String Quartet on NCB-Blue again tonight at 6:00. . . . And there are two dance-band openings—Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra at Atlantic City's Million Dollar Pier, and Don Bestor at the New Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh. You listen to them both on NBC. . . . At 9:00 tonight, Bob Ripley in his new program is competing with Hollywood Hotel. Once again your Almanac leaves it up to you to decide which you'll attend, and is sure you'll have a good time at either. . . . For drama addicts, there's the First Nighter.

Friday, Aug. 6, 1937

HERE are a few radio morsels for the day which you might miss if your Almanac didn't call them to your attention: Winston and Sutton on CBS at noon (let's say right now that all times mentioned are E.D.S.T., and get that over with for today); the Kreiner String Quartet on CBS at 3:00; Club Matinee on NBC-Blue at 4:00; Jackie Heller on NBC-Blue at 5:45; Frank Dailey's orchestra on CBS at 6:45; Song Time on CBS at 7:15; and Bughouse Rhythm on NBC-Red at 7:45. . . . Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra are swinging it merrily along for Jack Pearl while the Baron is on his vacation—ten o'clock on NBC-Blue; and Elza Schallert follows closely on the heels of Jimmy Fidler, also of Holly-

wood, at 10:45. . . . Hollace Shaw has taken over the 10:30 period on CBS which Babe Ruth had hoped to keep for his own all summer, so baseball addicts won't be particularly interested in that time . . . but music addicts will. Hollace is a coloratura soprano who can take both classical and popular music in her stride. She's red-headed and only twenty-three years old. Her theme song is "Seventeen," once Jenny Lind's favorite melody, and Hollace sings it because it has always brought her luck. Every time she has entered a contest or auditioned for a job, she has sung that song—and every time she has won the contest or got the job. Critics say that's because her voice is so similar to Jenny Lind's.



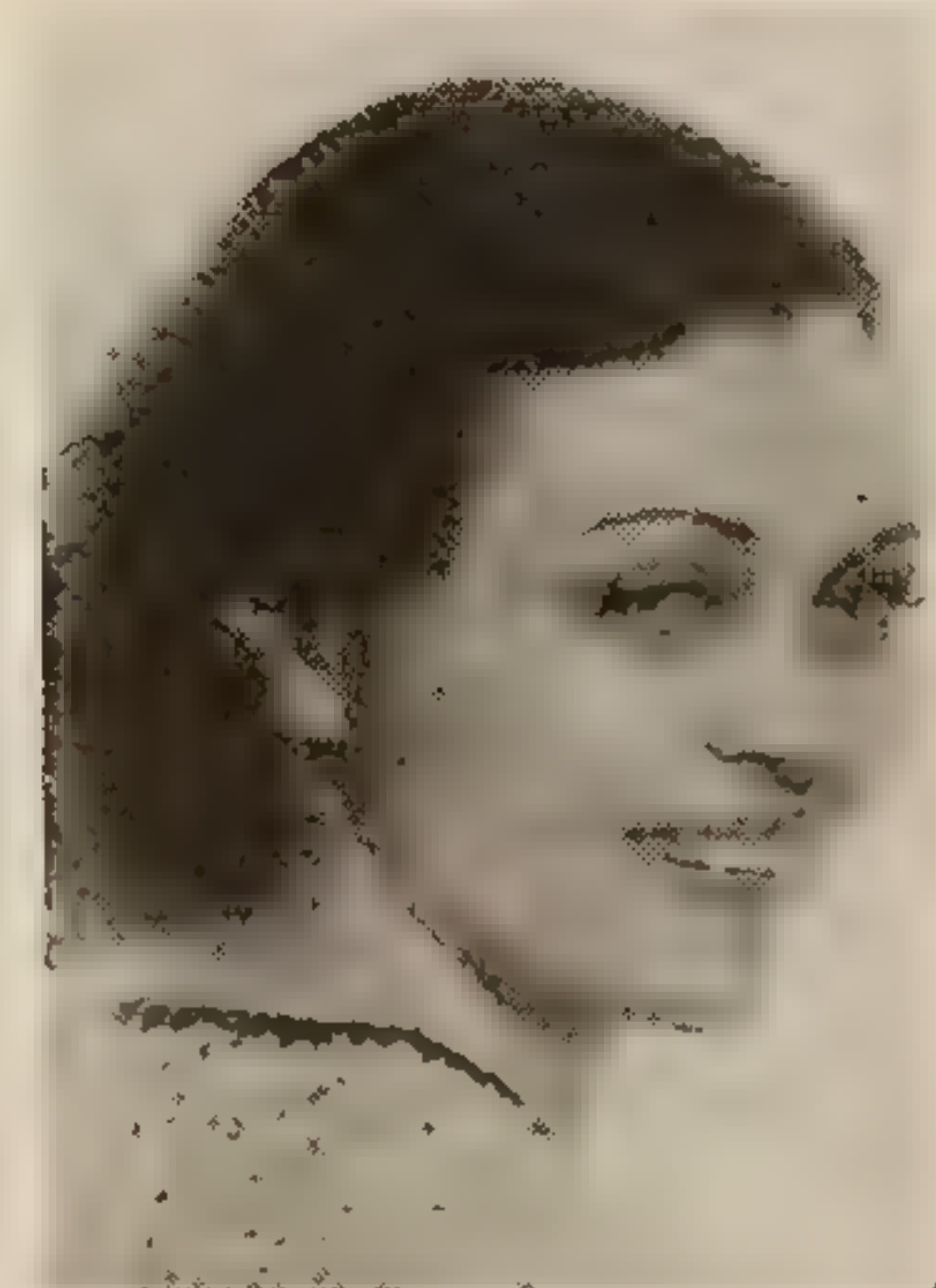
Hollace Shaw, coloratura soprano, has one song which has always brought her good luck.

Friday, Aug 13 and Aug. 20, 1937

AUGUST 13: Have you been listening as you should to Hobart Bosworth's reminiscences of the old Hollywood, on CBS at 6:15 tonight and each Friday? They're the memories of a man who knew the fabulous city back in the days when the movies really were in their infancy. . . . Remember? . . . Alice Faye, whom you hear with Hal Kemp and his band on CBS at 8:30, is hard at work these days on her newest Universal picture, "A Young Man's Fancy" . . . and with Alice around, why shouldn't it lightly turn to thoughts of love? . . . If you western listeners haven't already done so, tonight's a good time to get acquainted with Boake Carter, now that his network has been extended to

include you. You may have a little trouble getting used to his clipped style of talking, but it's worth it. . . .

AUGUST 20: Recommended for tonight is the True Story Court of Human Relations, on NBC-Red at 9:30, and the always excellent performance of Alice Reinheart, who is one of the program's dependable actresses. Alice can play either a heroine or a villainess with equal conviction, as a result of six years' experience on the air. Slim, vivacious, and languorous-eyed, she haunts the network studios watching the performances of other radio actors and actresses and trying to profit by them. . . . Whenever she can she takes an airplane to visit her home town, San Francisco, for a day or two.



Villainess or heroine, they're equally easy for True Story's Alice Reinheart to delineate.

All time is Eastern Daylight Saving

8:00 A. M.
NBC-Blue: Morning Devotions
NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire

8:15
NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
NBC-Red: Good Morning Melodies

8:30
NBC-Red: Moments Musical

9:00
CBS: Roy Block
NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
NBC-Red: Fields and Hall

9:30
CBS: Mellow Moments

9:55
Press Radio News

10:00
CBS: Your Garden and Mine
NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
NBC-Red: Charioteers

10:15
CBS: Richard Maxwell
NBC-Blue: Raising Your Parents
NBC-Red: The Vass Family

10:30
CBS: Let's Pretend
NBC-Red: Manhatters

10:45
NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orchestra

11:00
CBS: Fred Feibel
NBC-Blue: Sue Mitchell

11:15
NBC-Blue: Minute Men
NBC-Red: Nancy Swanson

11:30
CBS: Compinsky Trio
NBC-Blue: Magic of Speech
NBC-Red: Mystery Chef

11:45
NBC-Red: Dixie Debs

12:00 Noon
NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
NBC-Red: Continentals

12:30
CBS: George Hall Orch.
NBC-Red: Rex Battle's Orch.

1:05
NBC-Blue: Our Barn
NBC-Red: Whitney Ensemble

1:30
CBS: Buffalo Presents
NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
NBC-Red: Campus Capers

2:00
CBS: Madison Ensemble
NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo

2:30
NBC-Blue: Jesse Crawford
NBC-Red: Golden Melodies

2:45
CBS: Tours in Tone

3:00
CBS: Down by Herman's
NBC-Red: Walter Logan

3:30
CBS: Dept. of Commerce
NBC-Red: Week End Review

4:00
NBC-Blue: Club Matinee

5:00
NBC-Blue: King's Jesters

5:15
NBC-Blue: Animal News Club

5:30
CBS: Eton Boys
NBC-Blue: Middleman's Orch.
NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten

6:05
NBC-Blue: Nickelodeon
NBC-Red: Top Hatters

6:30
Press-Radio News

6:35
CBS: Sports Resume
NBC-Blue: Whither Music
NBC-Red: Alma Kitchell

6:45
CBS: Maureen O'Connor
NBC-Red: The Art of Living

7:00
CBS: Ted Lewis' Orch.
NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
NBC-Red: El Chico Revue

7:30
NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
NBC-Red: Jimmy Kemper

8:00
CBS: Saturday Swing Session
NBC-Red: NBC Jamboree

8:30
CBS: Johnny Presents
NBC-Blue: Meredith Willson
NBC-Red: Robin Hood Dell Concert

9:00
CBS: Professor Quiz
MBS: Smilin' Ed McConnell
NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance

9:30
CBS: Lazy Melody
NBC-Red: Shell Show, Joe Cook

10:00
CBS: Your Hit Parade
NBC-Blue: Cincinnati Opera

10:30
NBC-Red: Paul Whiteman

11:00
Dance Music

SATURDAY

MOTTO OF THE DAY

By LOWELL THOMAS

Paint in imagination your own portrait as you wish you looked—and that will become the real you.

Saturday, July 24, 1937

LEND an ear to Europe today, for sports and music, then come back home for more sports and more music. . . . The Challenge Round of the Davis Cup Tennis Tournament opens at Wimbledon, England, and NBC and CBS have their BBC friends on hand to relay the battle to you. . . . The Salzburg Music Festival opens in Austria, with your favorite genius, Arturo Toscanini, presiding, and NBC has laid plans to bring you a little of the opening day. . . . At 1:15 E.D.S.T., NBC's Red network is short-waving the entire second act of Richard Wagner's opera, "Lohengrin," direct from the famous Festspielhaus of another European music center, Bayreuth. . . . Then back to our own country for

NBC's broadcast of the Classic Stakes, considered to be the finale of the three-year-olds' turf campaign. . . . This morning, NBC, which seems to have all of today's musical events corralled, begins its Saturday series featuring the Chautauqua Little Symphony Orchestra, today and every Saturday for a while, at 10:30 A.M. Georges Barrere conducts, and the music comes from the Chautauqua Institution, at Chautauqua, N. Y. . . . After all this, you may be able to answer John Tasker Howard's question on the NBC Blue network at 6:35 P.M. He's asking—and your Almanac hopes, answering—"Whither Music?" . . . Don't forget that Professor Quiz went on a new time a few weeks ago—9:00 on CBS.



Arturo Toscanini presides over the Salzburg Festival, which opens today in Austria.



Dark and exotic Frances Adair is the songstress you hear on the Philip Morris program.

TODAY'S the day every yachting enthusiast in the country has been looking forward to for the past two years—the first day of the 1937 America's Cup Races off Newport, R. I., when the American defender will try to keep the cup from T. O. M. Sopwith's "Endeavour." The races might last seven days, since the cup goes to the winner of the first four out of seven races over the thirty-mile course. If you don't like yachting you might as well turn your radio off, because all three networks are covering the affair. Ted Husing and Sherman Hoyt are doing the announcing for CBS, Kenneth S. M. Davidson, George Hicks and Bill Stern for NBC, and Cameron King and Dave Driscoll for MBS.

Hoyt, Davidson and King are all well known yachting authorities, and used to run their own craft. . . . A different sort of sports classic, the Futurity at Arlington, comes to you on NBC. . . . Tonight was scheduled to be your last chance to listen to Your Hit Parade on CBS, but the sponsors decided to keep it on after all. . . . Frances Adair, the exotic brunette soprano you hear on Johnny Presents, on CBS at 8:30 tonight, came to radio through night club, vaudeville and revue work. She takes her work seriously and is interested in little else except her pets. Once she had 13 cats, 2 dogs, 100 pigeons, and 2 rabbits at one time; now she only has two small turtles. She's unmarried and lives in New York.

Saturday, July 31, 1937

Saturday, Aug. 7, 1937

ONCE more NBC goes to the British Isles for your entertainment. Today the boys have dug up a set of traditional Highland games being held at the Bridge of Allan in Scotland. They do say that when the Scotch play games they get pretty rough, so you'd better listen in. This might turn out to be the thrill classic of the year. . . . Early this morning, when you listen to the Breakfast Club on the NBC-Blue network at 9:00, you hear Jack Baker singing the tenor solos—but his real name is Ernest Mahlon Jones, while his studio nickname is "The Louisiana Lark," because he was born in Shreveport, La., on June 29, 1908. He moved to Broken Bow, Oklahoma, when he was a boy, and

began singing in church choirs. His musical career was interrupted after it started because he didn't have enough money to continue, so he became a teacher and baseball coach for a while, then went to Chicago and auditioned for NBC . . . after which he heard nothing until he was suddenly offered the tenor spot on the Breakfast Club. . . . He's written three songs, and wants to own a theater in a Southern town when he retires. . . . Tonight, NBC brings you Clyde Lucas' first program from the Million Dollar Pier at Atlantic City, as well as the last of the Cincinnati Zoo Summer Operas. The latter is from ten to eleven. . . . Earlier today, don't miss NBC's broadcast of the Massachusetts Handicap in Boston.



Breakfast Club's tenor Jack Baker is called "The Louisiana Lark" in NBC's Chicago studios.



Organist Fred Feibel opens his network's New York studio every day at 7:30 A. M.

AUGUST 14: One of radio's unsung heroes is Fred Feibel, CBS staff organist, who not only opens the New York station of his network in the mornings, but spends much of his time hanging around the studios ready to fill in with an organ solo if a scheduled program goes haywire. You hear him this morning at 11:00, unless at the last minute the network finds some other show they want to put in at that time. Fred's used to having his programs cancelled, as well as to going on the air for others. . . . He lives in Ridgefield Park, N. J., and gets up at 4:45 every morning, motors into New York City and reaches the studio at 6:15, then tunes up his organ until 7:30, when his Organ Reveille is heard.

. . . In spite of the early hour, his early-bird program, broadcast only in New York, brings in hundreds of letters each week. . . . In almost seven years he has only been absent one week, when he had the flu. . . . Listen tonight to the last Robin Hood Dell symphony concert of the season.

AUGUST 21: NBC and CBS both have the Wightman Cup Tennis matches for you today, from Forest Hills, twenty minutes from New York. . . . and tonight Harold Stern opens a week's engagement at the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, with NBC bringing you the good music. . . . And there's just room left to tell you to place your order now for next month's RADIO MIRROR, on sale August 25.

Freshening Up



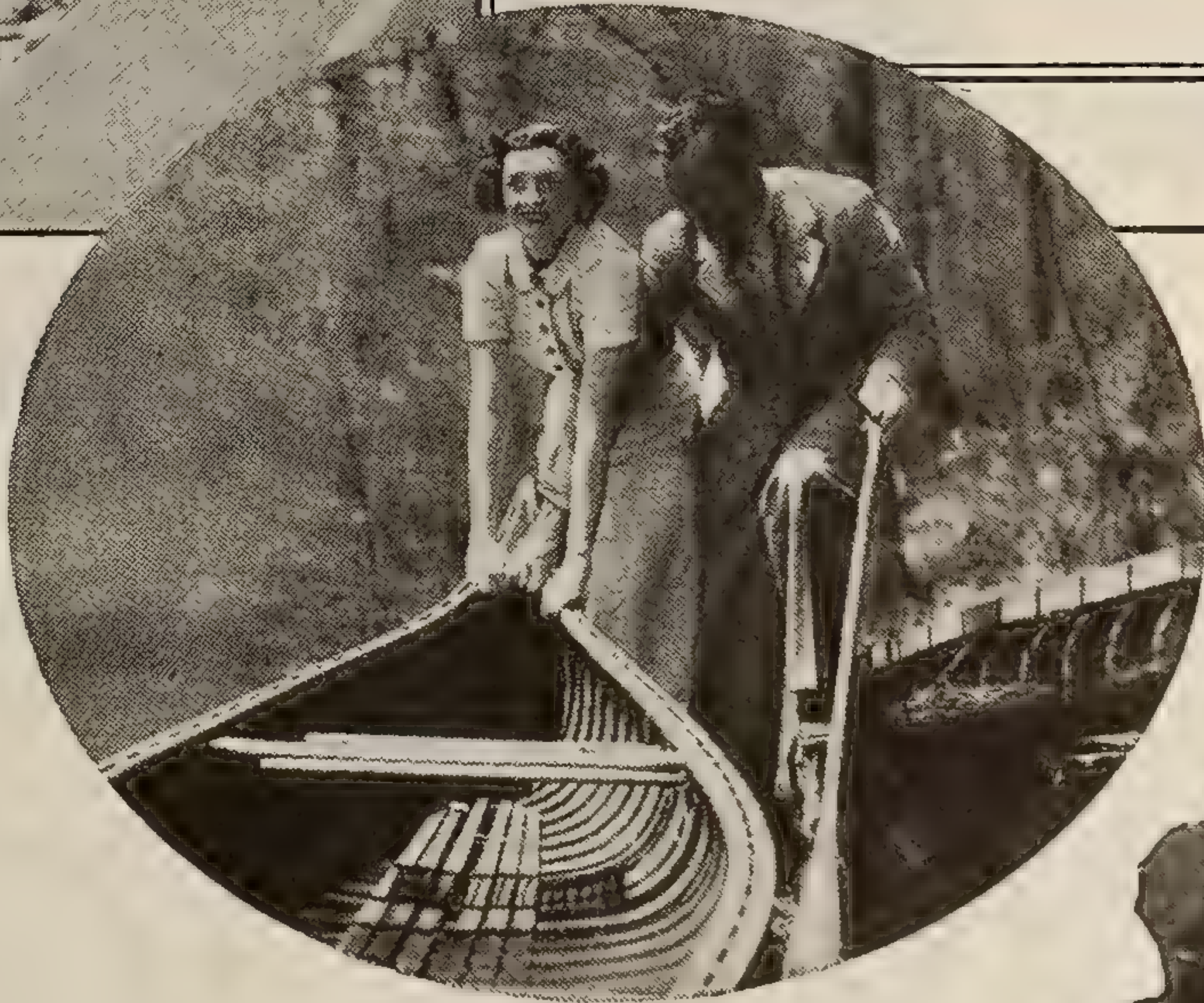
THIS WAY



Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy" . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."



FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother! *Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 8RM-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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City _____ State _____

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MEALS BY HEEDING
A FAMOUS RESTAU-
RATEUR'S ADVICE ON
ARTFUL SEASONING**

THE greatest difference between the American cook and the French one," George Rector told me, "is that the American woman sticks too closely to salt and pepper and is too timid about the use of other seasonings. Not that salt isn't the standby for nearly all dishes but there are many, many other seasonings—spices, herbs, meat sauces, and so forth—which add variety and piquancy to the simplest foods, and these are too often ignored.

"And an American cook," he continued, "is inclined to leave the seasoning until the last minute, stirring it in just before a dish is ready to serve. Your French cook, on the other hand, seasons her food when it begins to cook, so that the flavor of the seasoning goes all through the food, becoming an integral part of it, rather than an addition."

These statements you may take as gospel, for no one speaks with greater authority on culinary matters than Mr. Rector, whose program "Dining with George Rector," you (*Continued on page 81*)



**SPICE
IS THE LIFE OF
COOKING**

Listen to George Rector talk about good food on CBS.

**By MRS.
MARGARET
SIMPSON**

"This snapshot fixed everything"



• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



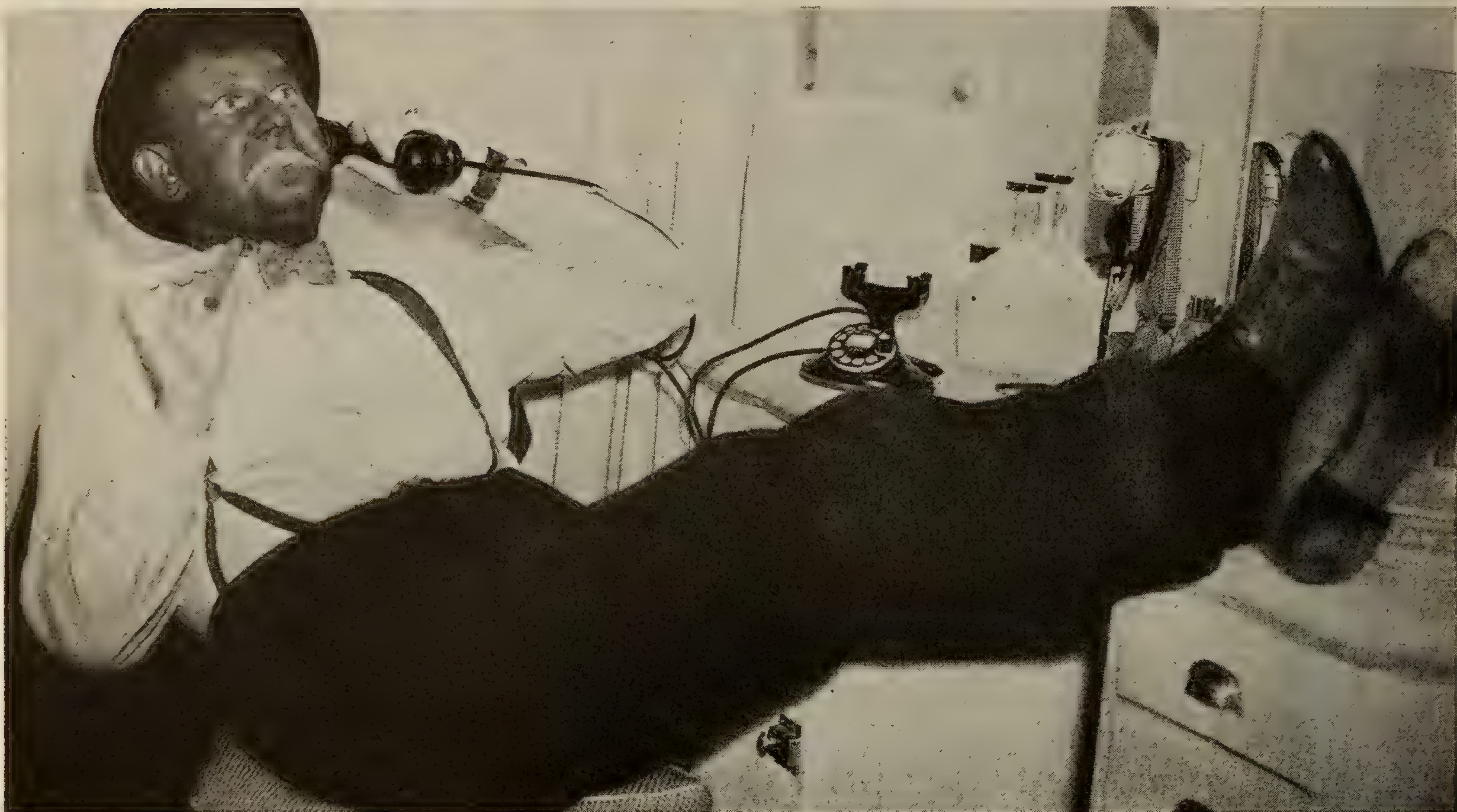
"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'"

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
—you must take Today

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Once he was Eddie Cantor's Greek comedian, but now look at him! Here's Parkyakarkus in RKO's "New Faces of 1937."

MRS. L. BRASHARES, Chicago, Ill.—As far as we know, Jack Hylton was born Jack Hylton, at Bolton, Lancashire, England, July 2, 1892. His father was a hotel keeper and his mother a schoolteacher. He's short, rather heavy-set, has sandy, curly hair; started his career at the age of fourteen, as a pianist for a show troupe. Jack's married and his wife was once a band leader in her own right. He likes all kinds of food, especially cold chicken for midnight suppers . . . his pet aversion is snobs.

Marie Bardley, Akron, Ohio—Kenneth Griffin plays the part of Larry Noble in Backstage Wife and is not married to Vivian Fridell who plays Mary. Vivian married her high school sweetheart August 29, 1936. He is Gerrit James de Galleke of Milwaukee, Wis. She is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is golden brown and her complexion is fair.

P. T. of Somerville, Mass.—Sometimes an orchestra leader cannot get all his musicians to accompany him from one part of the country to another. That is why, I presume, Buddy Rogers had a different orchestra for his Twin Stars pro-

gram than the one you saw him have in Boston. I hope that will clear up the mystery for you.

M. M. L., Crichton, Ala.—To secure a photograph of Bobby Breen and Eddie Cantor, address them in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 7th & Bixel Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frank Parker in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Nino Martini is picture-making in Hollywood, so address him at RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

L. F. S. and M. S., Rochester, New York—This is just to let you know that we were glad to get your suggestions for pictures on some of the serial programs, and will try to please you as soon as possible.

Marilyn Bonnell, Glendale, Calif.—I didn't find your self-addressed stamped envelope, Marilyn. Johnny Green was born on October 10, 1908, in New York City. "Coquette" was his first composition. Then came "Body and Soul." Since then, he has written "I Cover the Waterfront," "Easy Come, Easy Go," and (Cont. on pg. 58)

Answers to Professor Quiz' Twenty Questions on Page 3

1. Andres de Seguro.
2. Velma McCall, the boys' secretary.
3. Duane Thompson.
4. Yes indeed—it's the Landt trio, which has its own NBC program.
5. Jackie Coogan.
6. Carlton E. Morse, author of One Man's Family.
7. His Honor Al Jolson, mayor of Encino.
8. The Revelers—still broadcasting on the Cities Service program.
9. Kay Kyser, who until June had spent all his time in other parts of the country.
10. Claire Hazel. She's his third—the first two were Patricia Wilder and Margaret Johnson.
11. Jerry Cooper who manages a boxer and Kate Smith who owns a basketball team.
12. Robert Wildhack—you hear him in guest shots every now and then.
13. Helen Hayes—she's going on tour and won't always be near a broadcasting station.
14. Robert Emmett Dolan, maestro of the Sunday Night Party.
15. Edgar Guest.
16. Del Mar, near San Diego.
17. Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.
18. Colonel Stoopnagle.
19. Bill Wright is Eb, and Al himself is Zeb.
20. "The Big Show" from "Head Over Heels."



THIS WINTER . . . ENJOY THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW KIND OF HEAT!

KEEP warm and comfortable this winter, the modern, workless, dirtless way—with a Duo-Therm oil-burning circulating heater!

Enjoy "Regulated" Heat! Duo-Therm will flood your home with moist, healthful warmth the coldest day in the year! But—here is its greatest feature—you can turn it down to a candle-flame in mild weather and it will always burn cleanly!

Change Heat with Your Finger! Just turn the handy dial—and get exactly the heat you want! Simple as opening a faucet! And it saves plenty of oil—for at night or on mild days, you burn only what you need!

Keeps the Heat in the House! Duo-Therm's full "floating flame" licks lazily against the sides of the

heater and keeps the heat in the house! It doesn't send half your heat rushing up the chimney, as do heaters that burn with a long, pointed, wasteful flame. And with its special "waste-stopper," tests prove the Duo-Therm is the most economical oil heater you can buy!

No Odor, Smoke, Soot or Noise! Burning less expensive fuel oil, available anywhere, the Duo-Therm gives clean, odorless, silent heat. Bigger fuel tank than ordinary heaters—you don't need to fill it so often!

Mail the Coupon Today—or see your Duo-Therm dealer. There's a Duo-Therm to fit your heating needs. You can choose just the right model for your home. Three beautiful finishes. Low prices! Easy payments!

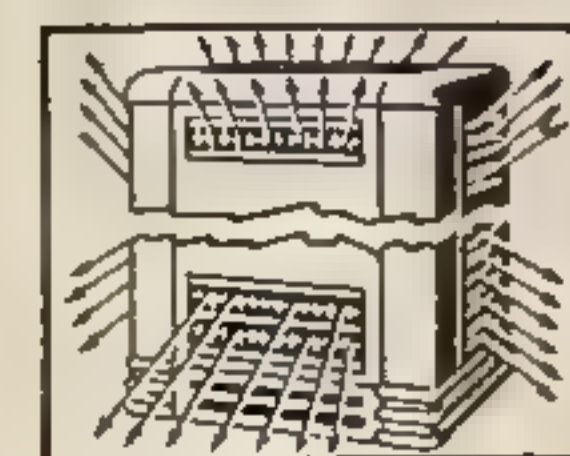
**EASY
PAYMENTS!**
See Your
Dealer!

DUO-THERM

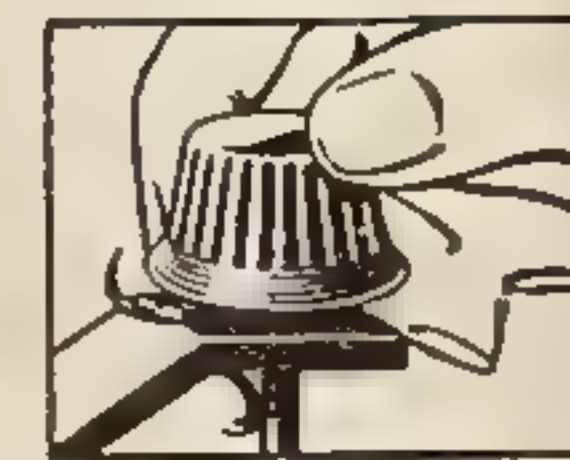
OIL-BURNING *Circulating* HEATERS

DUO-THERM DIVISION, MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION, LANSING, MICH.

ONLY DUO-THERM has all these modern features!



Duo-Therm's Heat Guides are scientifically designed to heat your house at "body levels" and to set up a circulation that leaves no cold spots.



Duo-Therm's Heat Regulator—Simple as turning a dial! All the heat you want on cold days, just enough to take the chill off on milder days.



Duo-Therm's Patented Dual-Chamber Burner—Greatest clean-fire range of any burner! Silent, clean, odorless—from pilot light to maximum heat!



Duo-Therm's Waste-Stopper prevents heat from rushing up the chimney, sends more heat into the room. Saves oil!



Duo-Therm's Full Floating Flame means better combustion, more heat per gallon, less chimney-waste!

Safe!—Duo-Therm heaters are listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.

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Please send me information on the Duo-Therm
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Oil-burning Ranges ☐ Water Heaters ☐ Furnaces
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on the program —
a real hit,
**BEECH-NUT
GUM**

Most popular flavor of gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.



"Always Worth Stopping for"

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp, candy coating
...doubly delightful that way!
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin!

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture
gum that gives your mouth
much needed exercise.
"Chew with a purpose!"



SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, three rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

"Night Club Suite," which the New York Philharmonic Society saw fit to present at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York, under Paul Whiteman's baton with Johnny as pianist. His career started as accompanist for that celebrated English actress, Gertrude Lawrence.

Cadet, Annapolis, Md.—Up to this writing, the Lux Theater of the Air has not had Henry Wilcoxon as a guest star on their programs. I do agree with you that he has a fine speaking voice and perhaps the talent scouts for this show will see this little item.

Jane Thompson, Camden, N. J.—Walter Cassel is out on the Coast, making pictures. He's six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes, and he doesn't come from Texas. Council Bluffs, Iowa is his home town.

Mrs. Betty Jones, St. Louis, Mo.—Sorry I couldn't make an earlier issue, but I know you'll forgive me when you read all I have to tell you. James Meighan was born in New York City on August 22, 1906. His uncle was the late Thomas Meighan. He started his dramatic career in a Yonkers Stock Company. Later a visit to the NBC studios in 1931 decided him on the new field he must conquer. Jimmy is five feet ten inches tall, has dark brown hair and eyes, is married but has no children. He likes to box, swim and play handball, and painting is one of his hobbies. Ruth Yorke was also born in New York City, on September 10. Ruth attended the Windsor Daggett School of Speech and the Max Reinhardt Seminar in Vienna. She made her radio debut in 1932 over the Columbia Broadcasting System. Ruth is five feet four inches tall, weighs around 123 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes . . . enjoys swimming and tennis, and is married.

Miss Jean Lee, New York, N. Y., Virginia L., South Bend, Indiana, and Jessie Cimino, Utica, New York.—I'm glad you all wrote about the same time and I know you'll forgive me for making you wait so long when you see all the information I secured for you. Here goes—George Robert "Bob" Crosby was born in Spokane, Washington, August 25, 1913. He's now six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Both parents were musical and of course you know his musical brother Bing. Bob definitely decided at an early age that he wanted to become a professional singer but his brother Bing jumped in ahead of him, and became famous almost overnight. Bob might have climbed the ladder the simpler way by basking in Bing's reflected glory, but he resolved to stand on his own two feet and has made good. He's still single, doesn't smoke and doesn't like night clubs.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Dorothy Pinnick of East Gary, Indiana announces that she is president of a **Lum and Abner** Fan Club and would like all those interested in becoming a member to get in touch with her.

Marie Pfarr of 502 Jackson Avenue and Gertrude Whalen, 66 East 149th Street, of New York City, are ardent **Fred Waring** fans. They want to join a fan club. What do you say?

This is just to advise **Igor Gorin's** admirers that Mary Miller of 26 Duke Street, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, is President of the Canadian branch of the Chas. Igor Gorin club.

What about a **James Melton** fan club? Miss Doris Roche, 425-52 Street, Brooklyn, New York, wants to know.

Joan Crawford's Dramatic Radio Adventure

(Continued from page 16)

ambition.

Joan hadn't always suffered from stage fright. Years ago, when she was only a kid in the chorus of a Broadway show, earning twenty dollars a week, the people out front did not terrify her. She believed that everyone in the audience was her friend. Besides, she was only a small cog in a great dancing machine. If she made a mistake she could quickly cover it up, and even if people saw it they'd only be amused to see a cute little chorus girl forgetting a kick. They would sympathize, not criticize.

Then, by the slow process you already know, Joan became a star. And instead of being one girl in a line of girls she stood out from the rest. She was famous and important, and famous people are easy targets for critics' arrows. Even then, Joan wasn't afraid. If she had had even an inkling of the truth, the shock might not have been so shattering.

Not long after she achieved stardom, she appeared in a benefit at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. It was the first time she had faced an audience since her chorus days. She went on, unafraid, and did a dance. It was all right, but it was nothing spectacular.

Leaving the theater she overheard a conversation between a girl and a boy. Said the girl, "That new star, Joan Crawford—I didn't think she was so much."

NAH," said the boy. "Those movie people ought to stick to the screen and not get up in public where they show themselves up."

Those words, so lightly spoken, sank deep into Joan's consciousness. She couldn't forget them. She read into them an even deeper criticism than was intended. They changed the character of audiences for her—made them hostile enemies instead of sympathetic friends.

As her screen fame increased, her every public gesture was repeated and reported. There was one time when she needed encouraging pats on the back, and all she got was destructive criticism. Joan was so hurt, so baffled, that she crawled into her shell and hid there—which, of course, caused more comment, all bad.

She ignored the comments, fought her way past them to even greater screen fame than she had had before. Her driving will to succeed helped her then, as it has helped her so many times. But it could not give her success in her greatest ambition—to go on the stage. That fear of being on display before an audience always stood between her and any stage plans. You have read about the model little theater she has had built in her home, where she and her friends put on amateur plays. That was part of her campaign to prepare herself for the stage, but she knew in her heart it was useless unless she could rid herself of stage fright.

I have been with her when she was part of a theater audience herself, yet the simple business of walking to her seat—with, as usual, hundreds of people staring at her—made her hands grow icy and her whole body tremble.

"But I don't know what to do!" she would say later. "I'm afraid that if I smile people will say, 'Who does she think she is, taking all the bows!' And if I just walk down the aisle without smiles I know they'll say, 'Oh, she's too stuck-up to know anybody else is in the house.'"

Previews and premieres of her own pic-



"My! I'm Certainly Glad Mrs. Smith told me to buy Franco-American!"

*At 3¢ a portion, a food that
children like, that's good
for them, easy for you!*

WOMEN bought millions upon millions of cans of Franco-American Spaghetti last year, because they found out that it was one of the greatest time and money savers that ever came into their kitchens! For example, there's no finer lunch or supper for schoolchildren than Franco-American, served piping hot, with milk and fruit. For dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish, or use it

to make left-overs taste like a million dollars.

Be sure, however, that you get Franco-American Spaghetti—the kind with the extra good sauce. It's entirely different from all other ready-cooked spaghetti. If you haven't tried Franco-American you don't know how good spaghetti can taste. Its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce is made with eleven savory ingredients—the secret recipe which was the great discovery of a famous French chef. Get the Franco-American habit; it will save you no end of time and trouble, and keep you standing aces high with the family.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the extra good sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups



MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE
RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE
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THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 49
Camden, New Jersey
Please send me your free recipe book:
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"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"



"**THAT** girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

tures grew to be torture to her. Stubbornly, she *would* go to them. But beforehand she would fast for days, because she knew if she didn't she would be actively ill.

Joan was wise enough to analyze the reason for her fear, even though that knowledge alone did not help her. She knew she was afraid the people in the audience would not like Joan Crawford, and that was simple ego. A lot of people had said, "She's a movie star, and she can't face an audience," and much as she argued with herself, she was still afraid, deep down, that they were right.

Franchot talked to her; her friends, famous on the stage as well as the screen, told her how ridiculous it was to feel this way, but she still cowered when she had to make even the most informal public appearance.

She didn't realize that she was doing what so many of us do when ambition and personal fear clash, letting fear have its way and saying "Tomorrow" to ambition. Or perhaps it would be more fair to say that she wouldn't let herself realize it.

Then came the radio offer to appear on the Camel program as Elizabeth. Joan was eager to play this great part. Reading it with Franchot, who was to play Essex, she wept over the beauty of the lines. But—that audience.

It was Franchot who persuaded her to go through with it. "Now's the time," he said, "to get rid of that fear forever. Some day you'll have to do it anyway, if—" He stopped, and didn't add: "If you ever expect to play on the stage." But Joan knew what he meant. "Elizabeth is a beautiful part," he urged. "There'll never be a better chance."

JOAN set her teeth and made up her mind to do that radio play if it killed her. For weeks she worried. She lost three pounds. She couldn't eat, couldn't sleep.

On the night of the broadcast she fought desperately to prepare herself for the ordeal. Half-scornfully, she did a number of things Franchot and her voice teacher had told her would help. All alone in one of the rooms of her home, she began to sob, as hard as she could, exactly as she would have done after a crying spell. They'd told her this sobbing would loosen the fear-tensed nerves of her body, just as real sobbing loosens them when real crying has made them tense.

Then she put her hand on her solar-plexus and breathed from her diaphragm, slowly, counting each breath and making sure that her hand was moving as she breathed—to prove that she was breathing from the abdomen. This would even further relax her body, they'd said, while the mechanical counting would take her mind off herself and her fear.

Impossible, she thought, that these ridiculous little setting-up exercises would banish that terror which made her knees and hands shake and dried the inside of her throat so she could hardly speak! Her nervousness was too real for that. Yet, what else could she do? Somehow, she had to learn to face an audience, or give up all hope of ever playing on the stage—and any expedient, no matter how absurd it seemed, was worth trying.

Joan went on with the "setting-up exercises." She raised her hands above her head and relaxed—first the fingers, then the wrists, then the elbows, until at last she let her arms fall to her sides, imagining they were made of lead, so heavy she could not hold them up any longer.

The wonder of it was that she did feel better when she was through—calmer, more relaxed, more able to control her

movements. But still she would not have been able to give a good performance that night if she hadn't found a way to change her mental attitude. She walked out on that stage in a fury of determination, face white, chin up, determined to show them that a movie star could stand before an audience and act. But suddenly, as she read Elizabeth's lines, she stopped being an actress and became Elizabeth. The nervousness drained out of her, along with the defiance. She really felt like Elizabeth.

The moment came without her realizing it, but afterwards Joan knew she had conquered. She had given a memorable performance of Elizabeth, and she thought she had lost her fear forever.

She thought she had lost her fear—but she was wrong. Another experience, a much worse one, was in store for her.

She accepted the Lux Theater's offer to play "Mary of Scotland" without a tremor of fear. What she had done once, she thought, she could do again.

First of all, the "Mary of Scotland" appearance came just when Joan and Franchot were both busy with Screen Actor's Guild activities. They had almost no time to devote to private rehearsals at home. On the night of the broadcast, Joan was tired, but she had no idea she'd be nervous. She didn't bother with the relaxing exercises.

Two minutes before broadcast time she became deathly ill. She was shaking so she could hardly walk. She wanted to tell them to ring down the curtain and let her go home.

SOMEHOW, she managed to get on the stage, but when she began to read her lines her hand was trembling so badly she couldn't see them. She felt her legs giving way under her, and in terror she thought, "I'm going to faint!"

Then, in desperation, she planted her feet wide apart and kept them there by the simple means of imagining the floor was made of wet cement and her feet were stuck fast in it.

She stayed and finished the broadcast, but she knew how bad her nervousness had made her performance. "I was awful," she told me. "When they gave me my check I felt like saying, 'No, thank you. I don't deserve it.' And I wanted terribly to ask forgiveness of the theater audience because I was so bad."

"There's just one thing I'm proud of. I did stay there. I thought my fear over 'Elizabeth' was terrible, but the second time was much worse. But I didn't run away, and I think that very fact will make the third time the charm. I know now that when I face an audience again I will be calm. The first time, I learned a few simple rules for stopping terror. The second time, I was too confident, and I neglected the rules. Now I've learned my lesson, and the third time I'll be all right."

Only the people who know Joan—know her driving ambition to conquer each new field that presents itself—can realize how much radio has done for her. She will never be satisfied until she has gone on the stage and become as famous there as she already is on the screen, but until radio helped her to conquer her terror of audiences a stage appearance was as much out of the question for her as a trip to the moon. She could never have undergone the strain of a typical first night, and she knew it. She knew that even if by sheer strength of will she forced herself to go through a first night, her performance would suffer so that every critic on Broadway would slash her to ribbons.

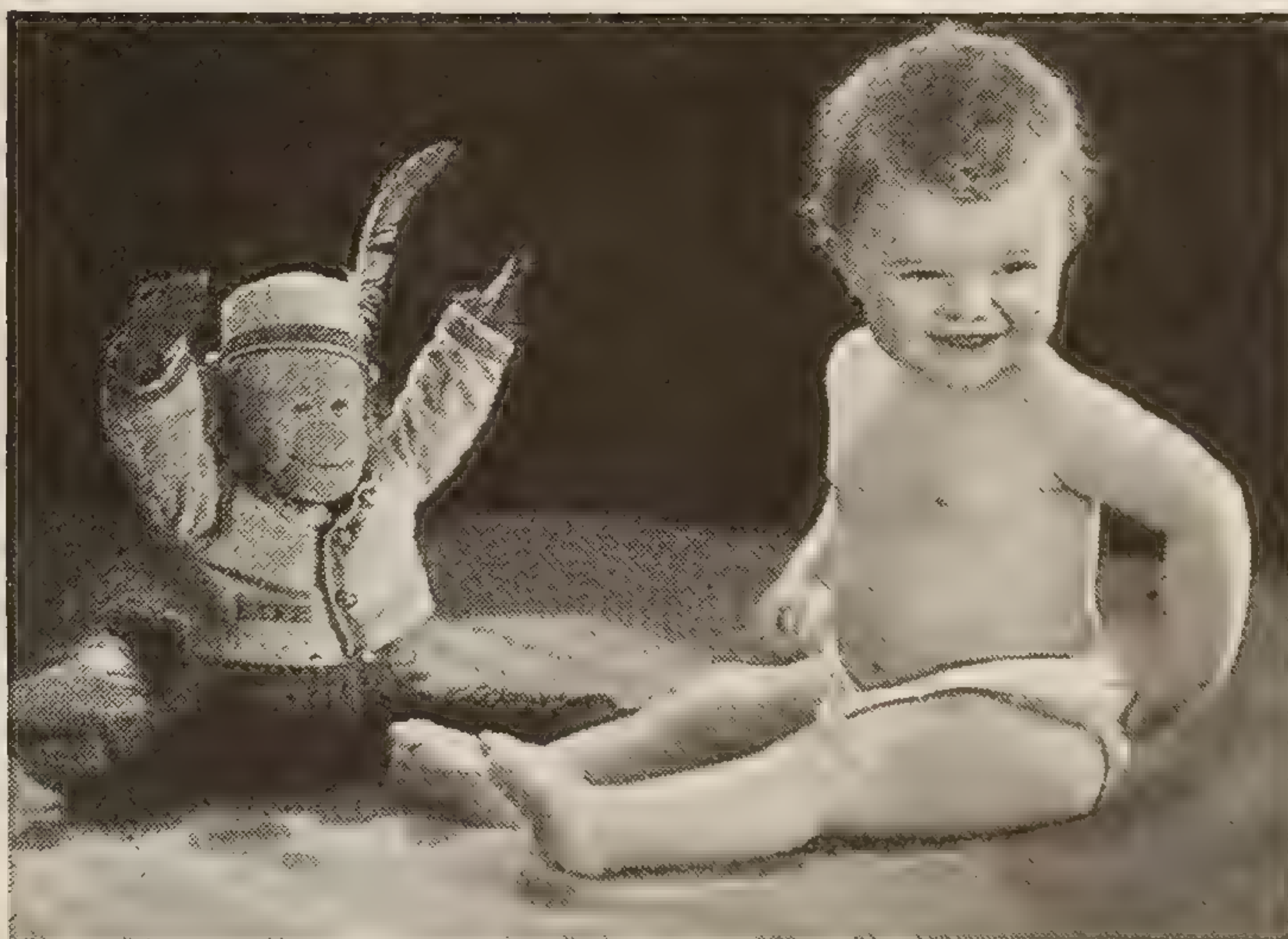
She's no longer afraid. And it was radio which gave her that most priceless of gifts—self-confidence.



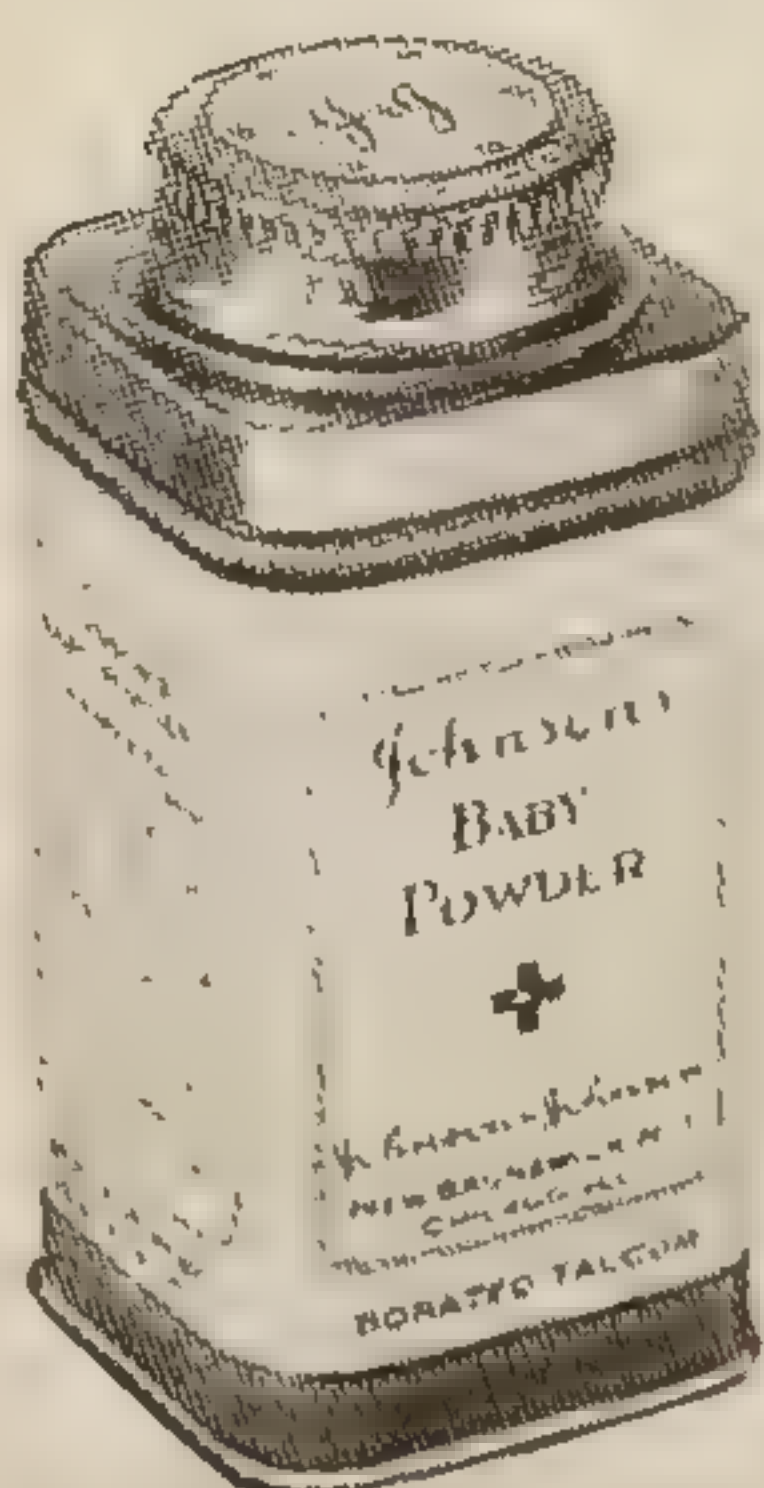
• *"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"*



• *"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life... many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"*



• *"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy... How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"*



• *"Did you ever notice how fine Johnson's Baby Powder is? Just like satin! It keeps my skin like satin, too!"... Clear, unblemished skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and for tiny babies, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Plenty of Dates Now

SINCE I MADE
THE
"ARMHOLE ODOR"
TEST



If you use a deodorant that does not stop perspiration, **MOISTURE** will collect on the armhole of your dress and the warmth of your body will bring out an offensive, stale "armhole odor" . . .

CAN'T you just *feel* it when a wonderful new man is attracted to you! He can't take his eyes off you. Yet after one or two dance dates he becomes indifferent. You're left alone again . . .

It's a tragedy that is bound to happen when a girl neglects that little hollow under her arm. So many heartaches would be saved if all women realized that deodorizing alone is not enough!

Deodorants that do not check perspiration cannot give you complete protection

Some deodorants aren't made to *stop* perspiration. You go right on perspiring. Perspiration collects on your dress. And just when you yearn to be your loveliest, your *dress* gives off that offensive "armhole odor" which means a sure

and ugly end to any woman's allure!

Isn't it terribly foolish to take such a chance when Liquid Odorono's *double action* will keep the underarm not only sweet, but dry?

Test your dress tonight. When you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You hate to believe it—that shocking stale armhole odor! Nevertheless, this is the way you smell to others. Now you can see why the nice women of two continents never think of neglecting the few minutes' ritual of applying Liquid Odorono.

**No underarm grease—no stains—
NO TELLTALE ODOR**

Not only does Liquid Odorono keep your feminine appeal always safe, but it saves your frocks from both grease and perspiration stains. And it has no telltale odor to give you away. Start tomorrow. In two strengths, Regular and Instant. At all toilet-goods counters.

Safeguard *your* loveliness by sending today for sample vials and leaflet.



SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 9B7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

How Dorothy Lamour Found Love

(Continued from page 41)

knew as well as her own name. Sick with humiliation, she went back to her table. A few moments later Miss Gulman was standing there, and with her, Herbie Kay. "This is a pleasure," he murmured conventionally.

Dorothy gasped. "It's a miracle!" she blurted.

But a greater miracle was coming. Kay offered her an audition the next day, and, if she made good, the job as vocalist with his orchestra.

In her wardrobe was one nice street dress, kept for great occasions. She wore it the next day, spending hours on grooming it and herself to make a magnificent impression. Panicky by the time she reached the restaurant, she tripped over her own feet and fell flat on her face! A long runner shot up her stockings, a jagged tear ripped one sleeve loose from the shoulder, and dust smudged her from tip to toe. She began to cry.

Inside, Herb was expecting a sleekly beautiful girl. When he saw the sniveling, dirt-stained kid in a torn dress, his first impulse was to laugh. Something stopped him short, something in Dorothy's face. This wasn't funny to her, he saw. It was tragedy.

GRAVELY he commiserated with her, wiped her tears, patted her shoulder. Then, when her sobs subsided, he suggested they get on with their work.

From that moment, she was his slave. And his new vocal soloist.

She went home with her heart singing inside her. To be with him night after night, to watch him as he directed the band, to travel with him, to know him better and better—finally, to be the girl he'd have supper with after the dance! It was more bliss than she could hold. He was so kind, so good, so handsome, so everything wonderful—

Herbie Kay may have been all of that, but one thing he was not. He was not in love. As far as he was concerned, Dorothy was just the pretty little girl who sang in his band. Strictly business. Her beauty, in his eyes, was no more than part of her value to his band. Her sweetness—no more than an asset to the morale of the band. She was a nice kid. That was all.

Pride kept Dorothy from revealing her true feelings. But it couldn't stop the jealousy and unhappiness in her heart.

For it wasn't only that she was being neglected. Much, much worse, she was being made jealous every night in the week.

Herbie Kay was young, handsome, a romantic bachelor. Women flocked to hear him and dance to his tunes. Many made utter fools of themselves over him, as women will over men like Herb. Silly notes and sillier invitations were passed up to him as he stood in front of his orchestra. Dorothy saw them all. She was sitting right there beside him, where she couldn't help seeing. He was asked to after-the-dance parties in private homes—where, Dorothy *knew*, silly women would simper at him, dance with him, maybe—maybe kiss him.

Herb was pleasant to all these women. It was good business if nothing else; silly or not, they were cash customers and he wasn't leading his band for his health. But he saw no reason to explain this to Dorothy.

Night after night Dorothy sat on the bandstand, watching, a set smile frozen

on her lips and murder in her heart. Night after night she cried herself to sleep. She got so she loathed any girl. Herb spoke to, even in the most casual, friendly way. Sometimes he took a girl to dinner, and that was worst of all. Dorothy, those nights, would worry herself sick for fear that this time he would actually fall in love.

If only he'd give her a chance! If only he'd take her to dinner, or to supper after the dance, or for a ride in his car—anything to get away from the eternal business-like atmosphere of the band! But he never did.

Lonely as she was, it never occurred to her to go out with any of the other personable young men in the orchestra. She just wasn't interested. It was Herb or nothing. Had she known it, she would have bumped into a stone wall there anyway. Herb was boss, and Herb had set the key-note of everybody's conduct toward Dorothy Lamour. The boys weren't going to stick their necks into trouble, even if Dorothy was darned pretty and sweet.

It all began to tell on her beauty. Dark circles rimmed her eyes. Her cheeks became drawn and haggard from sleepless nights. Her jangling nerves were on edge, so that she snapped short answers at the man she loved more than life itself.

"For Pete's sake, what's eating you?" Herb asked her once, irritably. "You're not in love, by any chance?"

"Maybe I am," Dorothy snapped back, "What about it?"

NOTHING, except why don't you marry the guy and get it over with?" he said. Then, after a moment, "Who is he?"

"A sap!" she said succinctly.

Going down in the elevator that night, he asked her to have dinner with him. . . .

Then came the business of the perfume. A prominent Dallas business man fell hard for Dorothy while the band was there, and began to bombard her with gifts and invitations. One of the gifts was a bottle of extra-exotic perfume. Somehow I can't quite believe that Dorothy didn't have anything particular in mind the night she wore some and swished by Herb.

"Mmmm," he said. "Smells good."

Dorothy demurely agreed that it *was* lovely, and added that So and So, the business man, had given it to her. Herb wrinkled his nose. "Phew," he said. "Smells like rat poison."

Several days later, on Valentine's day, a big box of orchids arrived for her—but with no card enclosed. Dorothy supposed it was a courtesy from the hotel florist, and said nothing about it to Herb. He stood her silence as long as he could, then he complained with heavy sarcasm, "I suppose orchids are such an old story to you than you don't bother to acknowledge them."

"You mean *you* sent them, Herb?" she asked in honest astonishment.

"Well, what's so darned startling about that?" he asked. "Can't a fellow send his girl orchids for a Valentine if he wants to?"

His girl!

And it didn't mean a thing. Next day, and for days after that, he was as impersonal and business-like as ever. No more flowers, no more dinner dates, no more anything. Not even, Dorothy thought resentfully, a kind word.

She gave up. She couldn't stand it any longer, being with him all the time, loving him as she did, and getting nothing but heartache in return. Offering only the flimsiest of excuses, she resigned from the orchestra and went to New York.

She'd joined the band to be near Herb and to make him love her as much as she



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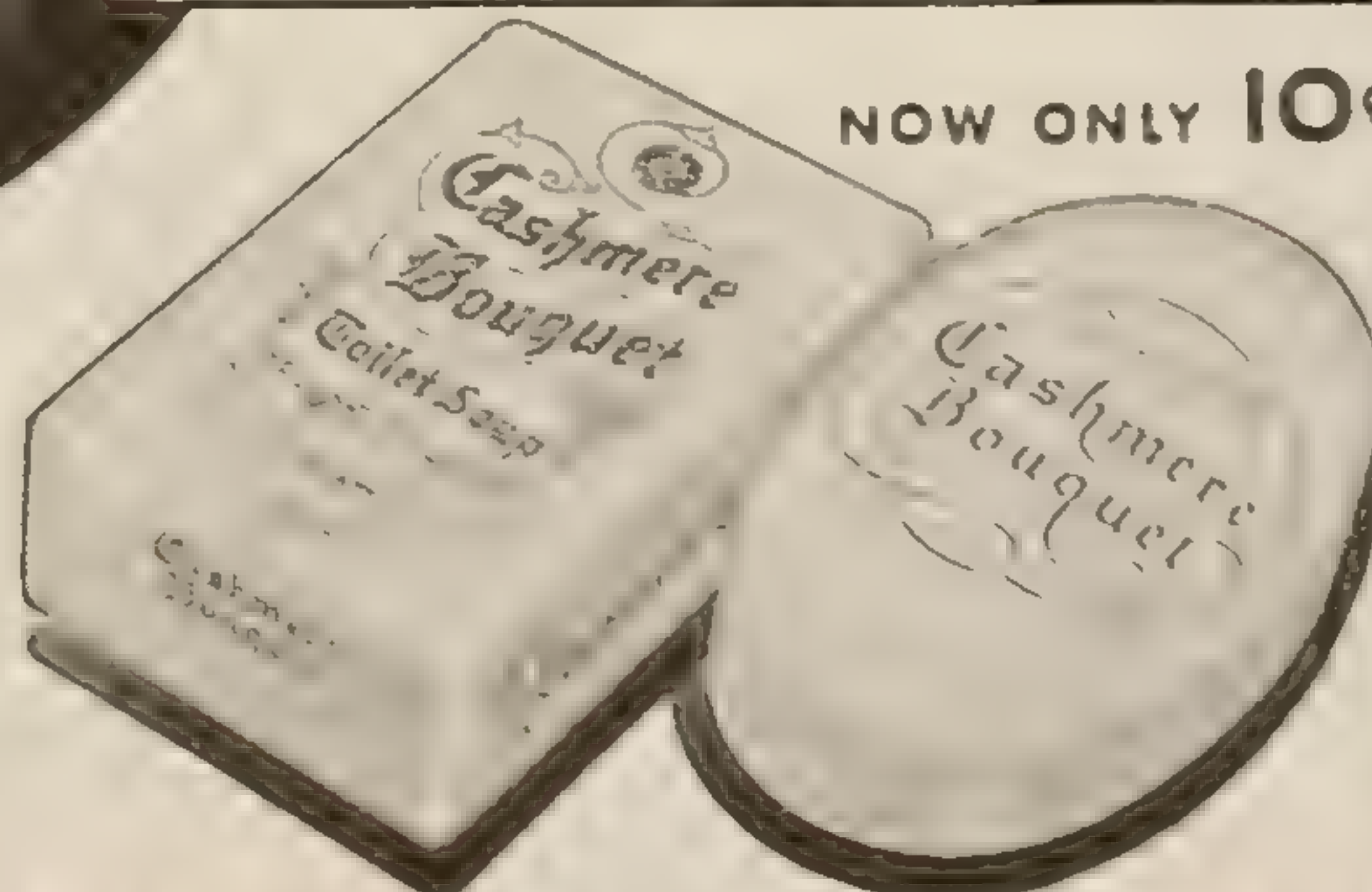
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loved him—and it hadn't done any good. She left the band because she thought she'd failed—and if she'd tried, she couldn't have done anything smarter.

In New York she was quickly signed as an NBC contract singer, and began broadcasting three times a week on a coast-to-coast hook-up. In addition she got a job in the floor show of a famous night club. Work hard, and forget Herb, was going to be her motto.

Two weeks after her abrupt departure, Herb turned up in New York. Business, he carefully explained, had called him there, and he just sort of thought he'd look in on Dorothy while he was in town, to see that everything was going all right.

Business, my eye! Herb's business at the moment was in Chicago with his band. He knew it. She knew it. The band knew it. And even if he did have business in New York, he certainly couldn't have attended to it very well, because in the three days he was there he did nothing but see Dorothy at every opportunity. But he left out one thing. He didn't even hint that he loved her.

HE went back to Chicago, and then began a stream of telegrams and long-distance calls. Mr. Kay was asking about Miss Lamour's health, about her work, about the state of the weather. About everything except the one thing Dorothy was really interested in—the state of her heart.

"This is a fine romance," Dorothy decided. "I'm through. Washed up!" So she sat down and wrote him a note. She had been in love with him from the first time she ever saw him, she confessed. But he'd made it perfectly clear that it was a one-sided affair. She knew now she had no chance of winning his love. So would he please stop wiring her and calling her up? It was much better that way. She didn't want to see nor hear from him, ever again.

That was that. She meant it.

Letter in hand, Herb dashed to Dorothy Gulman, the girl who had introduced them in the first place. She gave him no sympathy.

"Look, Herb," she said, "why don't you give in? You know you're in love with her and want to marry her. For heaven's sake, stop mooning around and acting like a two-year-old. Go get her. We're all a little tired of your act."

He tried to fly to New York that night, but he couldn't get a reservation, so he left by the first plane in the morning. The heck with business and the band. Young Lochinvar was in the saddle at last.

"Hello, Dolly Face," were his first words when he telephoned her upon his arrival. Any man who would nickname a girl Dolly Face should have known better than to hold out against love. "I want to talk to you."

It was three in the morning before she was through work. They grabbed a cab and drove around Central Park.

"I'm in love with you," he blurted. "I've been in love with you from the first day, but I was too hard-headed to admit it. Will you marry me?"

Dorothy eyed him suspiciously. "Herb, how many drinks have you had?" she asked.

"Not a drink," he declared.

"Well, you call me up in the morning and say the same things and maybe I'll believe them."

At eight o'clock her telephone rang. "It's morning and I want to marry you. How about it?"

The girl said yes.

Getting married, however, proved to be almost as much of a nightmare as their romance. The clerk at the marriage license bureau refused to believe, for one

thing, that Dorothy was of legal age, and he wouldn't issue a license without proof that she was, or, failing that, the consent of her mother.

Herb had to get back to his band before so many days had passed, and they didn't have time to wait for Dorothy's birth certificate to arrive from New Orleans. Mrs. Lamour was in Chicago, so Dorothy wired her, receiving by return wire her blessings and consent. Still the clerk was suspicious. No license. Not without the parent there in person.

By that time it was late afternoon. Someone told them about a town called Harrison. It was a cinch to get married there. But there wasn't time to drive to Harrison and back before Dorothy was due to appear at the night club, so they waited until she was through for the night, and started off in a taxi—Dorothy still wearing the bright red evening dress in which she had just completed her last appearance in the floor show. They landed, finally, in Harrison, New Jersey—only to discover that it was Harrison, New York, which was friendly to runaway couples.

Dawn was breaking. Back they drove to New York, as disconsolate a pair of lovebirds as ever tried to mate. Here they discovered a new complication. Dorothy's manager had found out about the marriage, was bitterly opposed to it, and was hot on their trail. The only way to duck him was for Dorothy to register at another hotel under an assumed name.

In the morning Herb telephoned. "I've got it, Dolly Face," he shouted exuberantly. "We'll fly to Chicago, have your mother meet us there, and then drive over to Waukegan and get married."

"But, Herb," Dorothy wailed, "I can't fly to Chicago in a red evening dress! It's all I've got here, and you know we can't go back to my hotel or my manager will catch us."

"I'll fix that," he said confidently. "I'll pop out and buy you some clothes. What do you want? Once started, there was no stopping this impetuous Romeo."

"A suit, size fourteen; a sweater, size thirty-two; and some street shoes, size five and a half, triple A."

Dressed in her wedding finery, Dorothy presented a picturesque sight, to put it mildly. Herb had bought a size eighteen suit, a thirty-eight sweater, and no shoes at all, having forgotten all about them! Thus the bride wore a gray suit and blue sweater, four sizes too large, red satin evening slippers and no hat. But they caught that plane!

AT nine o'clock that night they routed out a Waukegan, Illinois, justice of the peace, and with Mrs. Lamour, as witness, were secretly married. The date inscribed in her wedding ring, which Dorothy says is the only thing Herb ever bought her which fitted, said May 10, 1935.

Two days later Herb was back on the stand leading his orchestra. A thousand miles away was his bride, singing torch songs in night clubs and on the radio.

The marriage which was destined to travel a rocky road, past separation, concealment, and the lure of Hollywood, before it found safe haven two years later in an amazing marital code, wrought from faith and love, had begun.

Marriage in the modern manner—a marriage of long-distance telephone calls, of quick flights across thousands of miles for a few brief hours together—that was to be Dorothy's and Herb's. For ahead of Dorothy, dangerously close, lay an undreamed-of Hollywood career. How was this still naive bride to surmount the perils of Movieland and protect her romance? Next month, learn the astounding design for marriage these two built.

Rainbow's End

(Continued from page 31)

it meant to be out of work.

Many evenings his dinner consisted of a hamburger or baked beans, and his sole recreation was a long walk through Central Park. Occasionally there was an apple as a midnight snack. He couldn't bring himself to write home for money. His dad, he knew, had more expenses than he could take care of; the younger children were growing like weeds, out of their clothes and into colleges. When Don wanted so desperately to help, he could not let them know at home how bad things were with him. Visions of his mother's spaghetti clouded his vision as he wrote cheery, glowing letters to her.

THE one person to whom he wrote the truth was his friend Bill Troutman, who immediately offered to send Don money. But Don was not yet ready to accept aid.

He was not alone in facing dark days; the depression was on and Broadway was a dull street so far as theater was concerned. Two plucky gals from Madison, former schoolmates of Don's, were also haunting the producers' offices: Bernardine Flynn, now Sade of Vic and Sade, and little Elinor Harriot, who recently has played as many as five different feminine roles for Amos 'n' Andy.

These three would have dinner together—on the days when they all happened to be able to afford dinner! They compared notes on jobs they got or failed to get, and the latter were legion. They laughed about laundering hankies and drying them on windowpanes, and made solemn vows that, when their ships came in, they never wanted to see another baked bean.

Don met a family in the hotel who could always make room for him at their table; but he soon had to refuse their hospitality. It began to look as if he could never return it.

Then Bernardine went back to Chicago. That was a dreary day. She was going into radio, and that sounded like good-bye forever to Don. Radio was an alien medium to him. He couldn't understand why she was doing it—he still thought the stage was the thing.

But there was the problem of eating. One day it got serious enough for Don to write his friend Troutman for a small loan. If something didn't turn up soon, he'd go home to Kenosha and get a job in the Nash factory, so he'd be able to pay back the loan. He didn't say that he had been waiting on tables in a cafe for his meals.

But when the check came, Don sent it back. For that day he got an offer to go on the road with Texas Guinan and her girls. The act was a parody on a trial; Don was the singing prosecuting attorney. It was far from the future he had seen for himself, but it paid \$150 a week, the first week's check in advance!

So he took it, paid his bills, bought new clothes and had a grand time. At the end of the run he was just where he started—broke. Homesick, too.

He had train fare to Kenosha. In June, 1930, he faced his father and admitted the truth—he was somewhat of a failure. He went to work then in the Simmons Mattress Factory, not testing mattresses, or any soft job like that, either.

Taking stock of himself that summer, it

didn't add up to much. Maybe he should have stuck to law. Here he was doing menial work, for low wages and without much future. Prospects for stage jobs were as dark as most theaters were, in those days. Of course, he was glad to be home again; but it was not the homecoming he had anticipated.

Also, he missed his friends, so much so that he wrote to them. One letter was to Bernardine Flynn, now doing very well in Chicago's radio circles. Some of his discouragement must have shown in that note, for Miss Flynn got busy immediately. A couple of days later she phoned Don long distance.

"I've arranged an audition for you," she said. "Come on down right away. There's room for you in radio. And there's room at the top of this business for anyone who is good. What if you don't know anything about it? Nobody does, yet. You can learn. I did!"

SO Don hopped a train to Chicago, auditioned and got the job. It was The Evening Star, a program emanating from the old NBC Studios. He quickly went on to the Great Northern show called Empire Builders, which listeners will remember as a fine program dramatizing historical events of the old Northwest.

When a young male lead was needed for the Little Theater off Times Square, the First Nighter chose radio's most personable, winning actor, Don Ameche. A newcomer—but Don soon proved that it had been a wise choice. Within a year he had played every sort of role, from the Grand Duke of Russia to a subway



"OKAY OFFICER...HERE'S A TICKET FOR YOU!"

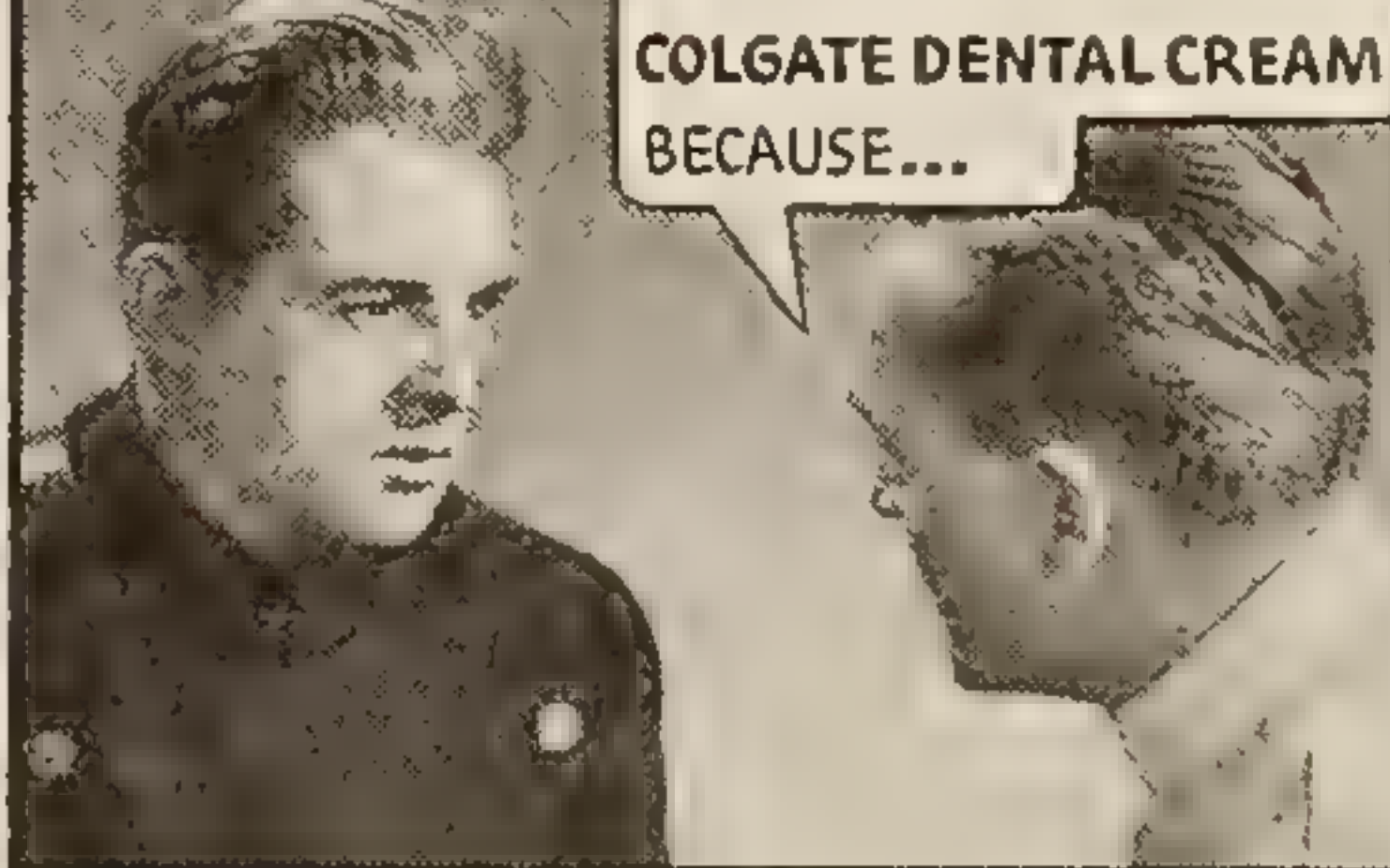
THEN SHE MAKES THAT CRACK ABOUT MY BREATH AND HANDS. MET HIS DENTIST'S ADDRESS! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, JOE?

I'D TAKE THE TIP, DAN—BETTER GO SEE THAT DENTIST!



...THAT'S THE STORY, SO I CAME TO SEE YOU.

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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

BAD BREATH, HUH? MAYBE THAT'S WHY MARY'S BEEN GIVING ME THE RUNAROUND. WELL, ME FOR COLGATE'S FROM NOW ON!



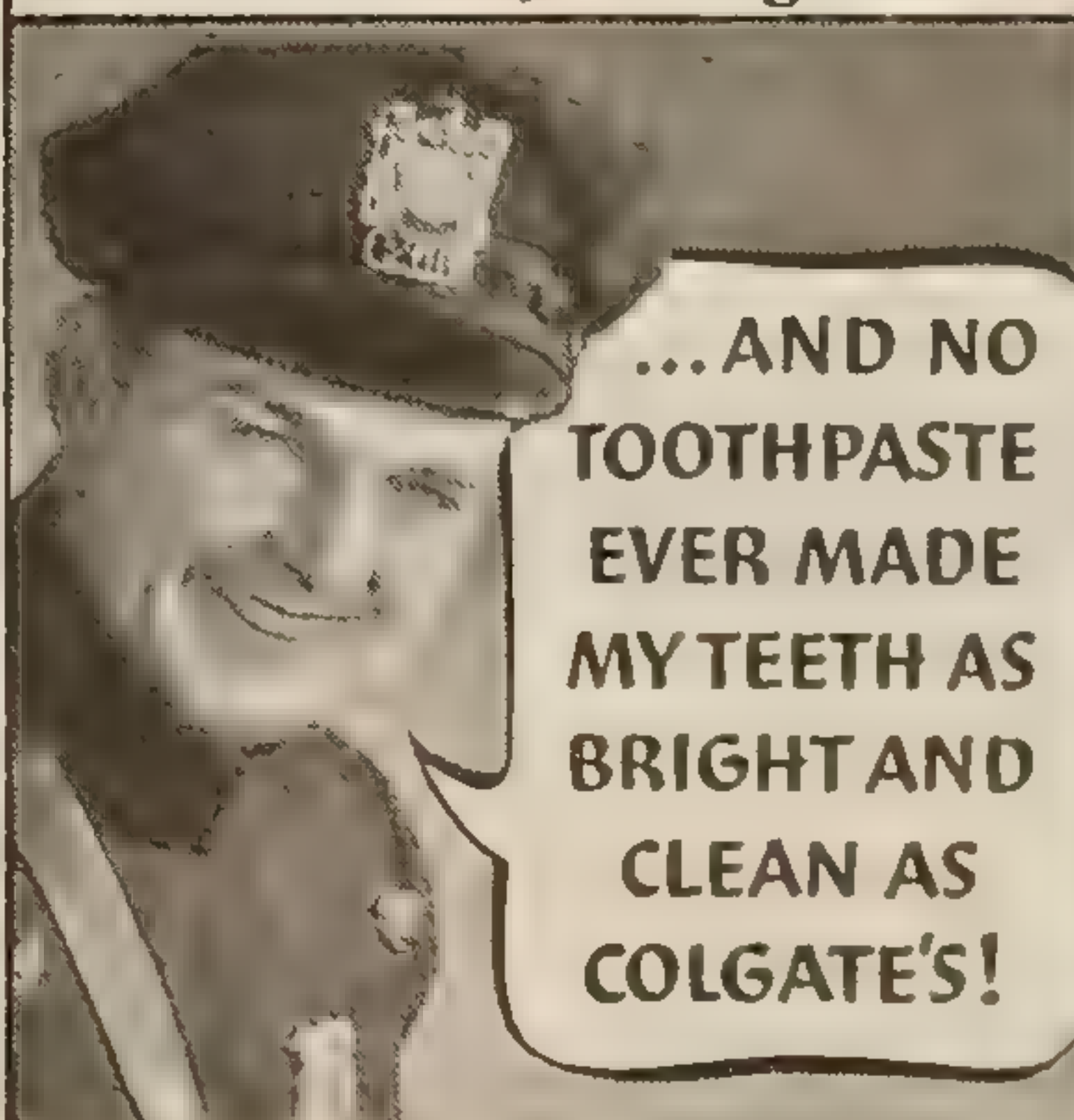
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WHAT! ANOTHER TICKET, OFFICER?

TICKET? NO MA'AM! I'M JUST WANTING TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIP. IT SURE FIXED THINGS UP BETWEEN ME AND MY GIRL



Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his Sparkling Smile!

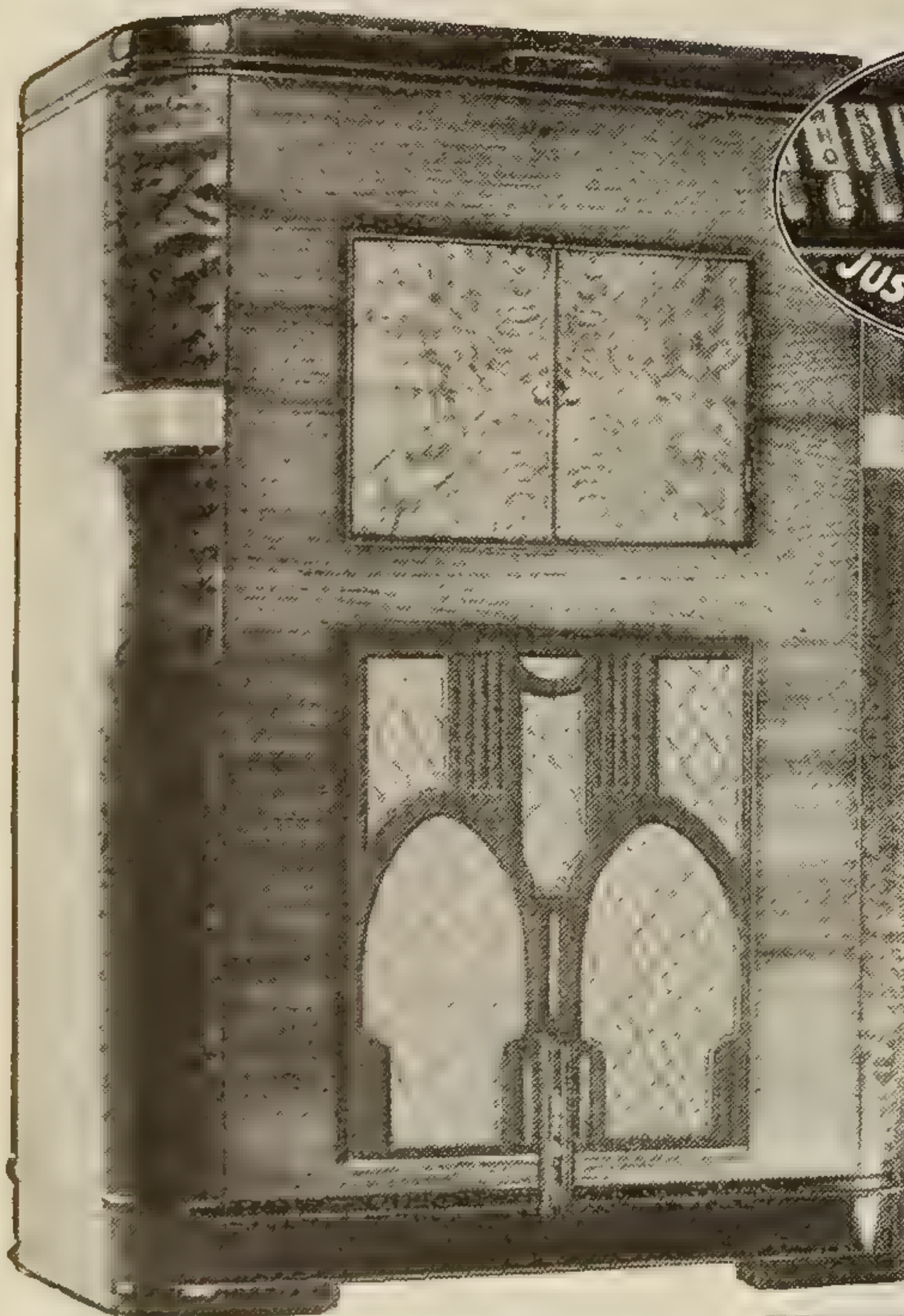


...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



AMAZING 20-TUBE MIDWEST TUNES ITSELF BY MOTOR!

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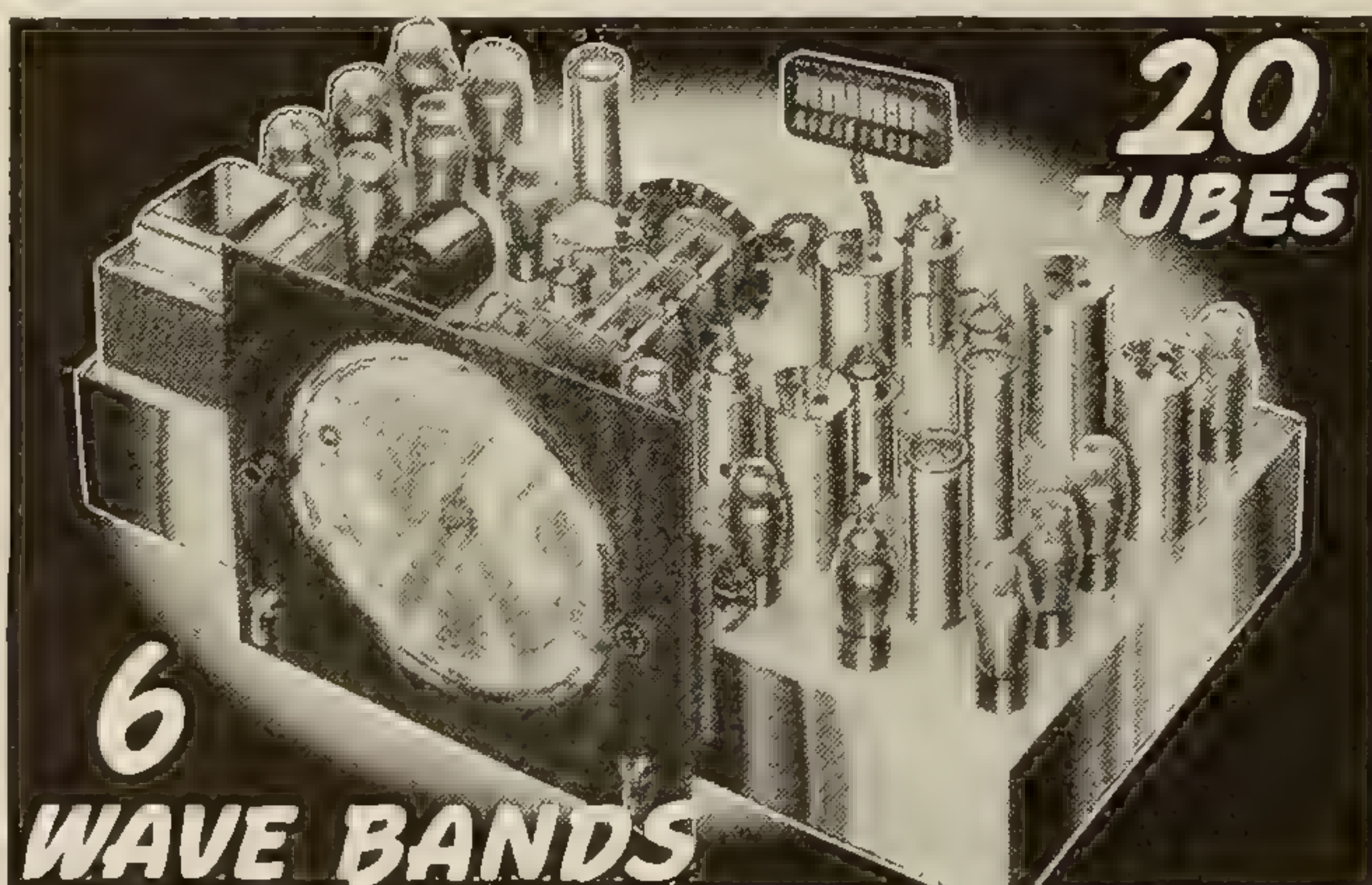
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Ten touch buttons completely control the set. Touching any button turns set "on" and tunes in desired station. Nine other favorite stations are automatically and perfectly brought in... Zip... Zip... Zip... as fast as you can touch buttons. No more dial twiddling!

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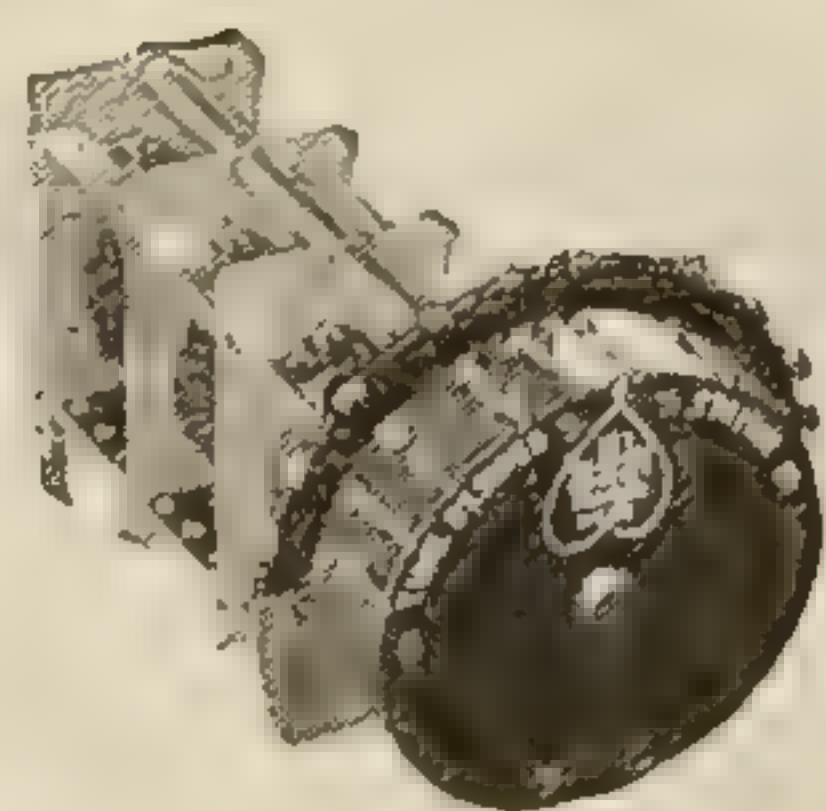
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Now, Midwest gives you today's finest world-wide overseas reception. Note that the dial on the chassis shows only the broadcast band. Then, flip 6-wave-band-switch, and, instantly, 5 additional bands are projected on the dial.



MAGIC MYSTIC BRAIN

"Mystic Brain" interprets your touch button signals and controls electric motor. Ten contact fingers can be easily set to any ten stations you desire.

Terms as Low as \$1.00 a Week

You have a whole year to pay for your Midwest on the easiest and most convenient of credit terms. Begin to enjoy the brilliant world-wide reception on 6 wave bands that this Super DeLuxe Motorized Midwest gives you. The finest and most fascinating overseas programs, up to 12,000 miles and more away, are yours at the touch of a button.

Send for FREE 40-PAGE CATALOG!

See for yourself that Midwest offers you today's greatest radio values! Write for new 1938 Factory-To-You Catalog showing 40 pages of radios, chassis and features—in their natural colors. Select the one you like on 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL in your own home.

[Service Men! Join nation-wide Midwest service organization. Write for free details.]

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PASTE COUPON ON 1¢ POSTCARD OR WRITE TODAY!

**MIDWEST RADIO
CORPORATION**
Dept. BB-51, Cincinnati, Ohio

Send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer.

(Special offer and prices prevail only when dealing direct with factory by mail.)

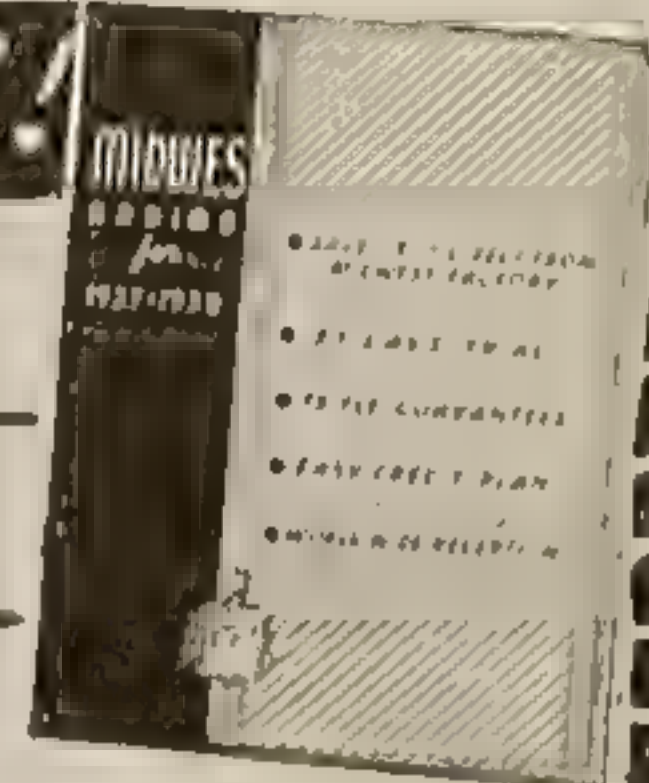
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guard, and was one of the prime factors in elevating First Nighter to a high place in listener reports.

Again Don became his old carefree happy self. He was making enough money to help his parents and to have fun. He was quite the gay young bachelor around Chicago, girls were only pleasing accessories to his life. Occasionally he thought of Honore, but he didn't even know where she was!

Honore meanwhile had returned to Dubuque and was working in a hospital there. She read of Don's success and it pleased her. But she soon forgot it in the painful agony of cutting her wisdom teeth! When it became necessary to have two of them cut out, she decided to go to a mouth specialist at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago.

During her convalescence she stayed with a girl friend in Oak Park. One evening, a young man called to take the young ladies for a drive.

"I can't go," Honore said mournfully. Her face was swollen and she felt weak and ill.

"Nonsense. The air'll do you good," was the answer as they bundled her into the car, and drove downtown to the brilliant Merchandise Mart which houses the new NBC Studios.

"Got to see a friend who works here," the young man said briefly. "Be right down."

IN ten minutes he returned—with Don Ameche! The two fellows had gone to Wisconsin together; neither had the least idea that the other knew Honore Prendergast.

Honore was furious, as anyone would have been under the circumstances. She did not look her best, and she felt horrible. She refused to go dancing, but it did her no good. Dancing she went, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel—and later to Sally's for waffles. In fact, the evening was so delightful that she quite forgot her aching jaw and the old dress she was wearing.

She returned to Dubuque, supposing it would be another three years before she would see "Meche" again. She certainly couldn't have made much of an impression! Of all the unromantic things. She needn't have been so cross, for a couple of days later she received a wire to the effect that Don was lonely for Dubuque, and was coming to see her that week-end! She wired him that she had to work—because another young man was planning on taking up most of that week-end. But Don characteristically left before receiving her answer, and the wire never reached him. Fortunately, his car broke down and he did not get in until Sunday night, so Honore was able to juggle her dates.

He stayed almost a week, and they realized for the first time how much they really meant to each other. When Don returned, there were long distance calls, telegrams, flowers—it was a genuine siege. Though reluctant at first to give up her chosen career for one of domesticity, Honore soon agreed. Don had just got a big raise and a long time contract on First Nighter. They loved each other. Why wait?

And so in June 1932 they were married. Don's family came from Kenosha, and Father Sheehy came all the way from Washington, D. C., to Dubuque to perform the ceremony. The young couple lived at the Edgewater Beach Apartments, and spent their summers at Wooster Lake. Don drove in for broadcasts. He was busier and busier in radio. For three years he was Bob in Betty and Bob, besides playing leading roles in First Nighter, Grand Hotel and Rin-tin-tin.

The next year brought a new member to

the Ameche family. "Dominick Felix—that's a heck of a name to give a kid," Don had always said. But when Father Sheehy stopped over between trains one day to christen the first baby, that was the name they gave him.

In the summer of 1935, Don made his first screen test in Hollywood. It was not immediately successful, in fact it was turned down. Don stayed two weeks, homesick almost every minute for Honore and the baby, and was ready to rush back to them. His radio programs were enough to keep him busy. Later, an agent saw that test which had been turned down and sold Don on a long term contract to 20th Century-Fox. He brought his family—there was now another son, baby Ronnie—to Hollywood early last year.

He chose at once the most suitable home, a ranch house in the San Fernando Valley, set among rolling green hills, complete with swimming pool, tennis courts, etc. It is a grand place to raise children, and his boys are his proudest possession. Honore is a devoted mother; although she and Don go out a great deal, her first consideration is for the youngsters.

For the Ameches, the servant problem is always partially solved, for they have with them Don's "little brother" from St. Berchman's, Gabriel Vanden Dorpe. "Gabe" knows Don so well he is almost his other self. He loves the children dearly, and can be by turns houseboy, butler, nurse or cook if need arises. Though really one of the family, he always addresses Don as "Master Ameche" when there are guests.

NOT long ago, Don had planned on a short vacation in San Francisco between pictures. Suddenly, on the eve of his departure, Gabriel was stricken with appendicitis. Don sacrificed his holiday, staying in town; called in the finest doctors and paid all operation expenses. It is certain that Gabriel will always have a job, and what is more important, a real home, with the Ameches, as long as he lives.

Don is more than generous with his friends and family. One of the first things he did after signing his movie contract was to buy his parents a small ranch in the Valley. There his dad gardens, dressed in blue denim shirts and overalls, raising vegetables—zucchini, and the spices and seasonings which go into spaghetti. Every Sunday, the elder Ameches come for Sunday dinner—which Don's mother cooks. There is always a huge bowl of spaghetti, enough for any number of unexpected guests, who say it is superb.

Don's baby sister Anna, who is now thirteen, also lives in California. Recently he gave his mother and Anna a trip back East, to visit the sisters Catherine and Mary Jane who attend a convent in Dubuque. His parting gifts to them were a handsome set of luggage for each.

There is no member of his family whom he does not keep track of and help. He coached his brother Jimmy, who is Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, broadcasting from Chicago. He is putting another brother, Bert, through architectural school in Washington, D. C. Father Sheehy keeps an eye on Bert and predicts a brilliant future for him.

Don's closest neighbor is Chester Lauck, Lum of Lum and Abner. He has known this popular team more than five years. His favorite golf foursome consists of, besides himself, Lum and Abner, and Don Wilson, the announcer.

According to them, Ameche is the world's luckiest guy, or cleverest, they don't know which. Lum tells a golf story about Don.

"One day the pro was selling clubs. Don suddenly decided he needed some. He

Conrad Nagel

**helps a lady
in distress**



Conrad Nagel... currently starred in the Grand National picture, "Bank Alarm".



"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?..."



"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles..."



"Her fiance's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice..."



"'Remember', I said, 'a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base.'..."



THAT ADVICE ABOUT KISSPROOF HAS MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING AGAIN! NOW JOHN'S RING IS BACK ON MY FINGER. THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY AID!

Kissproof protects your tender lips from drying and chapping while it gives warm, lasting color.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

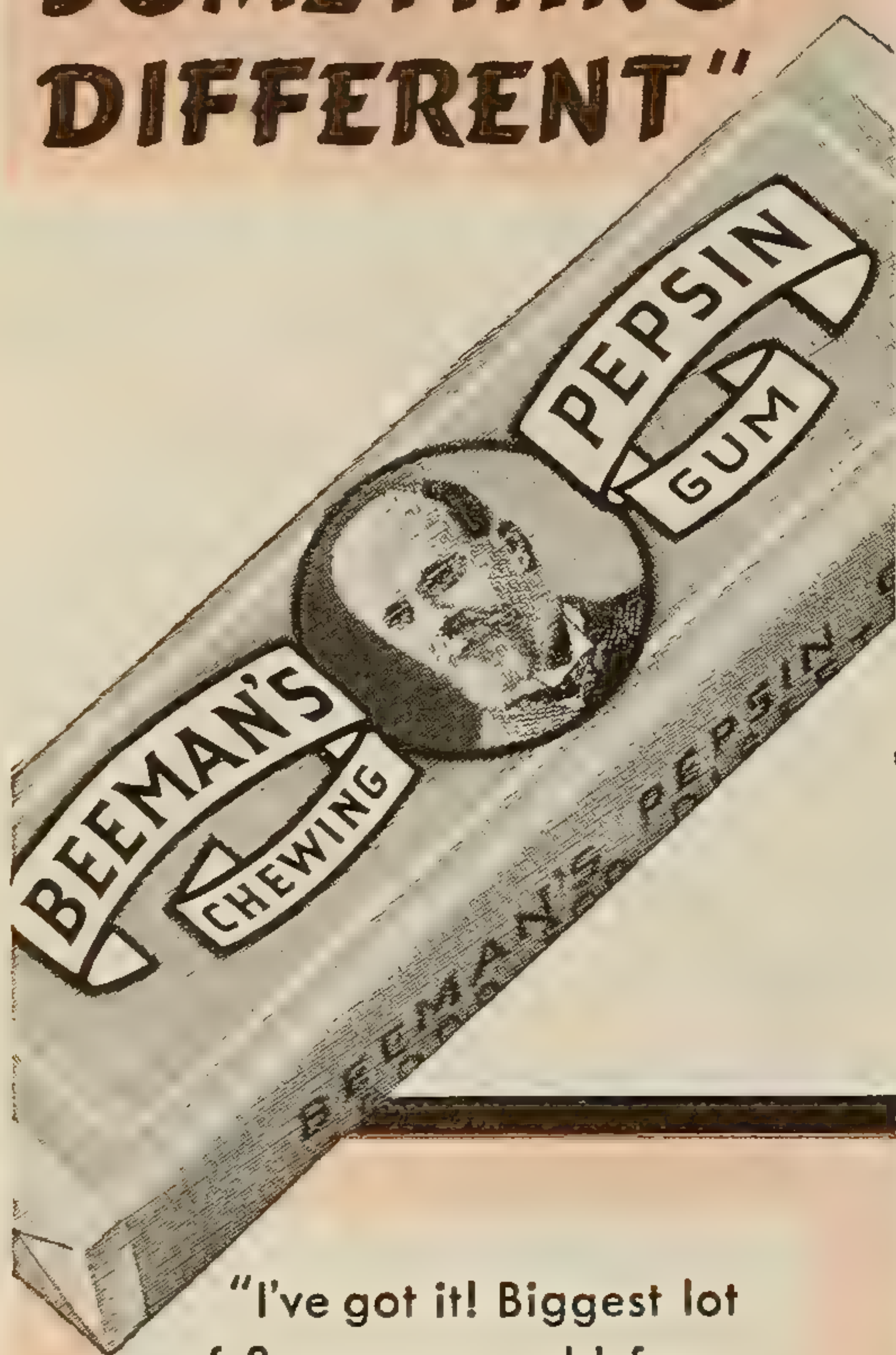
5 luscious shades of Kissproof 50c
at drug and department stores

Match it with Kissproof rouge, made in two styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).

Generous trial sizes at all 10-cent stores.



**"I LIKE
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT"**



"I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

picked up the first ones at hand, not trying them for size or feel. Just sort of said, 'Give me half a dozen of those.' And then he went right out and played with 'em for the first time, and licked the pants off everybody!

"Bein' a woman, you won't know what that means," Lum grinned. "But any golf player will say luck had something to do with it. And Don's that way about everything!"

Everybody says Ameche is lucky. Lucky at gambling for instance—which may be because he knows when to stop. He won't gamble beyond a certain amount. He is thrifty but never to the point where it will cramp his comfort or pleasure. He lives well, but he also saves. No matter what happens, he will never again be broke. His family life is the envy of Hollywood, but he does nothing to endanger it. No, it's not quite all luck.

He hasn't changed so much from the mischievous boy he once was—He is still brimful of energy. His wife admits it's a job keeping up with him. He refuses to eat dinner at home. "He never could decide before six o'clock what he wants for dinner." He loves gay places.

At the same time, or the morning

after, he will go to church. There is, we said this before, hardly a day when he does not go to church. He has the deep faith of his race, the innate piety. It is one of the things that makes him a good husband and father, one of the things, even, which makes him such a sincere actor.

In his new program, his versatility is shown to a high degree. He announces; he does dramatic bits, he sings. His dramatic material is of a high quality, and he does it justice. He sparkled in an Alfred Lunt role, with Ann Harding in "The Guardsman;" was volatile and extravagant in the role John Barrymore created in "Twentieth Century." His singing is pleasing if not sensational.

No matter how high he may go up the ladder, you may be sure of one thing: Don Ameche will never forget his old friends, with special emphasis on the big audience he gained in his many years on the First Nighter. Leaving that program was a real wrench. And if he ever has to leave radio entirely, he—and we—will not be quite so happy. The air lanes would miss his infectious smile, which somehow manages to make itself seen even without benefit of television!

THE END

Jack Benny's "Vacation Broadcast"

(Continued from page 15)

all necessary. I'm Jack Benny.

THE COP: So what? What make car is this?

JACK: A late Whippet.

THE COP: Whaddaya mean a late Whippet?

MARY: He's always late in it.

THE COP: Who owns it?

JACK: The finance company.

THE COP: Well, I'll have to give you a ticket. What did you say your name was?

JACK: Jack Benny.

THE COP: Not the Jack Benny of the Jell-O program—with six delicious flavors?

JACK: Yep, that's me.

THE COP: Well, whaddaya know about that? Gee, the wife and kids will be surprised when I tell 'em I met you two. We get a great kick out of you on the air.

JACK: Well, thanks, officer. (We hear him mutter to Mary, but the cop doesn't.) I got him now, Mary.

THE COP: Are you on your way to a broadcast now?

JACK: Yes, we're going to Europe and we're going to broadcast from the ship. We're late now."

THE COP: That's too bad. I certainly hope you get there in time. I want to listen in.

JACK: Thank you, officer. Here's a cigar.

THE COP: Thank you, Mr. Benny. Here's your ticket.

JACK: Play, Phil!

(There's the music of Phil Harris' orchestra again, and darned if it isn't playing your favorite piece. "There's a Lull in My Life." When it finishes, we hear Jack Benny again—and what's he saying? Listen:)

JACK: Jell-O, again, folks. This is Jack Benny, the Ancient Mariner—you see we finally caught the ship and here we are, broadcasting an exclusive summer program on station R-A-D-I-O M-I-R-R-O-R—brought to you through the courtesy of the editor of RADIO MIRROR—

DON: Who comes in six delicious flavors—Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry—

JACK: Quiet, Don! That was Don Wilson, folks, scrambling sponsors. We're broadcasting direct from the drawing

room of the S. S. Jelloa, on our way to Europe. Say, Don, I meant to ask you before—how much is this trip going to—er—

DON: Oh, I think we can do it easily for ten thousand dollars—not more than eleven, anyway. Not bad, is it?

JACK: (He makes a noise that sounds something like a strangled seal) Ten thou— Oh, no, not at all—not at all bad. But—I was just thinking, Don. Why can't we all go second class instead of first? So many of my friends tell me it's *much* more fun second class.

DON: It's cheaper, too.

JACK: (Innocently) Oh, is it? Well, I hear there's very little difference between first and second class.

DON: No, that's wrong, Jack. For one thing, second class has no swimming pool.

JACK: Well, good heavens, Don, who needs a swimming pool? You got the whole ocean. That's ridiculous!

MARY: And besides, Jack can't swim.

DON: All right, we'll ask Phil and all the boys if they'd rather go second class. (He shouts) How about it?

EVERYBODY: No!

JACK: Oh, all right, but you're making a great mistake.

PHIL: Jack, there's a man just came in and he wants to see you.

JACK: Oh, I suppose it's somebody wanting me to appear in the ship's concert. And I was hoping I'd get a vacation! Well, I suppose I must.

THE SALESMAN: Mr. Benny, now is the time to take advantage of our liberal offer.

JACK: Oh! What are you selling?

THE SALESMAN: Life insurance. I represent the Here-Today-and-Gone Tomorrow Insurance Company. How old are you?

JACK: Well, a man is as old as he feels.

THE SALESMAN: And how are you feeling today?

JACK: I never felt better in my life.

THE SALESMAN: That's good, but how long can it last? How do you know what will be in your hamburger steak tonight?

JACK: I don't eat hamburger.

THE SALESMAN: What do you eat?

JACK: Hash

THE SALESMAN: Our policy covers that too.

JACK: No, thanks, I don't want any.

THE SALESMAN: Well, how about an annuity?

JACK: What kind have you?

THE SALESMAN: What kind, he's asking! You pay us all the money you got until you're seventy.

JACK: And then?

THE SALESMAN: After that, we are the suckers.

JACK: But suppose I live until I'm ninety?

THE SALESMAN: There's a clause here—you can't do it.

JACK: Well, tell me how much do I need for an annuity policy?

THE SALESMAN: You give me a hundred thousand dollars now, and the minute you're seventy years old, *Pacific Standard Time*, we pay you fifty bucks a week.

JACK: Well, I don't happen to have that much change with me.

THE SALESMAN: Make it fifty thousand dollars and enjoy twenty-five dollars a week.

JACK: I'm a little embarrassed. I only have ten dollars with me.

THE SALESMAN: Well, give me that and we'll send you a cigar every week.

JACK: No, thanks—but maybe Wilson wants some insurance. Hey, Don, you talk to him awhile, won't you?

THE SALESMAN: Mr. Wilson, let me tell you about our policies with our liberal offer—

DON: Let me tell you about Jell-O, with its six delicious flavors—

THE SALESMAN: We have annuities, endowments, straight life and accident policies—

DON: We have Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime—

JACK: Boys! Boys!

THE SALESMAN: But I'm selling insurance.

DON: And I'm selling Jell-O. Look for the big red letters on the box!

THE SALESMAN: (He's licked now) Six million programs on the air and I had to come here. . . . Play, Phil!

(Phil and the boys play "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main." When they're through, we hear two long blasts of a ship's whistle.)

JACK: (He's yawning, and you can almost see him stretching.) Ho-hum, only the second day out, and already I feel like a million dollars, only lazier. Sea air does make you lazy, doesn't it, Mary?

MARY: It's not what makes you lazy.

JACK: Just think, Mary—all that ocean is filled with fish.

MARY: Yeah—did you ever hear the one about the racketeer sardine?

JACK: No.

MARY: He wound up in the can.

JACK: Mary, next time you pass my deck chair, pass my deck chair.

PHIL: Hello Jack!

JACK: Hello, Phil. Haven't seen you since we sailed. Where've you been?

PHIL: Oh, around. We ought to get together for dinner some evening.

JACK: Which is your stateroom?

PHIL: Four-B. What's yours?

JACK: Why, I'm in Four-B too. That must be you in the next twin bed. I was wondering who it was. Well, I'm certainly glad to know that. . . . Hello, Don. Funny, Phil and I just found out we're in the same stateroom, and we never even knew it. What's your stateroom?

DON: Four-B.

JACK: Four-B—Hey, wait a minute. Phil and I are in there. We didn't see you.

DON: I'm in the Murphy bed you can't let down.

MESSENGER BOY: Jellogram for Jack

Benny!

JACK: Right here, son, and stick to your own racket.

DON: Who's it from, Jack?

JACK: Wait until I open it. (There is a loud ripping noise.) Hey, what is this, a cheese cloth envelope?

MARY: Better get glasses—that was your shirt.

JACK: Oh! Say, fellows, here's a lovely radiogram from New York. It says, "Here's wishing you and your gang a very happy vacation trip," signed Fred Allen, Phil Baker, Stoopnagle and Budd, Jessica Dragonette, Rubinoff and his violin, the Easy Aces, Kate Smith, Lanny Ross and the Hall Johnson Choir. Isn't that sweet? They must have all chipped in to send the wire.

DON: Yeah.

MARY: I wonder who swung the deal.

JACK: I'm surprised Jack Pearl didn't get his name in.

MARY: He didn't have to. You just mentioned it.

JACK: That's right, I did.

MARY: That reminds me, Jack, I got a letter from my mother just before we sailed.

JACK: You did, eh? Well, read it to us, your mother's always good for a laugh.

MARY: Okay. You know she had a birthday last week. "Plainfield, New Jersey. My dear daughter Mary—"

JACK: Huh, no laughs yet.

MARY: Well, it takes Ma a little time to get going. "Just a line to let you know that we are all well. I had a wonderful birthday. I got a lot of beautiful presents. Your father gave me a washing machine with a built-in radio. Isn't he thoughtful? Right now I am waltzing through your father's underwear, while Bing Crosby is singing, 'Soap Gets in Your Eyes.'"

ADVICE TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

If you're all worn out and have a date



Try a Lux Toilet Soap Beauty Bath



It's marvelous how it peps you up



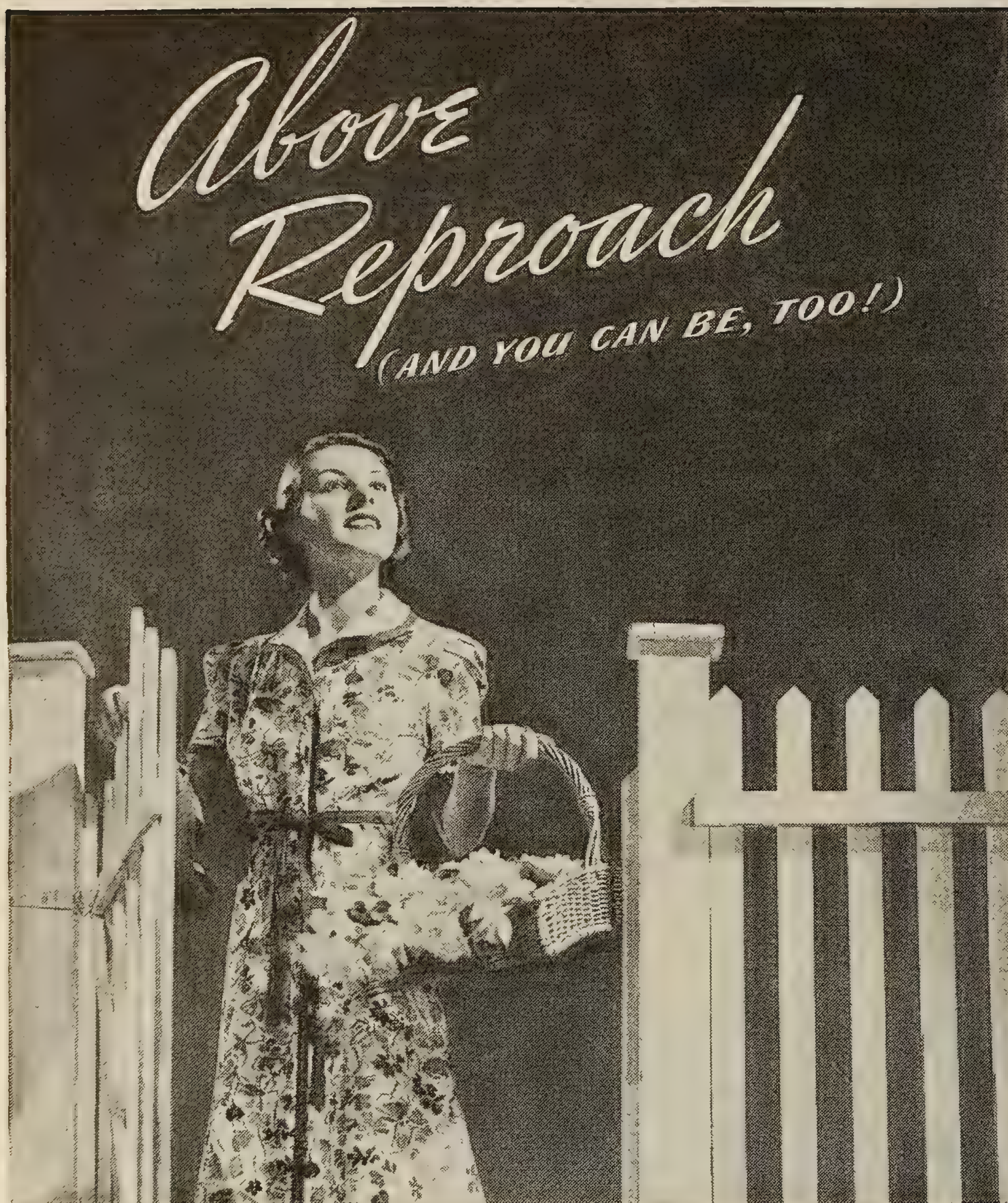
This luxurious Beauty Bath protects daintiness

SO foolish to risk the least offense against daintiness! A Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves you sweet from top to toe. The ACTIVE lather sinks deep—carries away stale perspiration, dust and dirt.

You step out feeling refreshed, sure of yourself. A delicate fragrance clings all about you—the choice, exquisite perfume of Hollywood's favorite soap! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

He's sure to say sweet things





Prove for Yourself that QUEST NEVER FAILS ON SANITARY NAPKINS

• Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

Quest is utterly effective. Even on sanitary napkins it makes personal daintiness a reality. It prevents perspiration offense; assures the all-day-long body freshness you want, yet it does not irritate the skin or clog the pores.

Try Quest today, for the per-

sonal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, thus it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. And, Quest costs only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.



JACK: Well, well.
MARY: "Sunday night I am going to wash Father's socks and listen to Jack."
JACK: That's nice, but she might have mentioned *me* before the socks.

MARY: Quiet. "There has been a lot of excitement at the house lately. Your Uncle Herman was here to spend the Fourth. He arrived December 24th. Your Brother Hilliard is home for the summer from Barber College, and last night while your Uncle Herman was asleep, he shaved off his mustache and upper lip."

JACK: Oh!

MARY: "Your Uncle Herman says that as soon as Hilliard comes down from the flagpole he is going to give him a once-over with a baseball bat."

JACK: I don't blame him.

MARY: "I forgot to tell you in my last letter that Junior had to stop taking piano lessons. The teacher couldn't tell when his fingers were on the black keys. No more news at present, except that your father just came in and wants me to tell Don Wilson not to worry as we have Jell-O every night. Your father always asks for the big red letters on the box even though he can't read."

JACK: That's a very nice letter, Mary... Say—er—I've been wondering. Don't they have a ship's concert on this boat?

DON: I don't know—why?

JACK: Oh, just wondering. I hope they don't, because if they do they're sure to want me to be in it, and I'm just too tired.

PHIL: Oh, sure, they're going to have a ship's concert tonight. I just saw the captain a few minutes ago and he asked me to sing.

JACK: He did, did he? That shows how much he knows about singing. Well, listen, Phil, you didn't tell him I could play the violin, did you?

MARY: You can't.

JACK: Is that so? Well, I certainly can. I could even play "The Bee" when I was ten years old—a very difficult number. And I can prove it. I've got a photograph of myself right here, taken when I was ten, playing "The Bee".

MARY: I'm glad it's not a sound picture.

DON: But, Jack, how can we tell what number you're playing?

JACK: If you were a musician, you'd know. Let me tell you something! I played violin in concert halls long before I knew anything about Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon and Lime.

DON: You left out Raspberry.

MARY: I'll bet the audience didn't.

PHIL: Let me see that picture a minute, will you Jack?

JACK: Yeah, look at it, Phil, you're a musician. That picture proves conclusively that I'm an artist.

PHIL: Well, Jack, anybody can have a picture taken with a violin.

JACK: Yes, Phil, but can't you tell from the way I'm holding it that I can play?

PHIL: You're holding it upside down.

JACK: Well, it's much harder that way. Besides, I had a small chin and I couldn't put the fiddle under it.

MARY: Now you can put a 'cello under it.

JACK: Is that so? Well, I'll just prove I can play the violin. Phil, you go see that captain and tell him that as a great favor to him I'll play the violin at the ship's concert.

PHIL: Here he comes now. Ask him yourself—I should stick my neck out for trouble.

JACK: Oh, good morning, Captain. I understand you're arranging a ship's concert.

THE CAPTAIN: That's right, Mr. Benny.
JACK: Of course I'm on my vacation, but I thought, just to be a good fellow

and give the passengers something really good—I'm willing to offer my services playing my violin.

THE CAPTAIN: (*Terribly embarrassed*) Why—as a matter of fact—Mr. Heifetz is on board, and we'd already asked him to play, so—

JACK: Oh, of course. I wouldn't want to show *him* up. After all, it's his livelihood, isn't it? Well, perhaps you'd like to have me sing?

THE CAPTAIN: No—

JACK: Or do some card tricks?

THE CAPTAIN: No—

JACK: I could take tickets.

DON: Why don't we do a play, and then we would *all* be in it?

JACK: (*Disgusted*) Oh, all right, if that's the way you feel about it!

(*A few bars of music, and the chimes, then your local station gives its call letters. Even your home-town station gets in on this broadcast. Now we hear Don Wilson again:*)

DON: Here we are in the concert hall of the good ship *Jelloa*, and Jack Benny's ready to tell you about the play we're going to do.

JACK: Tonight, folks, we are going to offer something unusual in the line of a play. First, we tried to get "A Midsummer Night's Dream", but we couldn't get in touch with the author. Then we tried to get "Rose Marie", but Rose wasn't home and Marie wasn't interested. Then we tried to get "Three Men on a Horse"—

MARY: But the horse complained.

JACK: Quiet! So tonight we are offering an original drama of the backwoods, called "The Code of the Hills." The locale is the Blue Grass Country, two hundred miles south of Louisville. The action takes place in the home of the Jake Bennys, just within shooting distance of the Bestor-Parker home. And the feud is on. (*There's a burst of gunfire, then a long whistle and a single shot.*)

MAW BENNY: Put that gun away, Jake, supper's a-waitin'. A-shootin' and a-killin' . . . a-shootin' and a-killin'. When is it gonna stop?

JACK: We ain't a-gonna quit till those Bestor-Parkers are wiped out! By gum and by Jell-O, there ain't room in these hills for the both of us!

KENNY: You said it, Pappy!

JACK: Git away from that door, Ken.

MAW: Say Paw, what have you-uns got agin the Bestor-Parkers?

JACK: That's jes' it, ah never *did* git the Bestor Parker. Remember when he-uns and we-uns was a-workin' on the same programmey?

MAW: Yes-uns.

JACK: Well, one night ah asked him how many hairs on a monkey's face and he said: the next time you shave, count 'em. He *knew* I couldn't count. Ah ain't keerin' fer that kind of talk, and ah ain't never fergittin'!

MAW: Reckon he ain't neither. But the Bennys and the Bestor-Parkers have been scrappin' for two hundred yars.

JACK: Yes, Sarah, two hundred yars of a-fightin' and a-scratchin' and a-killin' each other!

MAW: Looks like it's leadin' up to a feud!

JACK: Wouldn't be surprised. (*More gun-shots.*) Hey, Ken, barricade that double door!

KENNY: Oooh, Pappy! They got me, Pappy, they got me! (*There is the sound of his body hitting the floor*)

MAW: What was that, Paw?

JACK: Sarah, they-uns got our boy Ken . . . Shot him right through the door.

KENNY: Oooh, ah'm a-goin', Pappy . . . G'by, Pappy. . . g'by, Maw.

JACK AND MAW: Good-by.

JACK: You reckon ah ought to take him

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exclusive Kotex features

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CAN'T CHAFE

Kotex sanitary napkins are Wondersoft. Sides are cushioned with downy cotton to prevent chafing, to assure lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.



2

CAN'T FAIL

Kotex sanitary napkins absorb many times their own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center prevents twisting and roping, guides moisture evenly the length of the pad.



3

CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex sanitary napkins are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines.

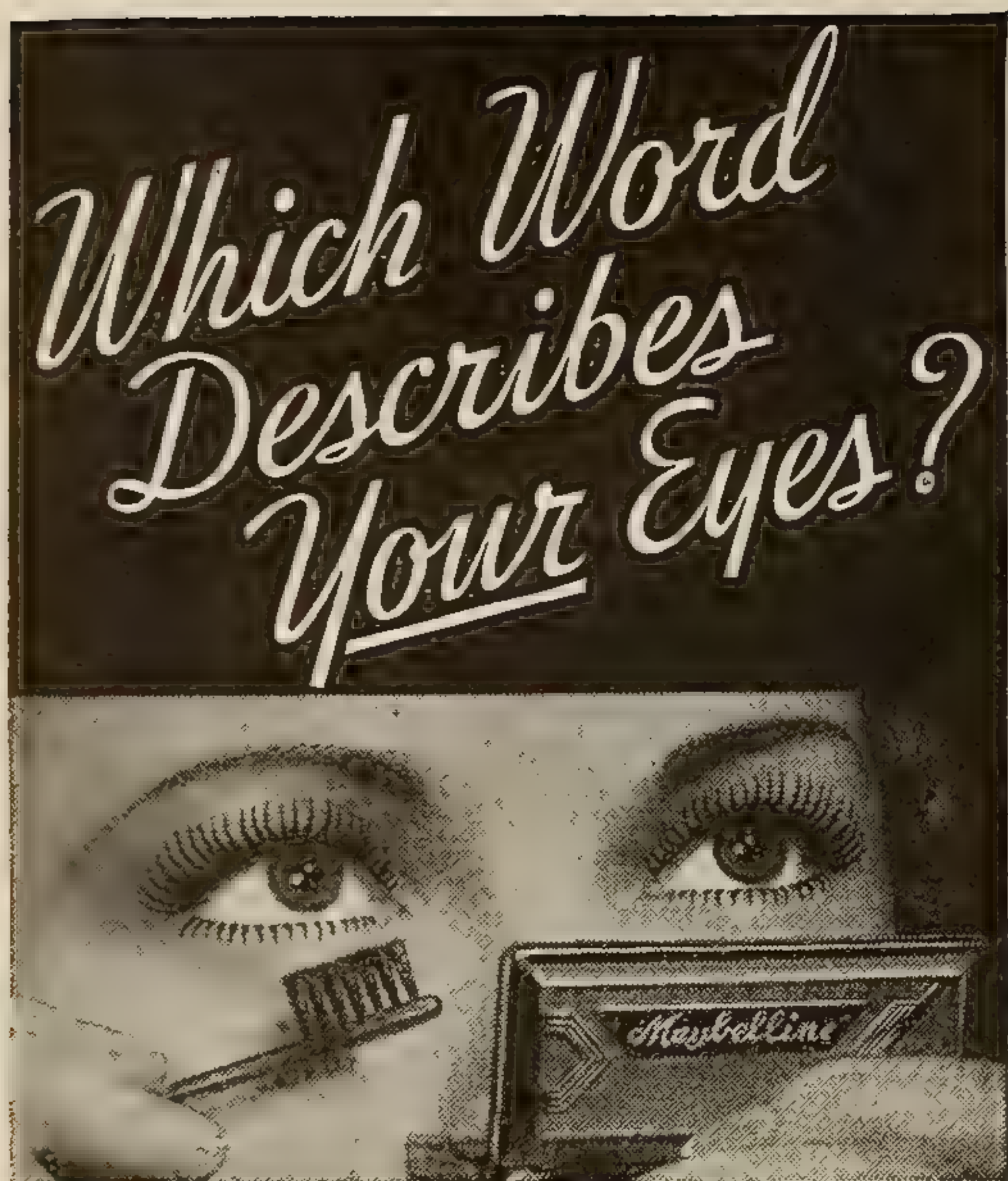


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Regular, Junior and Super — for
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made from Cellucotton (not cotton)



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Pale, Scraggly
lashes. Eyes look
blank—need
proper make-up.



CONSPICUOUS
Heavy, blobby,
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cara. Eyes look
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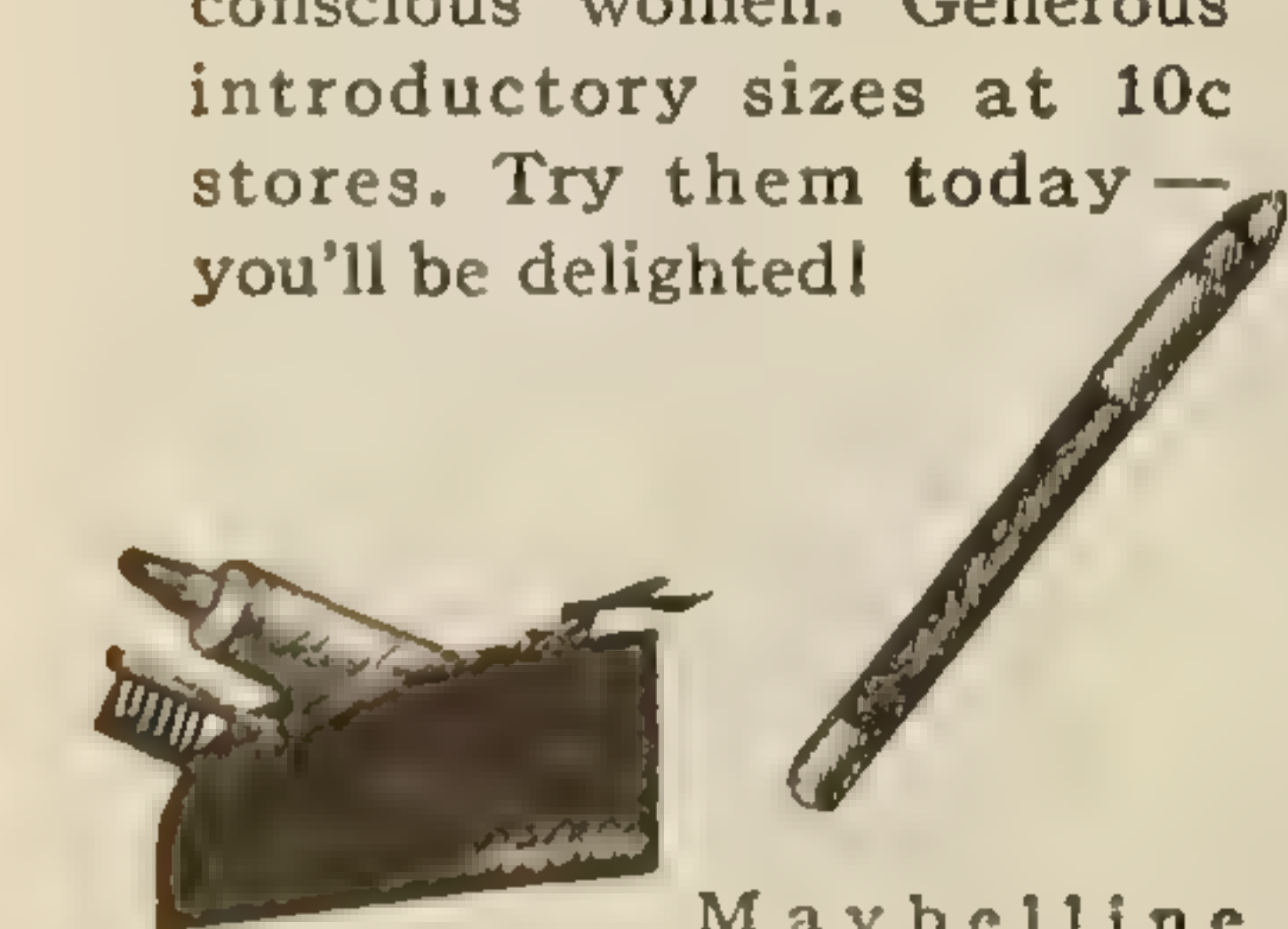
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YOUR eyes are your most important beauty feature. Frame them properly, charmingly, with long, dark, lustrous lashes—best achieved with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline's new Cream-form or popular Solid-form Mascara.

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out and bury him?

Maw: Better have your supper first. It's a-gittin' cold.

JACK: So is Ken. Shucks, ah'm so hungry right now ah could eat a horse.

Maw: Well, that's what we got.

KENNY: Oooh, ah'm a-goin' Pappy . . . still a-goin'.

JACK: Take your time, son.

KENNY: Shucks, and ah wanted to be President.

JACK: Well, don't worry, you can be Vice President.

KENNY: What do you mean?

JACK: You're a Garner.

KENNY: Oooh, that done it. (*More gun-shots, and the sound of a breaking bottle.*)

Maw: Lands-sake, thar goes that jug of corn likker!

JACK: That's a-goin' too fur! Thar ain't nothin' sacred! (*The door opens.*)

PHIL: Howdy, Uncle Jake.

JACK: Hullo thar, Phil.

Maw: Where you been? You shouldn't be a-walkin' round with your left arm shot up like that.

PHIL: Ah've been a-seekin' some cord to tie it up with. . . . It keeps a-fallin' off.

JACK: You know, Phil, ah don't like the way that arm of yours keeps a-droppin' off. It might be ailin'. What's that you got under your other arm?

PHIL: Mah right leg.

Maw: Oh! Well, put it in the umbrella stand and come to dinner.

JACK: Where's our daughter Mariah?

Maw: Here she comes now.

MARY: Hullo, Pappy, hullo Maw. Who's that on the floor?

JACK: That's your brother Ken. They-uns killed him daid . . . yore poor brother.

MARY: Gee, ah'm hungry.

JACK: Don't take it so hard, Mariah, ah know you loved him.

MARY: Yeah. . . . What have we got for supper, Maw?

Maw: Nothin' fancy, just a horse.

MARY: Ah hope ah don't git the leg agin. (*More shots.*)

Maw: Watch out, Jake.

JACK: They missed me.

MARY: That's all right, they got Kenny again.

KENNY: Yup, they got me, Pappy, they got me.

JACK: Ah told you we should have buried him. But I'll make they-uns pay for this or my name ain't Jake. (*Another shot.*) Heh heh, missed me again.

MARY: Oh yeah? Where's your ear?

JACK: Dawggone it, and ah wanted to hear Phil Baker. Hand me that other gun. (*There is a rapid burst of shots, finally dwindling away.*)

JACK: Well, I guess they-uns a-gittin' tired, Sarah, they've stopped a-shootin'. (*A long whistle and a shot.*)

—COMING—

Lowell Thomas writes his own amazing success secrets. Watch for his inspiring article on "How to Beat Life."

TUNE IN— TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Unless you are already a listener-in on the True Story Court of Human Relations, sponsored by True Story Magazine, you are missing one of the most absorbingly interesting broadcasts on the air.

Each Friday night the True Story Court of Human Relations brings to its listeners a radio drama filled with thrills; drama, suspense. Broadcast over the NBC Red Network, a turn of the dial will bring into your home this wealth of wholesome, highly enjoyable entertainment. Tune in on Friday night without fail.

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|----------------|---------|-------------|
| New York | WEAF | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Boston | WNAC | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Hartford | WTIC | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Providence | WJAR | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Worcester | WTAG | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Portland, Me. | WCSH | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Philadelphia | KYW | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Baltimore | WFBR | 8:30 PM EST |
| Washington | WRC | 8:30 PM EST |
| Schenectady | WGY | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Buffalo | WBEN | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Pittsburgh | WCAE | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Cleveland | WTAM | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Detroit | WWJ | 9:30 PM EDT |
| Chicago | WMAQ | 8:30 PM CDT |
| Minn.-St. Paul | KSTP | 7:30 PM CST |
| St. Louis | KSD | 7:30 PM CST |
| Des Moines | WHO | 7:30 PM CST |
| Omaha | WOW | 7:30 PM CST |
| Kansas City | WDAF | 7:30 PM CST |
| Denver | KOA | 8:30 PM MST |
| Salt Lake City | KDYL | 8:30 PM MST |
| San Francisco | KPO | 7:30 PM PST |
| Los Angeles | KFI | 7:30 PM PST |
| Portland, Ore. | KGW | 7:30 PM PST |
| Seattle | KOMO | 7:30 PM PST |
| Spokane | KHQ | 7:30 PM PST |
| *Cincinnati | WLW | 5:30 PM EST |

*Sunday

TAKE YOUR CHOICE
OF THESE STATIONS
Every FRIDAY Night

MARY: What was that, Paw?
 JACK: Just an echo.
 MARY: Well, the echo got Phil.
 MAW: Feud, feud! Ah'm gittin' sick of it!
 JACK: Why, Sarah!
 MAW: *Feud* only plow the fields—*feud* only tend the crops—thar wouldn't be no feud.
 DON: And speaking of feuds, you will find that Jell-O is the most delicious feud in the world, and it has that new extra rich fresh fruit flavor— (A lot of shots.)
 DON: Strawberry! Raspberry! Cherry! Orange, Lemon, and—
 JACK: Limey outta here! Play, Phil! (Phil plays "She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain When She Comes." When the music stops, Jack says:)
 JACK: That was the last number of our special Radio Mirror Summer Broadcast. We'll be with you next month in these same pages.
 MARY: Oh, Jack! I've just written

a poem. I think I'll send it into RADIO MIRROR for them to publish.
 JACK: What is it?
 MARY: Lives of great men oft remind us
 We can make our lives sublime
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.
 JACK: Wait a minute, Longfellow wrote that.
 MARY: Funny, how our minds run together.
 JACK: Goodnight, folks.
Get ready now for another laugh! Next month, the second of Jack Benny's Radio-broadcasts, as packed with guffaws as one of his programs. Even though Jack and Mary and all the gang will still be on their vacation, there's no need for you to miss the swell humor they bring you on the air. So watch for the October issue, on sale August 25th.

Humpty Dumpty Sat On a Wall

(Continued from page 27)

and the first time he shows up at the studio is when he is due to go on the air. Many men would say they were still too ill to go on with it all. But Bill Fields' stubborn will to live, to thumb his nose at the crape-hangers, serves him today and always. He won't be pitied. He won't let the world even hint that he, W. C. Fields, is ready for slow music.

You have to know the makeup of W. C. Fields before you can understand what made him sign a contract while he still lay in a sanitarium bed; what made him then roll out, pull on his clothes, write and rehearse his first real air show (and a knockout)—all in less than one week!

The thing that made him the funniest man on the stage and then the funniest on the screen and now, in my humble opinion, makes him the funniest man on the air, is a rare combination of authenticity and natural humor. W. C. Fields, like Will Rogers, is a genuine; he is the goods. He always has been. He's got a natural funny-bone that doesn't quit working when he steps away from a camera or a microphone. The combination of these two assets stamp him a great artist.

I helped put W. C. Fields on the air the first time a few years ago. It was an early Hollywood program featuring star interviews and I wrote the scripts. Working out the one with Bill I remember a line, "Mr. Fields, to what do you attribute your success?"

"Plenty of good liquor and exercise," he replied.

"But," I protested, "you shouldn't say that on the radio!"

"Okay," said Bill, "cut out the 'exercise'!"

Now that was funny. So funny that I left the whole business in the script. But it was also natural. And it was also true; it was Bill Fields. I found, in fact, as I went along, that I wasn't writing the script at all. Bill was. Anyone at Paramount will tell you that for the past several years all W. C. Fields' pictures have been practically written by their star. Maybe you've noticed story credits reading "Charley Bogle" or "Dr. Beebe." Those are Bill's favorite *noms de plume*.

Right now, I want you to understand this great star's attitude toward life and the breaks. He summed it up neatly when I asked him if the outrageous succession of body blows to his health hadn't made him just a little bitter.

"Bitter?" said Bill, puzzled.
 "Well," I persisted, "didn't you get pretty low down at times?" I knew the hell he went through.

"Say," he replied, "there are two sides to every picture. A swell, pretty side, and a lousy one. Well, you can look at either one, but who the devil wants to look at the lousy one?" Now that's honest, and it tells you without any fancy words, how W. C. Fields looks at life. He prefers to chuckle instead of moan. The most tragic thing can, and does have a funny twist to it and Bill Fields can always see it.

The accident that more or less set off his string of hard luck firecrackers was anything but funny, or so it would seem to the average person in the same spot. It happened a few years ago on location for a Paramount picture. Bill was leaning against a huge studio truck when the driver gunned it in reverse.

CRUSHED into the ground, Bill felt his neck snap as the wheels ground over him. "I knew it was broken," he told me, "and do you know what I thought?" He grinned. "What a fine place to die," I thought, "under a dam' truck!" He's never liked trucks particularly since. In fact, he confessed, he threw a rock at the next one he saw.

They sent Bill to the hospital in town. He held his head up with his hands as the car jolted in. He was there ten weeks and then one day the nurse and the interne walked into his room and almost dropped their jaws out of place. Bill was gone. He had conspired with the late Sam Hardy, a great pal of his, to steal him out of the place. They found him at home, walking around holding his neck in position.

But the groaners had the last laugh—if you could call it a laugh. Bill couldn't look down at his feet and one day he missed a step and bumped down the stairs, ending up with a fractured vertebra. There was even something funny about that, Bill thought. It was the coccyx that cracked, the last vertebra on the line, the one that our primeval ancestors used to hang from trees.

The recent two year calamity run on W. C. Fields started exactly as he related over the air. He was supposed to fall off a bicycle in a picture. He did, but he knocked his sacroiliac out of place. You can look that one up yourself. The

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"THE BIG CHIEF SAYS HE'LL THROW IN THE WHOLE VILLAGE FOR A BOX OF SHREDDED WHEAT."



Trade those dull, sluggish days for action and alertness. Get the vital nourishment of 100% whole wheat.

"DID I HEAR SOMEONE SAY SHREDDED WHEAT AND PEACHES?"



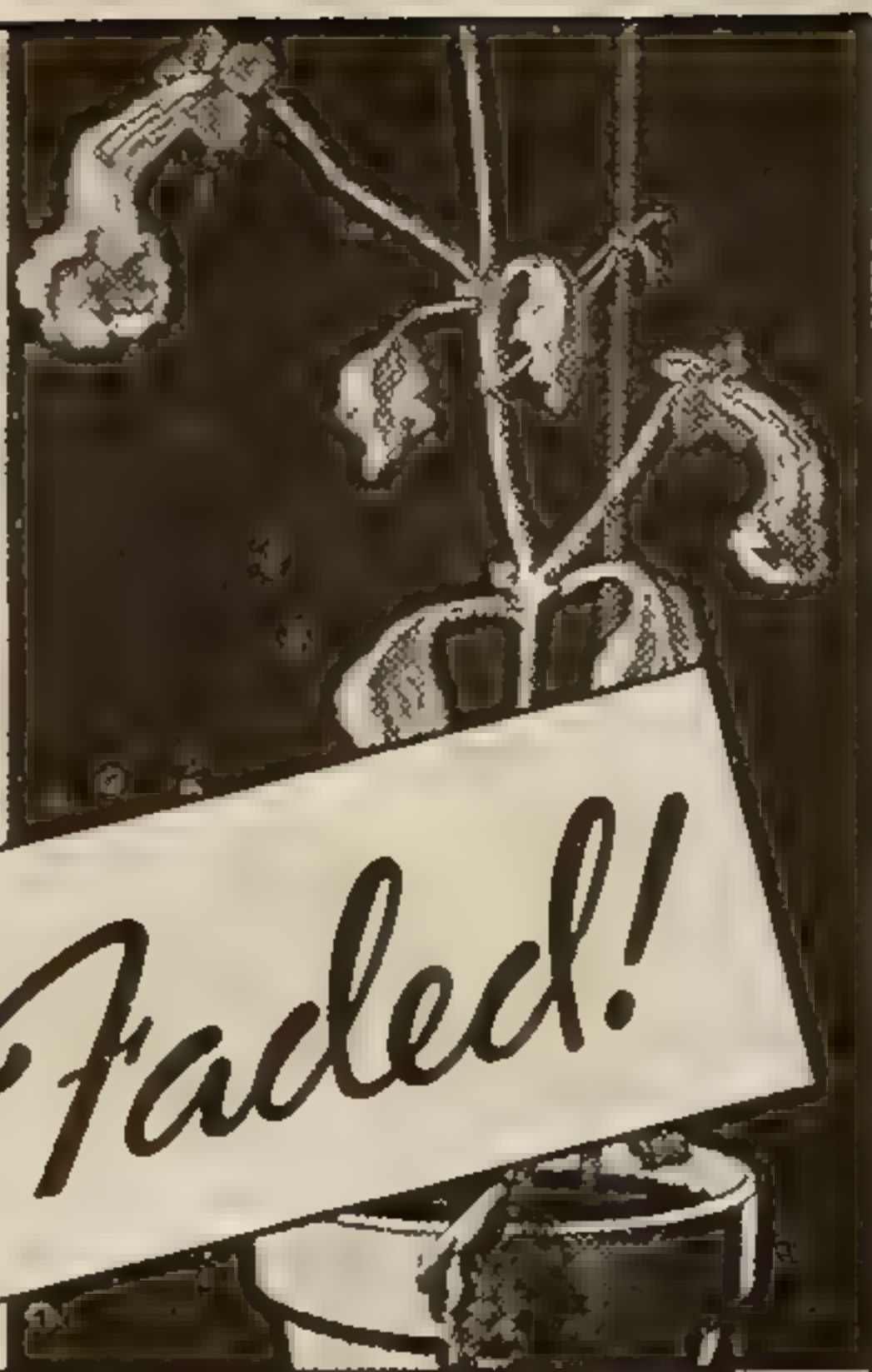
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this
Tragedy
happen
to you!



Flowers wither and die when starved for moisture. And your skin, when natural moisture is lost, starts to fade. As early as 16 dreaded "Skin-Thirst" begins. Prevent dryness with Outdoor Girl, the face powder blended with Olive Oil.

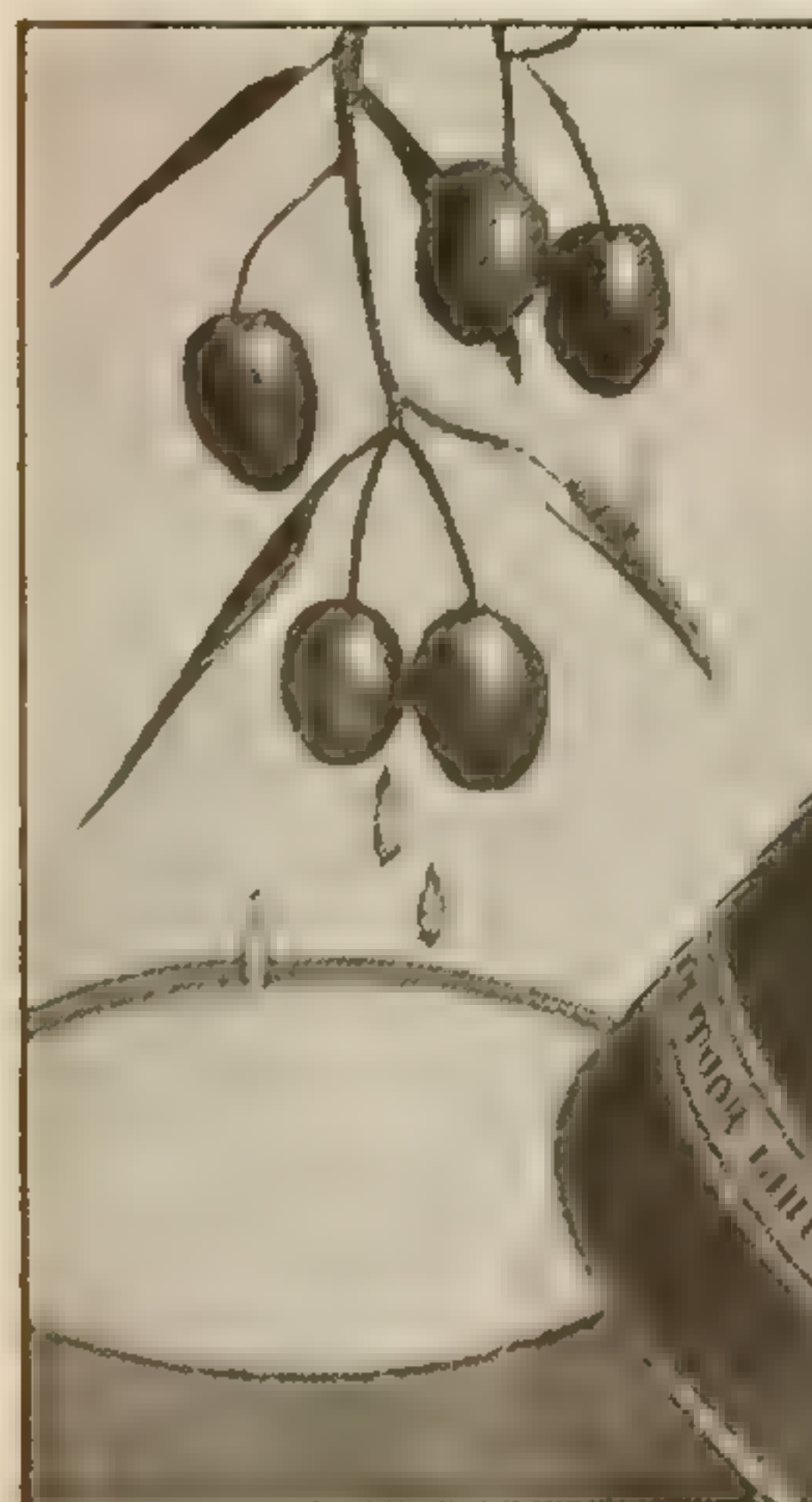


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to a
drooping
flower... is
OLIVE OIL
to your skin

By a special *patented process* each fine flake of Outdoor Girl Face Powder carries a tiny particle of Olive Oil to keep it from "sponging-up" the natural moisture so essential to a youthful skin. Keep your beauty fresh and radiant—protected against Time!

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For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl lipstick and Rouge.
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**OUTDOOR
GIRL**



The face powder
blended with
OLIVE OIL

last picture he made, "Poppy," he made without sitting down once. Bill has yet to see "Poppy," long since released. They carried him off the set one day, and from then until now it has been just as Bill yelled over the air. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" just about sized it up.

For the next year or so, he rode in ambulances from home to hospital to clinic to spa to sanitarium. Every affliction you can think of decided to pay a personal call on Bill. He lost eighty-five pounds. Arthritis, Paget's disease, lobar pneumonia (twice)—well, as Bill says, just skip it. The point is that he lay in an anesthetic, antiseptic atmosphere and in a horizontal position long enough to make the average human turn sour on the world and all its works—but not Bill.

ONLY one thing burned him up—and that was reading sobby newspaper reports about himself, practically laying him out in a shroud and groaning about poor, poor Bill Fields. Well, he was having a hell of a time, but darned if he wanted the tuberose and black broadcloth waved around just yet. He boiled and maybe he cussed a little.

One of Pandora's varmintes that decided to pay him a call was double-vision. That meant he couldn't read, and the hours in bed were twice as long. Reluctantly Bill had a radio installed by his cot. I say reluctantly because the first time years ago when he was talked into putting a radio in his house, it annoyed him so much that he tossed it in the ash can. Now it was different.

"I got to be a real fan," he told me, "I knew every spot on the dial, every minute of the day, and all week. I never missed a show, from the Lux Theater on Monday to Jack Benny the next Sunday night. I don't know what I'd have done without the radio. Yes, I do—I'd have gone nuts!"

I know that if his friends came to visit him when a good program was on, Bill made no bones about what had preference. "For gosh sakes," he'd yell, "stop talking—I can't hear Gracie Allen!" More than once in the hospital fellow-patients bolted up in horror as attendants lifted a body in a sheet and carried it gently down the hall. It was only Bill being hauled down to an automobile in the rear that had a radio. The diathermy machine in the hospital sometimes blotted out reception with an angry buzz—and if Jack Benny happened to be on the air, Bill jazzed the night bell frantically until he was transported to some spot where he could listen in.

He got to be quite a radio critic before long. He thought Jack Benny was tops, Gracie Allen wonderful; he never missed Joe Cook and Fred Allen. Lum 'n' Abner were among his favorites. Gangbusters made his blood run cold. Finally that bug went to work. He wondered how he'd be on the air himself. When Paramount held their Jubilee they rigged up a portable mike in Bill's sick room. He never got such a kick out of anything in his life.

One night Bill tuned in on a Hollywood air gossip. The chatterer announced that W. C. Fields was practically at death's

door and would never work again.

It was like waving a red flag before a bull's nose. Bill yelped in anger, disgust, and impatience to prove to the same people who heard that misinformation that there was plenty of stuff in the old boy yet. I think that's one of the biggest reasons why he was ready to talk contract when the Chase and Sanborn hour was getting itself together. I know this—that the medicos had W. C. Fields slated to stay in the sanitarium until August, and it isn't August, yet.

This old-timer's enthusiasm for his new air career is really inspirational. "It's all new to me," he explained, "It's like starting all over again. Just think," he added, "on one broadcast I play to more people than Booth and Barrett did in their whole careers!"

"And I'd like to say right here," he added, "that in all my life I've never known a finer fellow, professionally or personally, than Don Ameche. That goes for Edgar Bergen, too! Those boys make work a real pleasure!"

So far, since he got well, radio has come first. When I talked to W. C. Fields he had just moved his things into a new Bel-Air house from the sanitarium. He had been out of bed but two weeks, just been on the air twice. He still has to take it easy until he gets back his strength, and when he does, Paramount will want him to do some pictures. In fact, they're already preparing one. Will pictures and radio together be too much for his still limited strength? I don't know. Neither, I think, does W. C. Fields. Like most seasoned troupers work is life to him.

He didn't hesitate when, the day after his first program, Chase and Sanborn signed him up for five years—five years at one stroke of the pen, giving him a contract worth about a million frogskins. He doesn't know whether he'll be able to fulfill that contract to the very last broadcast—but he does know he's going to try.

Already he is feeling the terrific strain radio imposes on its stars. Especially stars, like W. C. Fields, whose humor is so personal and unique that no one else can write it for him. And who is so extra-conscientious about giving the public a good show.

"Every night on the air," he pointed out, "is like opening a new show on Broadway. And when it's over and you breathe a sigh of relief, some guy grabs you by the sleeve and says, 'What do you think you'll do next week?'"

I HAD to ask him, before I said goodbye, if he was nervous that first Sunday afternoon he made his big hit on the air. Weak as he must have been and strictly off the diet of "red milk," as Bill terms the nectar he used to imbibe on occasion, he never turned a hair, twitched a muscle or fumbled a line.

"I hadn't faced an audience in ten years," he replied, "but the minute I heard that first laugh I was all right—I knew they were with me."

If you ask me, they'll always be with Bill Fields. As long as he lives. How can you be against a guy who can laugh when they consign him to the boneyard and come back to make the world laugh with him?

A NEW IDEA IN ENTERTAINMENT!

—That's Radio Mirror's unique Jack Benny Radio-broadcasts. Next month, another in the series, as packed with chuckles from Jack's radio programs as the first. Don't miss Jack Benny's vacation program!

How Radio Won Jeanette

(Continued from page 11)

that their masculine minds would have been left groping around in a fog.

Not money. To be sure, Jeanette's contract calls for five thousand dollars a week, but she has been offered—and has refused—fat broadcasting fees before. Anyway, most of the five thousand will hop right into the United States Treasury as soon as Jeanette gets it. The name of MacDonald appears on the government lists under the heading of "higher income brackets," and when you're up there you pay lots and lots of taxes. So the money doesn't mean much to her.

NOT prestige. The prestige of critical and box-office successes like "Maytime" can't be improved upon. Radio knows, and Jeanette knows, that it's a feather in radio's cap to have Jeanette, and not vice versa.

Not restlessness nor boredom. Jeanette has plenty to do as it is; she doesn't have to scurry to radio to find some way of occupying an extra hour.

None of those obvious explanations is the right one.

Frankly, Jeanette is going on the air because she's the kind of girl who would much rather accept a challenge and fight than ride to easy success on the crest of the wave.

In order to make you understand the challenge she accepted when she signed her Vicks contract, I have to let you in on a radio legend. It's only two years old, but that's long enough to make it a legend, as time moves in the whirlwind world of broadcasting.

This legend got under way when Grace

Moore was singing on the Open House program. Perhaps you remember the rumors that began flying around then? That Grace Moore was ill, that her voice had been injured, finally that she was losing her voice altogether. The last report, as we know now, was far from the truth—but it is cold fact that Grace Moore was ill, that she did have trouble with her voice, and that there was a time when she was afraid it was irreparably injured.

Then, last year, Nelson Eddy became the star of the Open House program, and the legend really got going. Nelson had to undergo an operation on his throat during the latter half of his radio season, he missed several broadcasts, and those identical rumors that he was losing his voice began to circulate once more.

That was enough, and more than enough, for radio, which is a branch of the theatrical profession and therefore as superstitious as fifty-seven varieties of Voodoo medicine men. The Open House program was saddled with the reputation of being a jinx show.

There was no getting away from it. Once radio had decided that Open House was jinxed, it began remembering details to bolster up this belief. Old production difficulties, sudden changes of directors and producers, tempestuous rehearsals and the like, were recalled and cited to prove that bad luck haunted this program. It was pointed out that popularity surveys had never, in the past, given Open House as high a rating as its stars entitled it to.

Open House hadn't really had any

stormier a career than many another radio program you could name. It had its share of production difficulties and clashes of temperament, but they'd have passed unnoticed if the coincidence of Grace Moore's and Nelson Eddy's bad luck hadn't brought them to radio's attention.

Once it had been accepted as gospel truth that Open House was jinxed, it became the one program on the air no big star wanted to be connected with. What, run the chance of having something happen to their voices! No, they weren't superstitious, but just the same there was no sense in looking for trouble.

For the same reason, it became the one program on the air Jeanette MacDonald would even think of joining.

Jeanette loves obstacles, and she also hates to do the obvious. To go on her own radio program, an ordinary, well-behaved program—that would have been too easy. It didn't appeal to the adventurous MacDonald spirit. But when the Vicks people came to her and asked her to be hostess in their Open House, that was something else again.

SHE knew all about the alleged jinx, of course. Wasn't Nelson Eddy one of her good friends, and hadn't she seen the head-wagging when he underwent his throat operation last spring? But if anybody thought she was scared, he was powerfully mistaken.

It wasn't entirely that she didn't believe in the jinx. She's been around theater stages and movie lots long enough to have absorbed a good deal of theatrical

WHY, BETTY—WHAT LANGUAGE!

BUT, MUMS—THAT
GOSH AWFUL
RUN
MEANS NO LUNCH
TODAY!

NOW, BETTY, YOU
MUSTN'T SCRIMP
ON LUNCHES. CAN'T
YOU BE MORE
CAREFUL WITH
YOUR STOCKINGS?

LATER

MUMS GAVE
ME YOUR LUX
TIP, MRS. BROWN
—IT HAS SAVED
ME **DOLLARS**

I'M SO GLAD,
BETTY, I KNEW
LUX WOULD
CUT DOWN YOUR
RUNS

NEXT MORNING

BETTY'S ALWAYS
BROKE, SO MUCH
MONEY GOES
FOR STOCKINGS

MY HELEN CUTS
DOWN RUNS WITH
LUX. IT SAVES
ELASTICITY—
DO TRY IT

Cut Down RUNS this Easy Way...

Nobody likes to have to spend lunch money on stockings. Why not keep stockings like new longer, with Lux?

Lux cuts down on runs by saving stocking elasticity. Soaps containing harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing—tend to weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali... cuts down costly runs!

—saves **E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y**

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GENUINE IMPORTED
DJER-KISS PERFUME

STEP from your bath into a glorious shower of DJER-KISS TALC. All through the day this soft, downy film with its tantalizing Parisian fragrance will cling tenderly to your satin-smooth skin... safeguarding personal daintiness... lending you glamorous allure and captivating charm.

Utmost quality and value in the green Djer-Kiss container. Three sizes — economical jumbo and medium sizes at drug or department stores; new, large 10c size at all ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF - PARIS

respect for good luck and bad. She's not the sort who goes around whistling in her dressing room just because the whole acting fraternity agrees that to do so is to call down every variety of bad luck on your head. Not for nothing is Jeanette of mixed English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ancestry. Those last three nationalities give her a healthy respect for the strange, unaccountable things that sometimes happen. The first one makes her ready to challenge them.

So, when she was offered the starring position on Open House, she surprised everyone, even the sponsors, by accepting. Maybe she was a little bit surprised herself. It must have amused her when she realized that her only reason for signing the contract was to prove that there's no hurdle a MacDonald can't take.

Here was a chance to do what nobody else, so far, had been able to do—make a smooth-running, popular program out of one which had had more than its quota of troubles. To put it simply, to break a jinx. Could she do it? She didn't know, but she'd made up her mind she was going to try.

Stars have gone on the air because they needed the jobs, because tempting financial offers were dangled before them, because the contemplated programs looked too good to miss, because the view was fine and every prospect pleased them. But Jeanette MacDonald is the first one in history to stick her chin out and go on the air because it looked as if there might be trouble ahead.

More power to her!

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 8)

ing the products we women buy.

We want to bargain for the lay-off of script writers who give us quarter-hour after quarter-hour of stupid plots featuring deep-dyed, blackmailing and wrist-twisting villains, in which the long arm of coincidence is twisted clear out of joint. We demand relief from silly summaries of today's episodes, such as: "Will Betty win back her husband from the wily international spy, Sonya Knockemoff?" or "Can Little Nell raise the money for the mortgage—what do you think?"

"What do we think, indeed!" There is never any question but that Nell can move mountains, and that the faithful and long-suffering wife will have that nit-wit husband back on her hands in a few more episodes. We do not have a mental age of eight years, and we are forced to strike to protect the reputation of our mentalities, which rate high I. Q.'s and number in the millions.

MRS. BETTY GAY WATSON,
Indianola, Iowa.

\$1.00 PRIZE MORE DUMMIES WANTED!

When the radiovoter is put on my radio, I'm going to send over a big cheer for Charlie McCarthy, alias Edgar Bergen. There's a lad for you! A personality that many an "un-Dummy" might well envy.

Wouldn't it be funny if what radio needs is more Dummies?

MRS. J. B. HARDEN,
Newton Centre, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!

Did you ever have this happen to you? Your radio program tells you so-and-so, the famous comedienne is going to appear on a certain hour show. Since she's an old favorite of yours, you tune in eagerly. The program goes on and on, and still no comedienne. Finally, at the tail end of the broadcast, she appears. The conductor of the show asks her opinion on something, as, for example, does she find radio any different from appearing on the stage. She answers—and that's that. And here you've been waiting for an hour to hear a bit of the stuff for which she is famous. Listeners-in expect singers to sing, etc., unless otherwise noted.

ELSIE SNELL,
South Ozone Park, L. I.

\$1.00 PRIZE
ATTENTION, JESSICA DRAGONETTE!
I was interested in the article about Jessica Dragonette in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR. While reading, I was again

and again reminded of one truly great singer who was able to combine her career and wifehood. Even motherhood.

Surely no greater woman ever lived than Mme. Schumann-Heink. She sang all her life, yet she found time to have a large family, and even to take in washings to help support that family. At one time, she even saved the life of someone else's baby by being a wet-nurse. And she never was ashamed of having done these things.

The things that Schumann-Heink did throughout her life were the character-building acts that made her life as rich and full as it was and enabled her to live—even after death—in the hearts of millions.

MRS. E. M. DUNCAN,
St. Joseph, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE MORE SONGS FROM CROSBY

This is what I cannot understand. Why do they put a person like Bing Crosby on a program that is mostly talking? Everyone who listens to his program wants to hear him sing.

It seems to me that good programs are often broken up by too much talking. It seems as if the radio is used for advertising purposes only. One turns his radio on and is enjoying some fine music when, lo and behold, the music finishes, and advertising takes its place. I think advertising should be only done as the program commences and as it is about to finish.

THOMAS SANTAMARIA,
Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE THE TRUTH ABOUT GRACIE ALLEN

When is Gracie Allen going to get wise to herself? She should know that by this time the radio listeners are fed up on hearing her all the time making love to the orchestra leader and members. Knowing Gracie as George Burns' wife makes us unappreciative of her humor. This has been going on so long now, that it is getting monotonous. I had hoped that when George and Gracie changed sponsors, they would change their program, but to my sorrow, it is still the same. There is enough scandal in our town with married women making love to other men, that we do not have to turn on the radio to hear a program of that kind.

MRS. EARL BECKER,
Baltimore, Md.

TO APPLAUD OR NOT TO APPLAUD?

That was the question we asked you in

an article entitled, "The Studio Applause Racket—Broadcasting's Ruin," which appeared in a recent issue of RADIO MIRROR. Nine out of ten of you who wrote in, voted strongly against applause, which settles the question as far as RADIO MIRROR is concerned. Here are excerpts from typical letters.

"If I were in a theater seeing a play, I would expect to hear applause between the acts, so I do not mind the applause between the acts of a radio play. In fact, with me it helps create the illusion that I am in a theater seeing that play. On other programs, I do not pay much attention to it. In one program I heard Tiny Ruffner handle the applause so skillfully that it was really an asset to the show.

However, I think the applause should be limited to modest hand-clapping. The shrieks, yells and whistles should be omitted, and none of it need be broadcast so strenuously as to be annoying."—MRS. VIRGINIA, Mobile, Ala.

"Lack of applause makes a program next thing to a recording. Therefore, I believe moderate applause creates the realistic atmosphere of a good entertainment."—I. M. RENN, Westborough, Mass.

"Put me down as very emphatically against studio applause. Out with it, I say, and the quicker the better. I think it is a confounded nuisance. Every time there is a burst of applause, the radio listeners miss the next few words, as nearly always, the talking will begin before the racket dies down."—JACK YOST, Bellevue, Pa.

"There are two radio programs I never miss—they are Eddie Cantor's and Major Bowes'. If it were not for the applause, I don't think either program would be worth a dime. During the applause, I get so excited I can hardly wait until the next act appears, for it makes me so eager to know if it'll be as good as the one just ahead of it."—MRS. W. A. BURKE, Birmingham, Ala.

"Radio applause is helpful to any program, but unless it is limited, like everything else that is overdone, it becomes annoying. If we must have applause, let the audience do so voluntarily, at the same time limiting their time. All radio programs are accurately timed, and in the case of a comedian's broadcast, for instance, to save time, the comedian is pulling off another joke before the audience has ceased laughing, causing the listeners-in to miss the joke."—MISS MARY M. OSBORNE, Mobile, Ala.

"Sometimes I think the artists forget the listening audience and perform only for the studio audience."—MRS. O. E. SALLENBACH, Eagle Rock, Calif.

"I would certainly like to protest against studio applause. It is not only a hideous noise coming over the radio, but nerve-wracking as well. How many broadcasts would there be if sponsors had to depend alone on the visible audience as purchasers?"—LILLIAN MOORE, Savannah, Ga.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

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PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

try Double Mint gum daily for beauty of mouth and lips

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THE WAY COMPANY
719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

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YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

What's New?

(Continued from page 5)

THE TRUTH ABOUT Feminine Hygiene

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT



**FEMININE
HYGIENE
EXPLAINED**

1. Happy and fortunate is the woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem . . . Happy when she knows of a method of Feminine Hygiene that is modern, safe, effective—and dainty . . . *Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

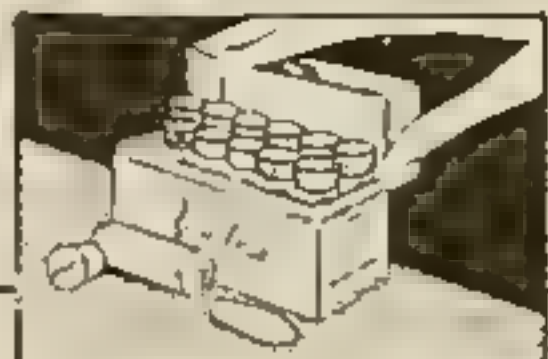
2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous **ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE**. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe and easy* to use . . . *greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing*. *Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 949 New Brunswick, N. J.

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Newest Novelty. Season's fastest seller. Assortment of 21 Xmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retail \$1. Costs you 50c. Also name-imprinted Personal Cards, 50 for \$1. Many other popular assortments. Big earnings full or spare time. Write for Samples. **ARTISTIC CARD CO., 820 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**



USE MERCOLIZED WAX

This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening, lubricating cream sloughs off the discolored, blemished surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Your underskin is then revealed clear, smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin with Mercolized Wax.

Try Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingly, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.

was Show Boat and Cap'n Henry or nothing, said Charlie to himself—and sponsors.

* * *

Phil Baker is one comedian who recognizes the value of his script writers. Sam Perrin and Arthur Phillips, the team which has given Phil his funny business for the past three years, just scribbled their names on a new contract with their boss. It runs three years, starts at \$1,400 a broadcast, and provides increases every six months until the two writers are getting \$2,300 to divide between themselves every week.

* * *

In all the networks' excitement over Shakespeare this summer one big fact seems to have been lost sight of: it's just possible that everybody in the country doesn't want to listen to Shakespearean plays from nine to ten-fifteen, E.D.S.T., every Monday night. With both NBC and CBS going great guns on the Bard at that time, it's going to be hard not to listen. Anyway, NBC's series is "streamlined," which means that John Barrymore is narrating the plays and leaving the actual dialogue to other actors. That was the only way NBC could get the self-willed Mr. B. to go on the air at all. He said he didn't want to act a single part straight through each play—and stuck to his decision. Hence the streamlining.

* * *

The big Shakespearean battle started in the first place all because of a squabble between the networks over athletic events—which is a new reason for putting Shakespeare on the air. One network bought up exclusive rights to broadcast several top sports events this summer. That made the other network mad, and two Shakespeare plays on one night are the result.

* * *

The open road is calling, calling, to Sam Hearn. That is, it was. By this time he has answered. Sam, whom you know a great deal better as Jack Benny's Schlepperman, has a summer on his hands with nothing much to do before he rejoins Jack's program this fall. First he went on a cruise with Mrs. Hearn, but that didn't seem to be quite what he wanted, so he came back to New York and talked some friends into joining him on a caravan trip across the continent. They started out early in July, three cars full, planning on taking all summer to get to Hollywood, stopping where, when, and as long as they please. It must be the gypsy in Sam. . . . If he's pinched for speeding, wonder if he'll sing out "Hello, stranger!" at the judge—and what good it will do?

* * *

Another favorite comedian is away on a very different kind of vacation. As a surprise for his bride, the former Thelma Leeds, Parkyakarkus arranged a summer in England.

* * *

Gertrude Niesen, looking more glamorous than ever, was spotted dining and dancing the other night at the Cocanut Grove with Duke Don Alfredo Saviata, Major in the Italian Air Reserve. The sight set Hollywood gossips to speculating, but don't be misled. Craig Reynolds is still holding first place in Gertrude's affections. Eastern listeners, by the way, are missing out on Gertrude's current radio program. It's sent out only on a Pacific Coast network.

Barry McKinley surprised even his sponsors of the Tic Toc Revue on NBC Monday evenings, when he ran off last month and married Terry Beeger of New England. The sponsors had been trying to sponsor a romance between Barry and young Jean O'Neill of the same show.

* * *

This summer the whole Oakie family is in a domestic glow over the new home Jack is going to build. Overseeing the plans will be all the vacation Jack gets or wants this summer. Hollywood wags are marvelling at the way the little woman has changed Jack's attitude. The only plans he used to be interested in were good-time plans, but now he's one of the town's leading home-bodies.

* * *

Don't be surprised if you see Floyd Gibbons devoting a whole magazine article or newspaper column soon to an obscure resident of New York Mills, Minnesota, named Raymond N. Hartmann. Hartmann, according to Floyd, is a typical American citizen, and entitled to some recognition. He came to New York to be on one of Floyd's True Adventure programs, having sold twenty-five chickens from his farm to get money for the trip. With his wife and three children, Hartmann lives on a farm which he owns himself, on the sum of three dollars and fifty cents cash a month. For the rest of life's necessities, he relies on what he can raise on the farm. Floyd was so impressed with his resourcefulness and courage that he could talk about nothing else for days. What did Hartmann do with the money Floyd paid him for the use of his adventure story on the air? Why, bought more chickens.

* * *

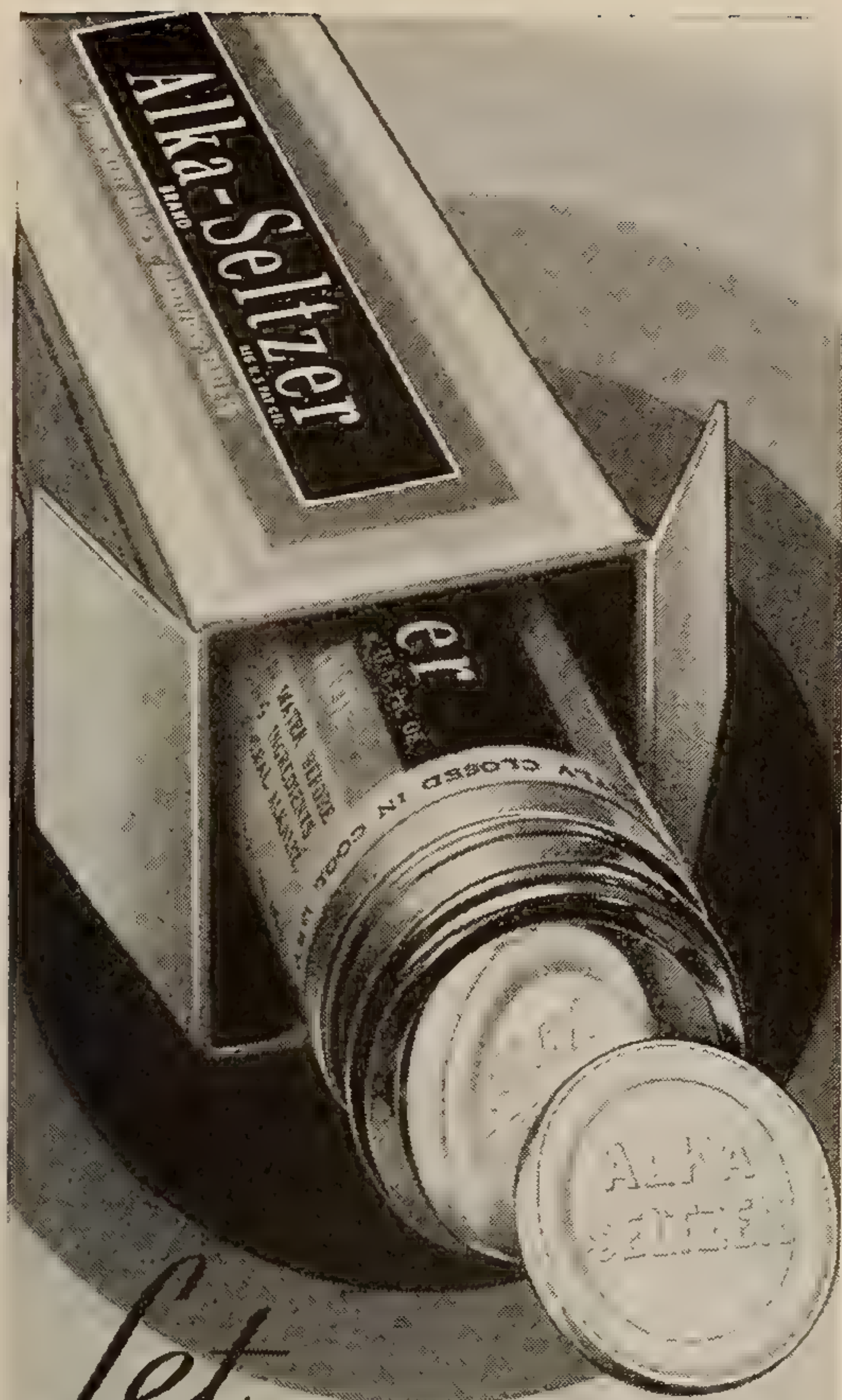
George Burns and Gracie Allen are a-bursting with pride over the swimming prowess of Miss Sandra Burns, who has been breaking all kinds of three-year-old records. George predicts that she'll win the Olympics in, say, 1950.

George and Gracie almost got thrown out of their business suite in a swanky Hollywood hostelry the other night. With George's brother Willie, they were holding a late-night rehearsal of a coming program, when the night clerk called up. "Mr. Burns," he said firmly, "you'll just have to put that dog out. You know it's against the hotel's rules to have dogs in the rooms, and the other guests are complaining." He never got a coherent answer from George, for both the Brothers Burns and garrulous Gracie were rocking with laughter. George and Willie had been rehearsing dog-barks for the show.

The month's news is full of George and Gracie items. To complete this trio, it must be told that Gracie is about to blossom out as an Astaire dancing partner. Carole Lombard was to have been Fred's partner in his new picture, "Damsel in Distress." Then things happened and Carole wasn't available, so Gracie was borrowed from Paramount and given part of Carole's role—the part which included clowning and dancing. The other part—the heart-interest—will go to a leading lady who hasn't been selected. You didn't know Gracie could dance? Well, neither did George, but Gracie says she knew it all the time.

* * *

Here's one radio artist who can get more publicity out of not doing something than he ever got by doing it. For the past three summers Charles Kullmann, Jessica Dragonette's singing part-



Let Alka-Seltzer help you keep Feeling Your Best

WHEN you suffer with a Headache, Acid Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, an Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water will usually bring prompt relief and also help correct the cause of your trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.



You'll like Alka-Seltzer because of its pleasant taste and because it is so effective. Don't let common ailments keep you from feeling your best—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.

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SO EASY to make blemishes vanish from sight! Simply do this: 1. Apply new, amazing "HIDE IT." 2. Let dry. 3. Add powder and usual make-up. Gives skin clear-looking beauty in seconds! Conceals pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, discolorations. Go swimming or sunning, "HIDE-IT" won't streak or easily rub off. \$1 at Dept. and Drug Stores, 10¢ size at Ten Ct. Stores.

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I enclose 10¢ (Canada 15¢) for "Hide-it." ☐ Cream ☐ Stick
Check Shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan
Name _____ Town _____
Address _____ State _____

ner on her CBS program, has gone to Austria to sing under Arturo Toscanini's direction in the very arty Salzburg Music Festival. This summer he had to forego his annual trip and stay on the air—and radio editors who hadn't known he'd ever been within miles of Salzburg rushed into print with the story.

* * *

An incurable wag is Manny Klein, so expert a trumpet-player that he is in constant demand by the orchestras of the big New York shows. Half-pint Manny loves nothing so much as a joke, the more practical the better, but once, on a recent Kate Smith broadcast, he created a bigger laugh than he'd bargained for.

At dress rehearsal Manny thought it would be a fine idea for all the boys in the orchestra to rise as they began to play the closing theme-song, and march single-file off the stage, through the auditorium, around the lobby of the CBS Playhouse, and then back to the stage in time for the closing notes of the theme. Without saying anything to Producer Ted Collins, he got the boys to agree to do this.

The stunt came off all right, and although at first Ted was annoyed at having his nice dress rehearsal interrupted by such horse-play, the more he thought about it the more he believed it would be a funny thing to do that night at the regular broadcast. Finally he told Manny to repeat the gag.

Which would have been the end of the story, except that when Manny, tootling away on his trumpet, led his gang around the back of the auditorium during the broadcast, there were some people standing there. Accidentally, one of them tripped Manny, he fell flat on his face, and one by one all of his followers fell on top of him in a tangle of legs, arms, and musical instruments. By the time they got unravelled the program was over—without benefit of theme song.

* * *

Phil Lord, that old salt, has transferred his affections from his schooner *Pilgrim* (which he has sold) to a new fifty-foot motor launch, the *Driftwood*. In it he's spending the summer taking two and three-day trips along the Atlantic seaboard, as well as using it to commute between his long Island home and New York for his weekly Gangbusters broadcasts. It accommodates four passengers and a crew of two, and is capable of cutting through the waves at twenty-five miles an hour. He wants to equip the *Driftwood* with one of the new two-way radio telephone sets, so he can take longer trips and still keep in touch with his New York office.

* * *

Virginia Verrill knows now just how much stock to take in all this talk about Hollywood's social whirl. Since she has been out there the gay mad life has consisted entirely of round after round of open air badminton.

Virginia, you know, has one of the leading roles in Sam Goldwyn's new musical picture, "Goldwyn Follies," and her boss wants her to put on a few pounds for the benefit of the camera. Every other morning she must report to Goldwyn and be greeted with a barrage of questions: "What time did you go to bed last night? How do you feel? Are you happy?"

Goldwyn's scrutiny of her health is so searching that Virginia's afraid to go out nights at all, and badminton seems to be about the only thing left.

For her games, Virginia goes over to the Roy Disneys—Roy is Walt (Mickey Mouse) Disney's brother—and when Goldwyn found this out he had a new question to ask:

"How are you coming in your games with the Mouse people?"

KILLS FLEAS OR MONEY BACK!



• **Sergeant's Improved Skip-Flea Powder** now contains the most powerful and deadly flea-killing agent known to science. Yet it is perfectly harmless to your dog! Because Skip-Flea Powder combines with the natural oils in your dog's skin, its flea-destroying effect lasts for days. Simply dust Skip-Flea Powder on a flea-infested dog and allow a few hours for it to take effect. *We Guarantee that not one flea will be left alive!* Giant-size, sifter-top tin 25¢.

You can wash your dog's fleas away with cleansing, soothing, Flea-Killing Skip-Flea Soap.

There are 23 tried and tested SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES. Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Sold under a Money-Back Guarantee by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Book on the care of dogs or write: POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION 1360 W. Broad St. • Richmond, Virginia

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New York, N. Y.

ESCAPE NEEDLESS EXHAUSTION

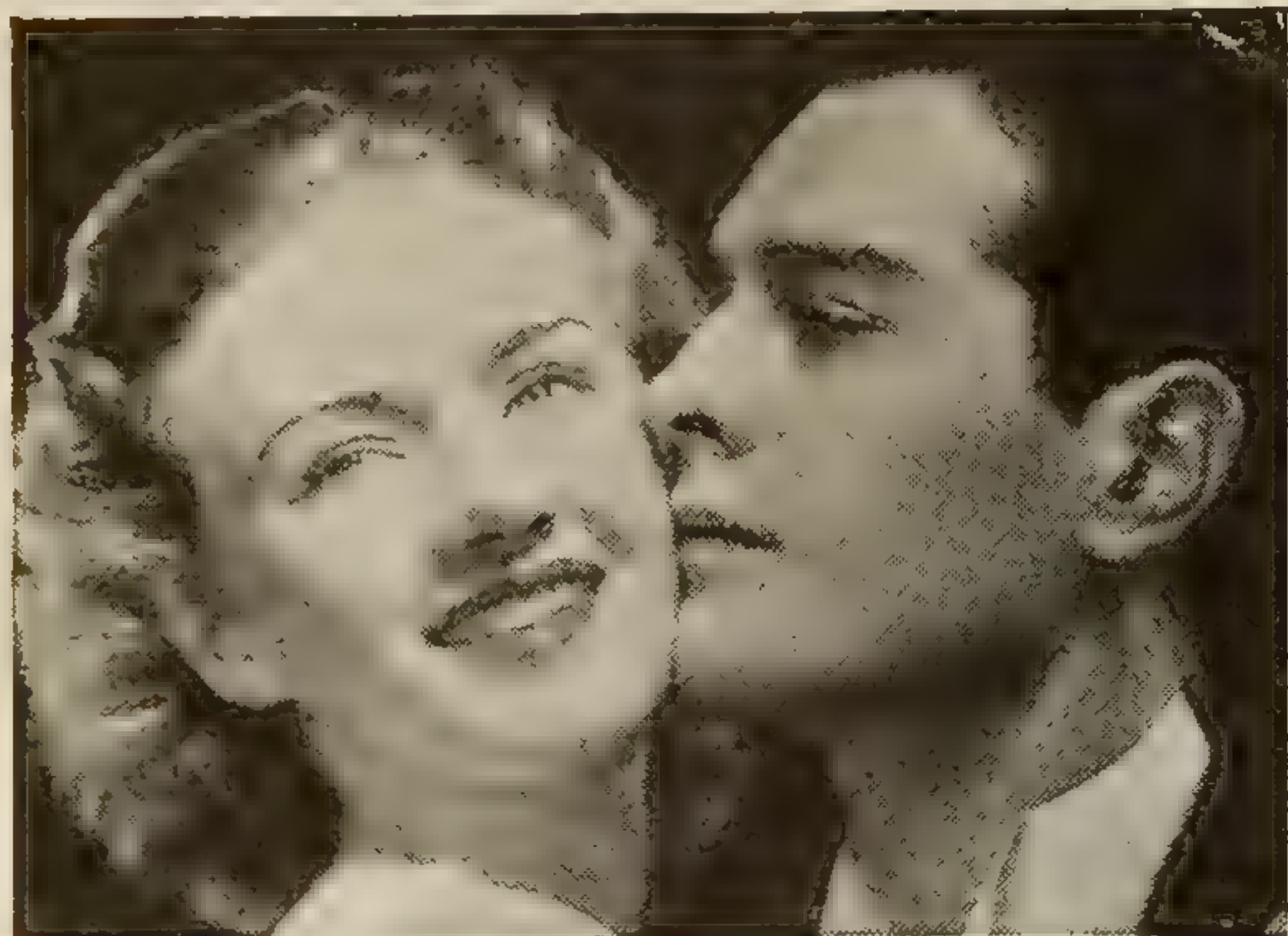


FREE OFFER
This way to starch makes irons fairly glide!

This new way to hot starch does away with boiling, mixing, straining and bother. It's a powdered starch...practically self-cooking. It contains gliding ingredients. Makes hot starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Write us, The Hubinger Company, number 451, Keokuk, Iowa, for small proof packet...ask for "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch". See how easy it becomes to press things to gleaming perfection.

There's A New Thrill To Skin

When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment



EVERYWHERE women are raving about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is utterly *neutral* in action. For, while Lavena removes every trace of dirt and make-up—it does not dry the skin as do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.

Do These 2 Simple Things Daily

Simply mix Lavena with warm water to a creamy smoothness and rub on gently with your finger tips. Remove immediately with a wash cloth dipped in warm water. Do not use soap or cold cream. Then see how refreshed your skin looks.

How beautiful, how velvety soft it feels.



Over 4 million packages of Lavena have already produced amazing results. Get a package from your drug, department or 10c store. A week's trial will thrill and delight you.

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AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 38)

must have old Noah Webster turning cartwheels in his grave. It's impossible to write about Benny without using those mysterious new words and phrases his branch of the musical profession has originated. So here goes:

When swing musicians get to talking together, these are the words they use, and their meanings. "Jives" means the same as "swing," and "swing" can be defined only as what you hear when you listen to Benny Goodman. "Licks" is a musical phrase, as played by a "rider man" or a "sender," who is a star hot soloist. When a rider "gets off on it" or goes "out of the world" or gets "in the groove" he is rendering an inspired swing passage. "Schmaltz," or ordinary sweet music, is frowned upon in the best swing circles.

The members of the band are called "cats," and most of them love nothing so much as a "jam session"—a swing session indulged in by musicians for the sheer enjoyment of music. The instruments in the band are the "grunt-iron," tuba; "licorice stick," clarinet; "plumbing," trumpet; "suitcases," drums; "gobble-pipe," saxophone; "dog-house," bass viol; and "push-pipe," trombone.

All those expressions require explaining. But Benny Goodman's other language, the language of swing, is universal in appeal. The best proof of that statement lies in a quartet of engagements the maestro played recently.

In Boston, during an engagement at the Metropolitan theater, school children formed queues outside the theater at 9 A. M., and brought lunch with them. A radio editor dubbed it "Hooky Week."

The following week Benny trekked to Cornell University and drew 5,600 collegiates to the annual Navy Day Ball.

Forty-eight hours later, middle-aged business men and their fraus flocked to the mammoth Westchester Community Center. Willard Alexander, Goodman's manager, counted 8,700 dancers.

And last but not least was the memorable excursion of the "cats" to Harlem. The colored folk worship Benny for two very good reasons—he took their music and cleaned it up, and he is the only white orchestra leader who employs two dusky musicians—Teddy Wilson, pianist, and Lionel Hampton, thin swing xylophonist.

Deep in the Sugar Hill jungle, the crowds poured in to the Savoy Ballroom, home of "Stompin' at the Savoy." Black and white faces formed a compact checkered mass as Benny almost blew his brains out. In the street two men started fighting, women screamed, and an ambulance, fire engine, and police emergency squad were called to dispel the mob.

Benny Goodman is twenty-seven years old, brown-haired, and getting a bit heavy. The rimless glasses he wears make him look like an insurance salesman.

This quiet lord of the "licorice stick" was born in the slum section of Chicago, one of eleven children, and son of a humble Jewish tailor. He wanted to become a musician the first time he heard music in the nearby orthodox synagogue. So poor were the Goodmans that Benny deprived himself of school-straps, marbles, and other boyish luxuries so he could take a phony music mail-order course.

"Better he should be a cantor," sighed the elder Goodman. The father, killed in an automobile accident when Benny was fourteen, never lived to see people actually dancing in the aisles of a Richmond theater or to share the \$100,000 income his son's reported to make yearly.

Benny's first professional engagement

was in a small Windy City theater doing an imitation of Ted Lewis, his first hero.

In 1933 Benny was earning as much as \$350 a week, playing with the big commercial network programs. But Benny was disgusted. He hated "schmaltz" music. A pupil of the late Bix Beiderbecke, considered by swing enthusiasts as the master of them all, should not, reasoned Benny, be wasting his time playing sweet gushy tempos, money or no money.

He sulked. His contemporaries shied away from him. They got fat and prosperous playing sweet music, so why kick? Benny finally quit. His salary dropped to \$40 a week. Finally he organized a few "cats" who likewise detested the type of music played by "long-haired musicians."

Their first engagement of importance was the erstwhile NBC "Let's Dance" show. Slowly but surely Goodman's name blazed from coast to coast on the swing craze. The rest is history. Now Benny is the big summer star of the Camel program, the Camel Swing School, heard Tuesday nights over CBS.

Returning to the Palomar in California brings back memories to the one hundred and seventy pounds of rhythm. When he played there several years ago, he was warned by his manager to take it easy. "They're not ready for swing," they told him. So Benny and the boys gave out "schmaltz." The dancers were bored. The men behind the music racks were as enthusiastic as the bandsmen in the Whooziki Falls Fire Department Trumpet Corps. During the rest period, Goodman's brown eyes popped.

THE devil with it," he shouted. "If we flop we flop, but any way we'll give out."

Suddenly they unleashed musical dynamite. They tore through their music. The rush to the floor looked like Gimbel's bargain day. California was finally conquered. Oldtimers said the Goodman rush made the gold rush pale.

Despite stories that Benny falls in love with each girl vocalist that joins the band (Helen Ward, Frances Hunt, Peg La Centra, to name a few), the brown-haired clarinetist still lives alone and likes it.

* * *

APOLOGY

I've gone and got myself into hot water with NBC and CBS by telling you to write to them for photographs of the stars. What I meant to say was to write to the stars themselves, in care of the networks. Stars usually send fans their pictures. Networks never do. Excuse it, readers and networks.

For your convenience—and ours—use this coupon in writing to ask questions. We'll try to find all the answers.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is.....

.....and I want to

know more about the following.....

.....

.....

Name

Address

Spice is the Life of Cooking

(Continued from page 54)

hear three times a week over CBS. Upon his graduation from college he was sent by his father, a proprietor of New York's famous Rector's, to the Café de Paris to serve a year's apprenticeship. This apprenticeship led to one of the most amusing experiences in his life as a restaurateur.

"Pre-ground pepper was unheard of in the Café de Paris," said Mr. Rector. "In the great kitchens there each chef had his own pepper mill and the pepper was freshly ground for each dish. These pepper mills impressed me so much that when my apprenticeship was over I returned to New York with a gross of them for use in our restaurant there. On my first night in New York each one of the hundred-odd tables in Rector's boasted its own pepper mill. The patrons loved them—so much that when the tables were finally cleared there were only forty left—the others had been carried away as souvenirs.

"But even freshly ground pepper doesn't always fill the bill," Mr. Rector went on. "For some recipes cayenne and not black pepper is the ideal choice. Most people consider cayenne only in connection with hot dishes, but in reality it is one of our most subtle condiments, with a flavor all its own. How many times Hollandaise and cream sauces are marred by tiny specks of black pepper. Your French cook uses cayenne in such delicate sauces; it dissolves, and the clear color of the sauce is unimpaired.

CURRY powder is another neglected condiment, according to Mr. Rector, and it is one of the most useful of all for turning left-over fish or meat into a piece de resistance. If you want something different for a picnic lunch, try deviled eggs with curry.

DEVILED EGGS WITH CURRY

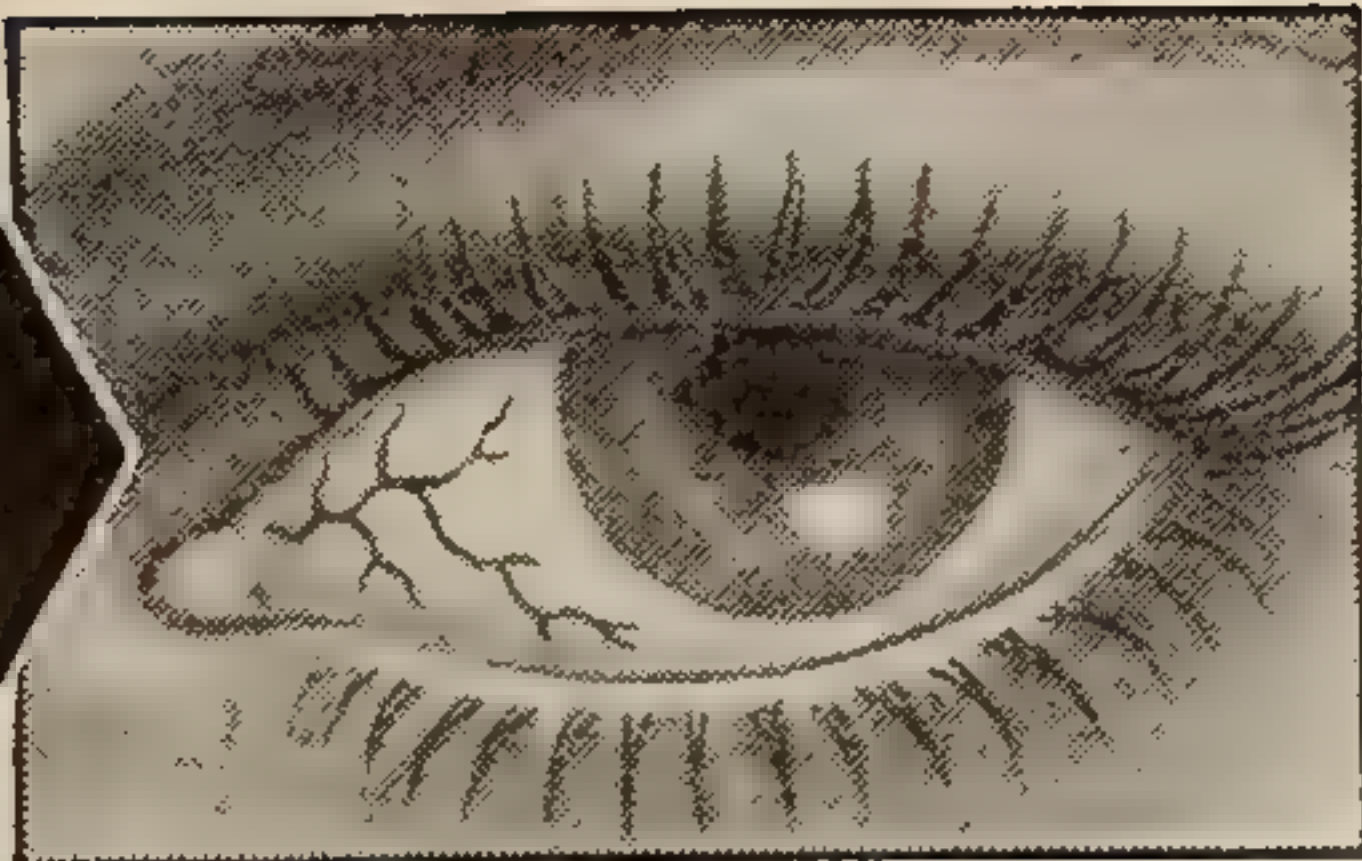
Hard-cooked eggs
Curry powder
Salt
Cream

Shell and split the eggs, and break up the yolks with a fork. Work in one-eighth teaspoon curry powder for each egg, and salt to taste. Add sufficient cream to make a mixture of the desired consistency and stuff the egg whites. For hors d'oeuvres, a nice variation of this recipe is to chop the egg whites fine and add them to the mixture which is then formed into small balls and rolled in minced parsley or watercress.

Mr. Rector contends that the herbs sage, thyme, basil, sweet marjoram and rosemary, common in the garden of our grandmothers, should be in as frequent use today as they were then. Finally chopped herbs mixed into the flour with which a roast is dredged before being put into the oven, will add immeasurably to the flavor. One herb alone may be used, or a combination of two or three, if you care for a blend of flavors. For pork, veal or beef, try rosemary, thyme, sage or sweet marjoram. Mint may be used in the same way for a roast of lamb, and a bit of mint is delicious in a lamb stew in which carrots and peas are used, though the mint flavor is a little too sweet for most palates when only potatoes and onions are used in the stew.

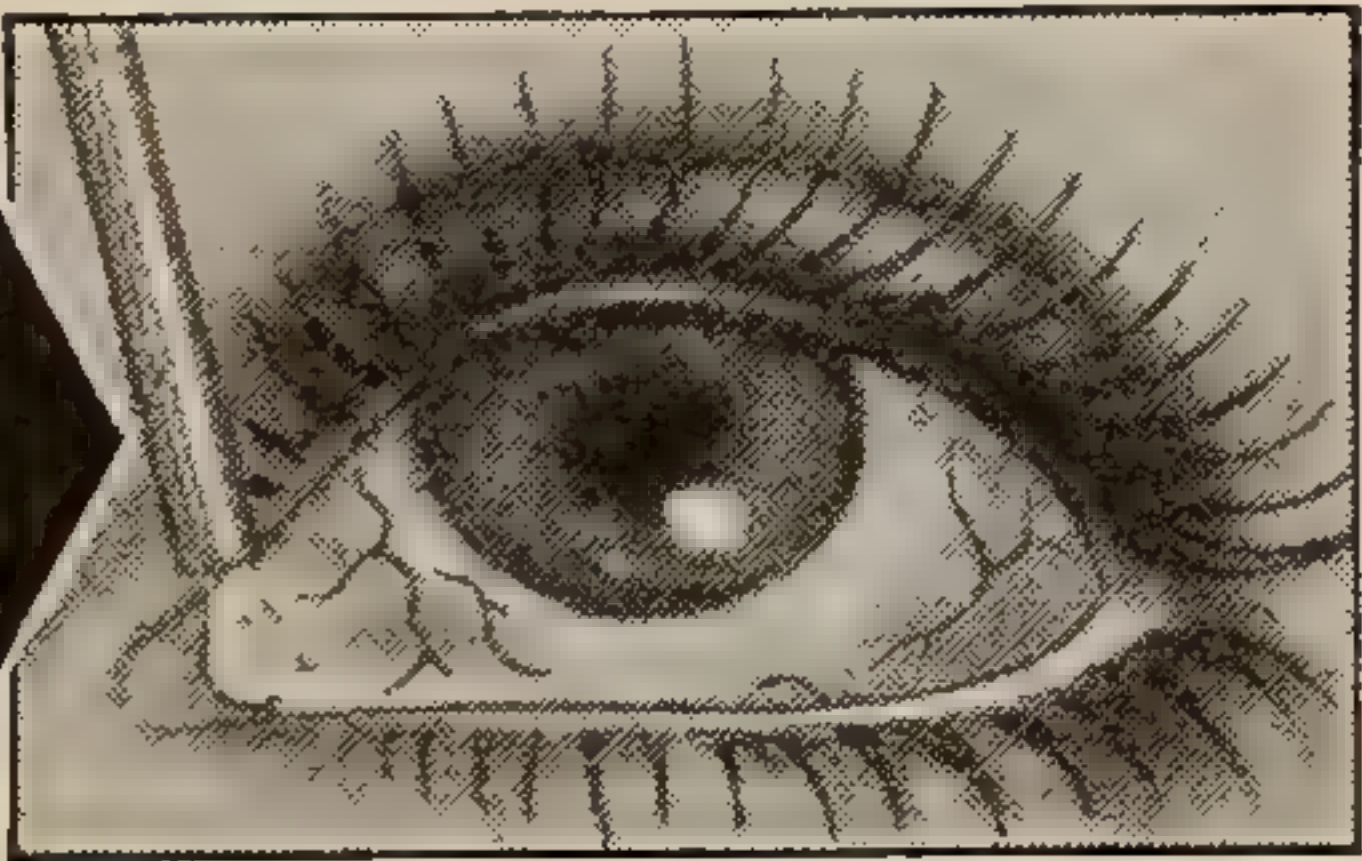
Basil, the basilicone beloved by the Italians for tomato sauces, is an excellent choice for tomato soups, or for soups made of dried peas, beans or lentils. It

**RED
DULL**



● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are so prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined...

**FEW
DROPS**



● Quick! A drop of Eye-Gene goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion... perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion...

**EYES
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EYE-GENE



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Sell new 21 Card All-Star Assortment, \$1. Amazing value. Other Assts., 50c up. Also Christmas folders with sender's name, 25c for \$1.95. Big profits! Get free sample offer. **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS**, 160 N. Washington, Dept. 78, Boston Mass.

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NOXACORN

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Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Druggists now have a scientific doctor's prescription called Cystex for these troubles. Helps nature in 48 hours. Guaranteed to fix you up in 8 days, stimulate vigor and make you feel years younger or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.



DR. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

*How's your baby's
appetite?*



Feed your tiny tot Heinz Strained Foods and see how eagerly he eats!

He'll like their natural color! He'll appreciate the tasty flavor Heinz cooks in—never out. Choicest fruits and vegetables are prepared *scientifically* to preserve vitamins and minerals. There are 12 delicious Heinz Strained Foods from which to choose. You pay no premium for their extra quality.



**GUARD YOUR BABY'S HEALTH—
LOOK FOR THESE SAFETY SEALS**

57

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

One Year From Today

What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes.

Returning prosperity is opening up new jobs, and creating unusual opportunities. But that does not insure prosperity for you. Only you can insure that.

For months—maybe years—employers will be able to pick and choose out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most preparation and ability.

You should—you must—make yourself quickly more valuable—to protect what you have and to insure getting your share of the promotions and pay raises. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU!

Ask us to send you full details about our new spare time training, and to explain how it prepares you to better meet today's demands and opportunities. If you really are in earnest, you should investigate *at once*. Check your field below, write your name and address, and mail.

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Maybelline Eye Cream, unlike ordinary facial creams, is especially designed for the care and preservation of the youthful appearance of the skin around the eyes. The fine, rich, blended oils contained in this cream are highly beneficial to this area, and there is the added benefit of "sunshine" element in wonderful vitamin "D". Start giving your eyes this youthifying treatment today with Maybelline Eye Cream!

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may also be used to advantage in tomato cocktail, in sauces to be served with fish, or with veal chops braised with canned tomatoes. Basil and bay are responsible for the piquancy of this meat sauce to be served with spaghetti, so when you try it be sure to order the tomato paste flavored with basil.

MEAT SAUCE

- 1 lb. lean beef
- 4 slices lean bacon
- 4 stalks celery, with leaves
- 1 green pepper
- 2 medium onions
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 can tomato paste
- ½ lb. fresh or one small can mushrooms
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tbl. lemon juice or wine vinegar
- 1 tbl. butter
- 1 tbl. olive oil
- Salt and pepper to taste

HAVE the fat removed from the beef, then have it ground with the bacon. Chop the celery, green pepper and onions and sauté them in the butter and oil, putting the celery first, then the pepper and last the onions. The garlic, added with the onions, may be chopped, or put in whole and removed when it has browned. When these ingredients are tender and beginning to brown, add the tomatoes, tomato paste, bay leaf, salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil and simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the meat, together with the mushrooms and their liquid (if fresh mushrooms are used, they should be sliced and sautéed in a small quantity of butter) and the lemon juice or vinegar. Simmer for half an hour, stirring so the meat will not be lumpy, and serve over spaghetti with Parmesan cheese.

I hope you don't regard the prepared flavorings, such as mustard, catsup, horseradish sauce and the various meat sauces as something to be poured over the food after it has been cooked. All may be used to advantage in cooking. Catsup or any of the meat sauces added to the gravy to be served with a roast will give it added body and flavor. Horseradish is excellent with the gravy for roast beef. Prepared mustard, spread on ham, steak or chops before broiling will give them added zest. The quantity used in any case, of course, will depend upon your taste.

No article on flavorings would be complete without reference to lemon juice, for next to salt I know of nothing which appears so frequently in recipes. For this reason I'm glad to close with the good news that there is now on the market a bottled lemon concentrate which is the best substitute yet devised for fresh lemon juice. I heard of it only last week, and since then I've used it to make a lemon pie, a sauce to be served with fish or vegetables, in the preparation of jellied tomato soup and for lemonade, and it is excellent for every purpose.

Can you make omelet aux fines herbes? Do you know how to make a bouquet for soups and stews? Would you like to know the recipes for six French sauces to be served with meats, fish or vegetables, or directions for making a curry sauce to serve with meat, fish or eggs? Would you like the name of the new lemon concentrate? Send a stamped self addressed envelope for these recipes to Mrs. Margaret Simpson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

MOTHERS!

Did you know that the U. S. Government had produced for you a 138-page, generously illustrated, finely printed book on baby health? This Official Handbook for mothers is the famous "Infant Care" that your doctor, nurse, and experienced friends recommend.

Written by America's five outstanding baby specialists, this authoritative book was also edited by the Federal Children's Bureau experts. To make the publication available to every mother, the Government has set the price at 10c, far below the actual cost of printing and sending the book to you. A nine-page index makes the volume easy to use as a daily instruction book and in emergencies.

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Behind the Hollywood Front

(Continued from page 23)

SORRY you weren't able to attend the buffet supper Frances Langford gave the U. S. C. graduating class (only the boys, however) at her Brentwood home. And I should have said "only the boys who didn't have any other homes to go to." Would you have qualified?

* * *

HERE'S a question that has concerned me for some time. Bing Crosby recently introduced Rose Bampton to his radio audience as: "The Battling Bamp from the Met." Furthermore, he introduced one of the world's greatest pianists, Rudolf Ganz, by saying "Meet my old pal, Rudy." Now this informality may be charming to some and it may appeal to the sponsors of the crooner's program, but I wonder if the line shouldn't be drawn somewhere in informality. When an artist rises to such heights as Bampton and Ganz, a certain respect should be paid them. Certainly no groveling or awe-inspired effulgences need be indulged in—but a straight-from-the-shoulder dignified introduction would be more in keeping with the type of artist. And also, the public may feel that it is not getting such a wonderful artist in "Rudy" as it is in "Rudolf Ganz, one of the world's greatest pianists." What do you think?

* * *

FRED ASTAIRE used to come whisking up to the NBC studios in a station wagon, but Johnny Green won't have any of that lack of style. He arrives in that long black shiny limousine with the snappy liveried chauffeur.

* * *

MARLYN STUART usually gurgles "Mama, here's that man again." But when the program was moved ahead an hour because of daylight saving time, the gal failed to put in an appearance. Producer Diana Bourbon stepped into the breach, became an actress for a minute and did the stint herself.

* * *

SOMEBODY says that social suicide is attained easiest in Hollywood by not playing tennis—or playing at it. Be that as it may, Michael Bartlett is taking up the game more seriously than ever and has now been appointed on several boards of directors (of racquet clubs, of course). He spends four or five hours a day on one of the courts at the Hollywood Tennis Club.

* * *

KEN MURRAY's Oswald (Tony La-briola has a fetish for new cars. He's had five in the past two years and just laid soft money on the line for a blue cabriolet which, despite the cost, will probably go the way of all Oswald's motors—discarded like a toy (oh, yeah!) in a few months. But if you think Oswald has taste in motor cars, you should get a load of his beauteous, flaxen-tressed wife. He also has a taste for feminine beauty, she proves.

* * *

PERSONALLY, I wish singers or their managers would have more say-so in the selection of songs for broadcasting purposes. I'm getting mighty sick of concert voices prancing through the paces of numbers like "The Love Bug Will Getcha," when too many crooners can do these ditties more acceptably.



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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Name
Street
City State
Color of your hair?

BETH Alexander (Ben's mother) is doing the interior decorations for Bob Burns' new Bel-Air igloo.

* * *

AL JOLSON starred in a film recently and quite by accident. On the way in from Encino, Al's car phut-phutted and the motor turned over for a siesta. Al pried under the hood, fiddled with this wire and that, grappled with the other gadgets. After a little while (by now in shirt sleeves and some perspiration), Al finally got the car started again, much to the delight of the crowd which had gathered to watch. A dulcet female voice wafted into Al's shell-like ear as his foot found the starter. "Thank you, Mr. Jolson," murmured the voice. "You've just starred in my amateur movie. I got three-hundred feet of the most marvelous action." And with that, the sidewalk producer disappeared into the crowd.

* * *

SO you've never heard Songbird Francia White's name linked amatorially, eh? Well, link it now—with her manager, Ed Lester.

* * *

OPEN LETTER TO VENITA VARDEN (Mrs. Jack Oakie): You caused quite an uproar during your husband's last broadcast, Venita, by prancing into the theater with your pet Sealyham under your arm. This wasn't so bad but you insisted on sitting on the stage to watch the show with the pooch in your lap. One yap from the bone-destroyer and the whole show would have gone higher than a kite. If you felt that your husband could "take it," you might have considered the nervousness of the other performers who were afraid their efforts might be punctuated with a few choice yap-yaps. Finally the sound man did take the dog away from you—over your protest—and deposit him outside. And for this, he deserves credit. But your reaction to his explanation is what is earning you the cordial dislike of too many people in radio. You're a nice girl, Venita, but the time for riding roughshod over people because you simply want your way, should have been discarded with your pigtails and schoolbooks. Yours for more consideration of the other fellow J. M. F.

* * *

NEW YORK big-wigs formerly auditioned Hollywood programs by means of transcriptions, but the old time element is creeping in and now the audition program is piped direct from here to the Big City just as a regular program is broadcast. Most recent important audition is a dramatic show with Henry Fonda as the male heart interest. The locale is San Francisco and an eye is out, apparently, for another "One Man's Family."

* * *

THERE are definite dickerings afoot for Oscar Homolka, the noted star of British films, and Barry Fitzgerald, who stole the picture "The Plough and the Stars," to appear in a coast-to-coast show in September. Fitzgerald was one of the Abbey players and will become a radio sensation if he can translate visual comedy for the ear.

* * *

GAIL PATRICK is big-time material for some sponsor. Her recent work on the Bing Crosby program tied up the switchboard at NBC with complimentary calls.

Now Ready . . .
Radio Mirror Readers'
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MRS. SIMPSON, Food Editor of RADIO MIRROR, asks us to tell you that at last she has found the cook book for which you and she have so long been searching. From the thousands of letters she receives Mrs. Simpson knows, as no one else can, exactly the sort of cook book her RADIO MIRROR readers need and want. When we saw the book she had selected we knew she was right, and immediately we ordered a special edition printed for RADIO MIRROR.

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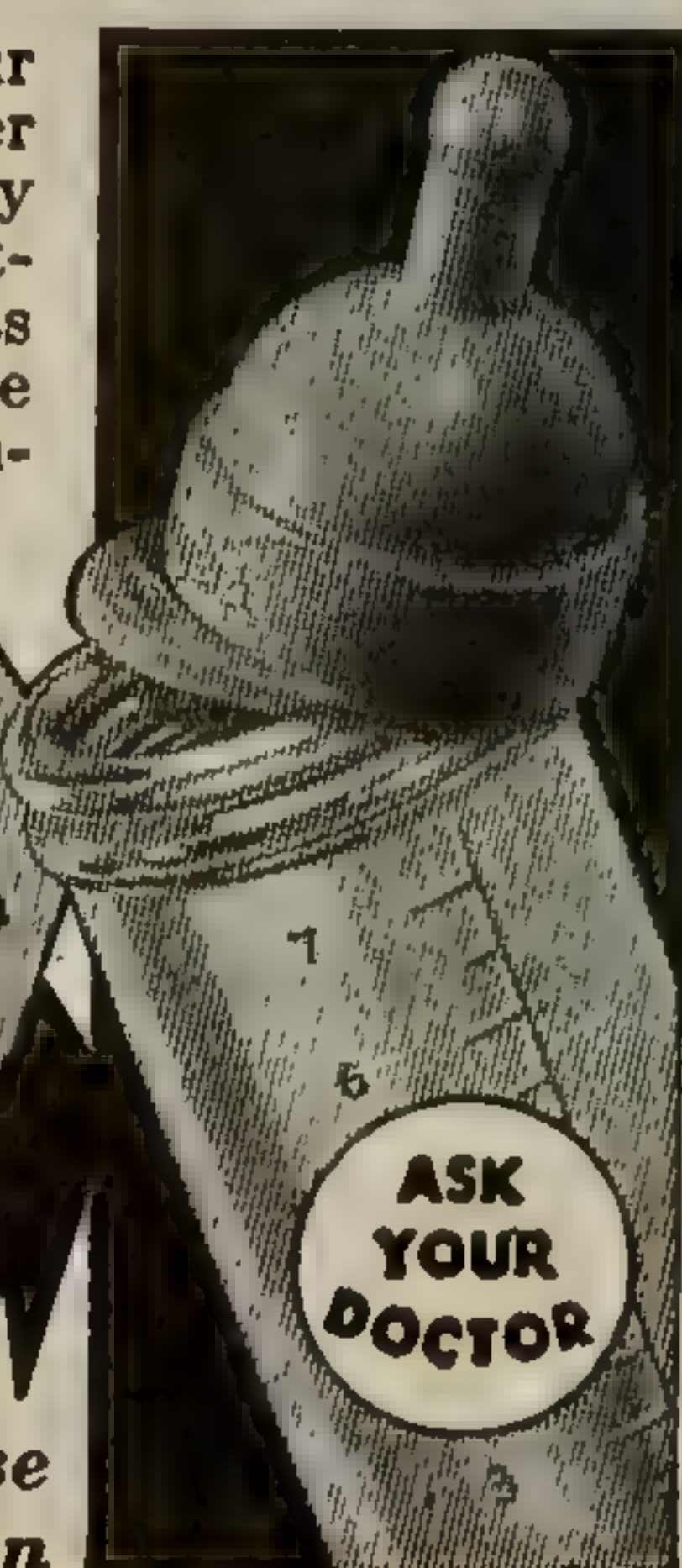
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- Get quick, soothing relief from asthmatic paroxysms with the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound. A time-tested standard remedy at druggists. Cigarettes 50¢ for 24.
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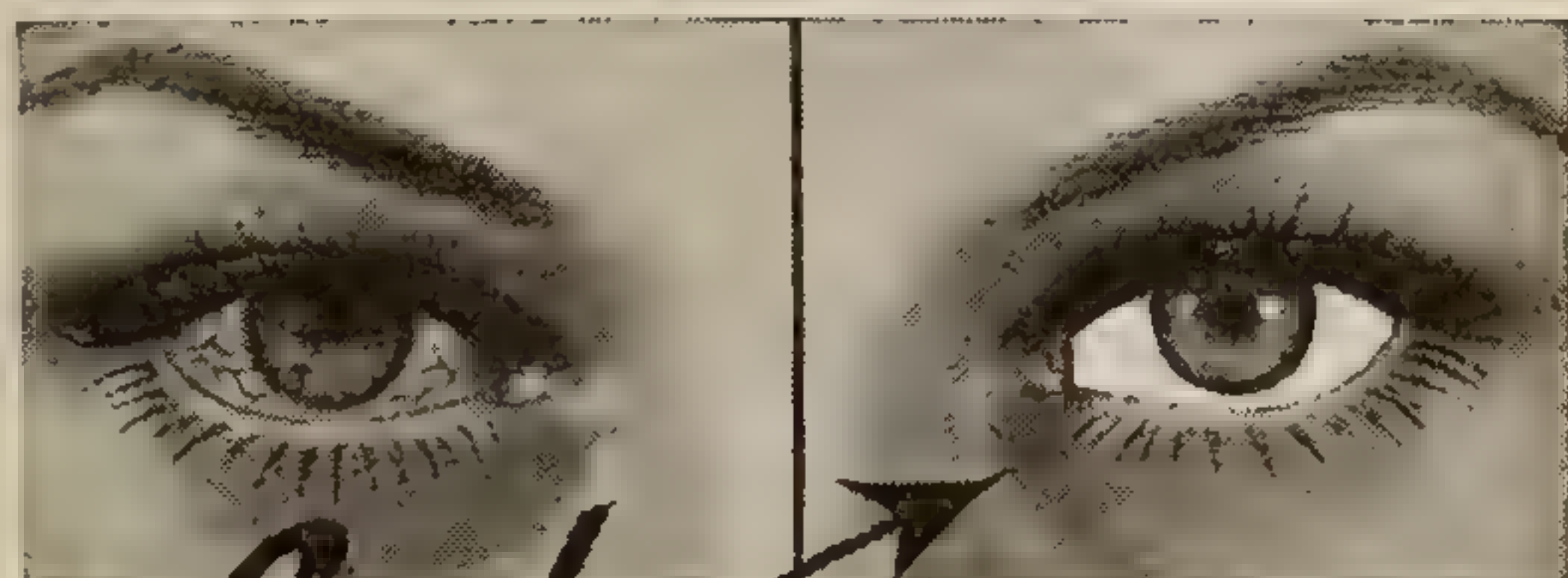
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JIMMINY (oops, Jimmy) Wallington and Jacques Renard, the baton boy, went fishing off Malibu over the week-end, caught eighty-odd fish and a dilly of a case of sunburn. Hence the open-neck, loose-fitting shirts on the following broadcast.

* * *

GRACE MOORE is soon to be on the way to Europe (in September) to visit Mary Garden at her villa in Cannes. The two divas will spend several months rehearsing arias from "Pelleas and Melisande."

* * *

ODDS and Ends: Jerry Cooper, Hollywood Hotel songster with the Bing Crosby tinge, used to be a New York bellhop. After singing on an amateur hour, he got four offers from sponsors . . . Francia White will not appear on any program this summer, despite reports to the contrary. She'll isolate herself on her Covina orange ranch to study the role of "Manon," made so famous by Lucrezia Bori . . . Anita Louise chatting with Louella Parsons in a pair of printed chintz shorts and a matching peasant coat. (Anita wore the costume; not Louella—and there's a difference!) . . . Because Donald Duck and Clara Cluck were such sensations on the Cantor show, Disney will put all his animal characters on the air before Christmas . . . Until lately, there's been only one place to find Elissa Landi at six o'clock (P.S.T.) on Wednesdays. I've seen her duck out of two cocktail parties and off the M-G-M set another time. She used to hop into her car, turn on the radio and listen to Nino Martini on the Andre Kostelanetz ciggie show. Is it romance or professional appreciation?

* * *

VIA WIRE—Vocalizing on Ken Murray shows is being done without benefit of Shirley Ross—because the sponsor did not like her. Which is another case in point (to me) where the sponsor is haywire . . . Don't be fooled by the rumors that the music set-up on Hollywood Hotel is to be changed. Raymond Paige and his 26-week option renewed—but recently . . . Billy Wilson, who high-tenored for the Old Maestro (sometimes called Ben Bernie, except by Winchell, who calls him everything else) came to the parting of the ways with his new Packard sponsor after the initial show . . . Winchell just laid cash on the line for an acre in Beverly Hills and will erect an igloo . . . Carlton Kadell, radio announcer, and Paula Winslow, radio actress, are blind to everyone else in the world. She used to be Mrs. Bill Goodwin . . . Francia White is eyeing the leading role of a Viennese operetta and will sing it, if her fall programs originate in Manhattan . . . Gertrude Berg is out here writing for moom pitchers, but she'll revive the famous Goldberg family for radio this fall, and maybe "House of Glass," too—for which hurray . . . Came 4th of July and Jack Oakie's mama had to blow out sixty-nine candles on her natal day cake . . . Eddie Cantor hopped off to Arrowhead Lake for what he called a rest—so Banjo-eyes tripped the light fantastic every night and every dance . . . Florence Lake is playing the role of Mrs. Oswald on the Ken Murray show. She's sister to Arthur (Harold Teen) Lake . . . Didn't it strike you funny, too, that Amazon Ellen Wills broadcast for Lux in a voice that was strangely high-pitched and timid? . . . Don Wilson, the Jello laugh-bag, is spending the summer doing sports commentaries for the pitchers.



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WHEN I finished explaining that our romantic madness must end, Lynn's face went white with anger. Warned by his expression I pleaded, "Please, Lynn, don't touch me."

Sanity seemed to leave him. All consideration gone, he forced his embraces upon me. In half-coherent frenzy he panted—"Don't touch me, eh? You don't want marriage with me? Very well then but don't forget that you are mine—that I keep my possessions."

As he looked for his flask I wrenched open the car door and ran wildly back toward the main

highway. A startled oath and he was out of the car and following me.

* * * *

What was to be the end of this reckless romance that had seemed so gay and sweet when she heedlessly embraced it? What mad act was this son of her employer not capable of now? Judy could not know. She could not imagine. The day soon came when grim reality disclosed—but read in her own words the story of the breathtaking drama that had to be lived before romance was paid for! In August True Story—now on sale—the title is OUT OF A SUMMER'S MADNESS.

Other Gripping Episodes From the Diary of Life In This Thrilling Issue

Kate Smith's Own Story—Cast-Off Lady—Nothing Could Save Her—As Our Hearts Dictated—Headline Love—The Gossip Legion—Why I Hated My Wife—I Thought I Was Going Insane—Woman Deserted—We Took Our Love. . . . THE TRUE STORY HOME MAKER again brings a wealth of practical helps towards making homes happier and life more thrilling and satisfying.



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The Beginning of Beauty

(Continued from page 42)

Garland, "are a bit too severe, I think, in refusing their growing daughters any conscious beauty care, because they fear a possible artificiality and 'grown-upness' while the girls are still hardly more than children. I remind them that a good many of them began the beauty treatments of their girls in the kindergarten days when they put camphor ice on tiny chapped hands and frost-nipped cheeks after school.

"I see no harm in Judy's using cold cream. As a matter of fact, I've chosen, with a great deal of caution, thoroughly suitable cleansing cream, also. Occasionally, in hot weather, when Judy is going to a young folks' party, she coaxes—just as I used to—for permission to use powder. Like all other mothers, I suspect, I usually give in. I make certain the powder is an exact match for Judy's skin, and that it is applied daintily, hardly more than a light dusting. It makes a young lady feel charmingly sophisticated and still is perfectly natural in appearance."

JUDY herself adds a word to her mother's more serious comments. "To tell the truth," she says, "we girls seem to worry more about clothes than about not being allowed to make up yet. For one thing, my sisters have told me how mother helped them to keep lovely complexions by just scrubbing away with good old soap."

"Did you notice the contrast in our two pictures this month? Yet they're both of girls just fourteen years old! Having heard from our modern sub-deb, Judy, let's get a word from our teen-age alumna, Gracie Allen.

"It tickles me to see how much fun young girls have nowadays keeping their sweet natural charm," observes Gracie, "and growing into smart young women who know the virtue of applying cosmetics sparingly and artistically.

"I like the sensible and attractive ways they devise for wearing their hair. When I think of the patient—and none too pleasant—hours girls used to endure for the fashionable long curls of a few years back, I realize that today's chic little demoiselles don't know how lucky they are. I myself was blessed with hair just curly enough to be combed into long ringlets without too much fuss. But it was a great deal of bother for a very active Gracie to keep it always neat-looking.

"Nowadays these teensters look sleek and well-coiffed, yet they have hairdresses that can be licked into place with a one-two of the brush. I don't think it's wrong for a girl of, say thirteen or fourteen, to be allowed a simple finger wave or a smooth, sidely-spaced marcel. No rouge and no eye make-up, I'd say, however, for these naturally lovely members of the youngest set. If they only knew how older girls try to emulate the healthy sheen of their youthfulness!"

Jolly Gillette, known as the Sponsor's Daughter on the Gillette Summer Hotel radio show every Sunday night, may have a grown-up voice, but she's just a lively girl of ten. She's by no means too young, however, to be curious about beauty care.

"I try to impress upon Jolly," says her mother, "that a young lady's complexion is a vital asset in everything she does. And she knows a healthy skin is a beautiful one. She understands, too, that the proper functioning of tiny glands which must be kept in good order is essential to a healthful complexion.

"Regular shampooing and an energetic hairbrushing keep her thick, deep black

hair aglow, and her naturally rosy cheeks make me hopeful that it will be a long, long while before I have to discuss with her 'to rouge or not to rouge.' Thus far, Jolly's chief beauty care is a very promising concern about the proper way of washing. She knows the importance of a thorough rinse to remove all suds and a good splashing with cold water to close the pores."

Few fourteen-year-old girls have been so swiftly catapulted into the national spotlight as Deanna Durbin. A singing star on Eddie Cantor's broadcasts, she was raised to movie stardom, also, overnight. Deanna's own mother is her model for beauty.

"Mother has such a lovely complexion," says Mrs. Durbin's most devoted fan, "and I know, when she says there'll be plenty of time later on for rouge and lipstick, that she's quite right. Of course, it is fun, when I'm going to a masquerade party or something, to give myself—just once—scarlet cupid-bows or make my eyebrows look different. I think I like myself better, though, the natural way. I like to take good care of my hands and nails, though mother says not to use any polish except the colorless, or very pale pink."

For the last word on beauty care for growing girls, we turn to Eddie Cantor's beloved wife, Ida, who has reared five daughters. "There's a subtle gradation," she observes, "in the amount and use of make-up for girls between ten and twenty, it seems to me. Year by year, the values change. It's been rather confusing at times, with five young ladies in our household, each of them with a little different point of view about these questions. Basically, to be sure, they've all taken pains to follow enthusiastically the soap-and-water treatment.

"Careful attention to well-kept hair, also, has been the rule with my girls. Janet and Marilyn, the youngest, do a surprising amount of experimenting with coiffures. They try it combed back, then fluffed over the ears. They try bangs and they try long bobs—and I let them, as long as they keep their young coiffures soft and simple.

WHEN the girls are old enough to use more sophisticated items of make-up, they've seen enough of such things to be aware of the delicacy necessary for the application of eyeshadow, rouge, and so on. For formal occasions, of course, there is a certain dressed-up feeling that comes from the use of cosmetics, and I think the seventeen or eighteen-year-old may use them occasionally.

"Once when the older girls were quite small they got into a make-up kit while playing show with some little friends in their upstairs playroom. I took them to a mirror by the window and let them take a good, long look at their over-red lips and too-white faces. There was never any necessity after that for telling them that 'later on' was time enough for the more elaborate cosmetics!"

There are the simple golden rules for the golden age of beauty. Maybe you're still in your teens—just at the experimental age. Maybe you have a daughter in her teens. Whatever your status as to age and position, you can use them as the basis for your beauty regime!

The most important cosmetics you have are your soaps, bath powders and eau de colognes. For a list of the newest and finest, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your query to Joyce Anderson, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

CORNS



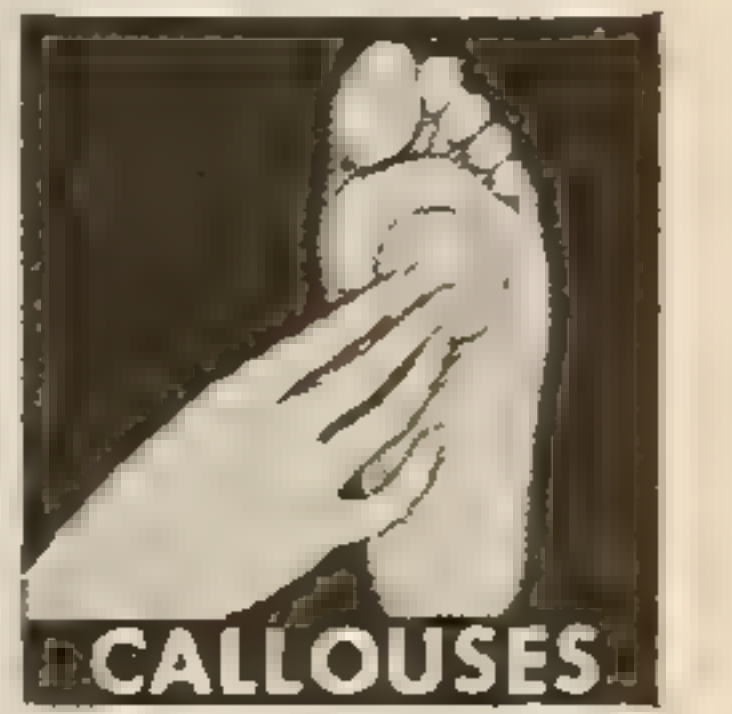
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As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 24, LOWELL, MASS.

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AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Coast-to-Coast Highlights

(Continued from page 6)

the football season to listen to the University of Minnesota's Coach, Bernie Bierman, tell about the game of the previous Saturday and to see complete motion pictures of it.

Dick came to Minneapolis from Duluth, Minnesota; studied law at the U. of M.; served with the U. S. Marines during the war; and served on both Minneapolis and St. Paul newspapers before becoming sports editor of the Journal last year.

A MAN AND AN IDEA

Seattle: Carl Olson, a youthful Seattle, Washington, publisher of a chain of community papers, long cherished a broadcasting idea before he could interest a radio station in it. When the young publisher approached Seattle's largest station, KOMO, with his plan for a morning program called Morning Reveries, he offered to supply all the talent gratis; all he asked was a chance for the program on the air. Morning Reveries was to be a program with a mixture of music, inspirational poetry, homely philosophy, and very brief messages by the city's leading pastors.

It's the old story of an idea that had merit but no sponsor. Olson pleaded that if the station would donate its time, he would donate his and if the program didn't click they could take it off the air. Finally, the station yielded and he was given an early-morning spot. That was the beginning. Olson directed his program chiefly to shut-ins, cripples, and bed-ridden listeners and, in addition, by his announcements, collected flowers which he distributed to his shut-in tuner-inners.

Although it was soon obvious the program was as popular as its originator had hoped it would be, it ran fully a year before the station signed the youthful idealist at a nominal salary. But it was that one year given without pay except for the countless letters of appreciation, that proved a man's hunch and made many, many shut-ins happier.

Today the program is successful beyond even the wildest dreams of the publisher, and aged and young alike look upon him as their personal friend in whom they confide their hopes and fears, although they've never seen him. Most listeners think he is an old man, but he is old only in enthusiasm—an enthusiasm about the business of helping others less fortunate than himself.

POINTING WITH PRIDE

Oklahoma City: Out in Oklahoma where you Sooner listeners are being treated to a radio news broadcast every Tuesday and Friday eve at 10:45 there's an unbeatable combination. And we hope you'll pardon our boasting because RADIO MIRROR is one small part of that combination while KFJR's announcer Harold Sparks is the other ninety per cent. In other words, your favorite radio magazine supplies the up-to-the-minute news about radio's great and near-great for this interesting program while Harold furnishes the Sparks that gives it that microphone appeal.

Harold is only a youngster in years, twenty-four to be exact, but old in experience. Crashing the radio gates at KFJR in 1930 as a sustaining announcer, in less than a month's time he was conducting five of the station's outstanding commercial shows. After a year he resigned to enter newspaper work, but the radio bug had bitten harder than he realized and it was but a short time until he found himself back at the microphones of



IT ALMOST DROVE ME MAD!

THE PAIN I BORE IN SILENCE!

If there's any pain that is maddening, it is that of Piles! There seems to be no relief in any position you take. Even a reclining position holds no relief.

But Piles do more than torture you. They drain your strength and vitality. They line your face and make you look drawn and haggard. They handicap you in your every activity.

The worst part about Piles, however, is that on account of the delicacy of the ailment, many hesitate to seek relief. And, as any doctor will tell you, Piles can develop into something very serious.

What you should do if you have Piles, is to try Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and definitely. It almost instantly relieves the distress due to Piles—the pain, soreness, itching. It is definitely efficacious because it does three things.

Three Effects in One!

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve inflammation, soreness and itching.

Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy.

Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

Satisfy Yourself!

Pazo comes in tubes fitted with a special Pile Pipe which permits application high up in the rectum. It also now comes in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory.

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 72-MC, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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FREE Samples Earn steady income just showing samples to friends and others—full or spare time. No experience needed. Liberal profits. Also sell Christmas Card Assortments, 25 folders for \$1; others low as 50c. Men and women—earnings start at once. Get free outfit.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-121, Chicago, Ill.

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WAKE UP SALLOW BRUNETTE SKIN..

To Clear, Olive Beauty ...IN 5 DAYS!

DULL, dark skin no longer need make brunettes and blondes look older! A gentle creme now banishes dull outer film... surface freckles, pimples, blackheads. In a few days. Leaves skin thrillingly soft, clear! Use Golden Peacock Bleach Creme just one week! At cosmetic counters or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. M-295, Paris, Tenn.

various Oklahoma, Indiana, Texas, and California stations. An Oklahoman by birth he preferred home state stations and eventually settled at KFXX where, in addition to the RADIO MIRROR news broadcast, he is in charge of special event programs, writes and conducts a daily sports resume, and handles a large percentage of his station's sponsored shows. Which seems to be conclusive proof that every day this little man has a busy day.

"MOUSEY" TO YOU

New York: From soap box stage portrayals of fairy tales to a howling successful job of stooging on Colonel J. C. Flippen's Broadway Melody hour over WHN-WOR in New York City is quite a step even if you don't like stooging. But Betty Worth—that is, "Mousey" to you, on the Colonel's M.H.—obviously likes it just as much as she did her early fairy tale productions at the age of five.

Although born in New York, Betty received her schooling from coast to coast. East, midwest, and west—wherever might be home at the time. Sticking to her very early decision of wanting to be an actress, she landed her first real job in a New York play, "First Night". The part called for her to walk across the stage in an evening gown, and on the opening night she tripped. Betty didn't say what happened to her part after that but we have our suspicions because she was soon trying her hand at playing summer stock theaters. And then followed a whirl in the Ziegfeld Follies, but like all shows, the Follies eventually closed. It was then some one suggested radio and Betty went to CBS with what she claims was the worst case of mike fright on record. However, she managed to survive the test and received her first radio part—a part calling

for her to scream on the March of Time. Betty must have been a good screamer because it was shortly after, in 1935, that she came to WHN where you ten-ten dialers have heard her on many programs. In Shakespearean plays; as Jane on the Ida Bailey Allen show; the Flame Fighters; and impersonating famous actresses on the WHN Movie Club.

MUSICAL AMBASSADORS

Winnipeg: When thirteen expert musicians, each of a different nationality, band together and blow and play both sweet and hot in perfect harmonious unison, what would you call their music? Listeners have dubbed it The League of Nations of Music. And that is Harold Green's International Orchestra heard around the world through the James Richardson Canadian Network of stations CJRC, Winnipeg; CJRM, Regina; CJGX, Yorkton; and short wave stations CJRO and CJRX at Middlechurch.

Organized three years ago by Harold Green, musical director of CJRC, this group of thirteen different nationalities has gained international recognition. During programs each player greets listeners in his mother country in that country's language, and when it plays for social and exclusive dance functions the band swings under the name of the Royal Alexandrians.

To prove their claim of all-nation membership there is, first: Harold Green, American born big chief of the gang who composes, arranges, and fingers the ivories; Doug Ferguson, Scotch drummer, vibrophoner, and tympanist; German Henry Elsasser, accordion squeezer; Emil Mignacca, Italian violinist with the viola on the side; "Slim" Lewis, the band's only Canuck, plays sax, guitar, and heads the musical arranging department; Paul

Olynyk, Ukrainian, sousaphone and bass viola; Jack Kushner, Jewish tenor sax, clarinet, and flute player; Russian Michael Barton, plays violin, viola, trumpet, and French horn; Bill Driver from Ireland plays alto and clarinet; Art Hart, English alto, sax, clarinet, and flute blower; Leo Martin, Polish trumpet and melophone player. There, does that make thirteen? Well, almost—we only forgot one: Frenchman Emile Bernier. Emile is the trombone and trumpet tooter. Dorothy Alt, lovely blue-singer who boasts Canadian-German blood, completes the membership of these Internationalists heard all over the globe.

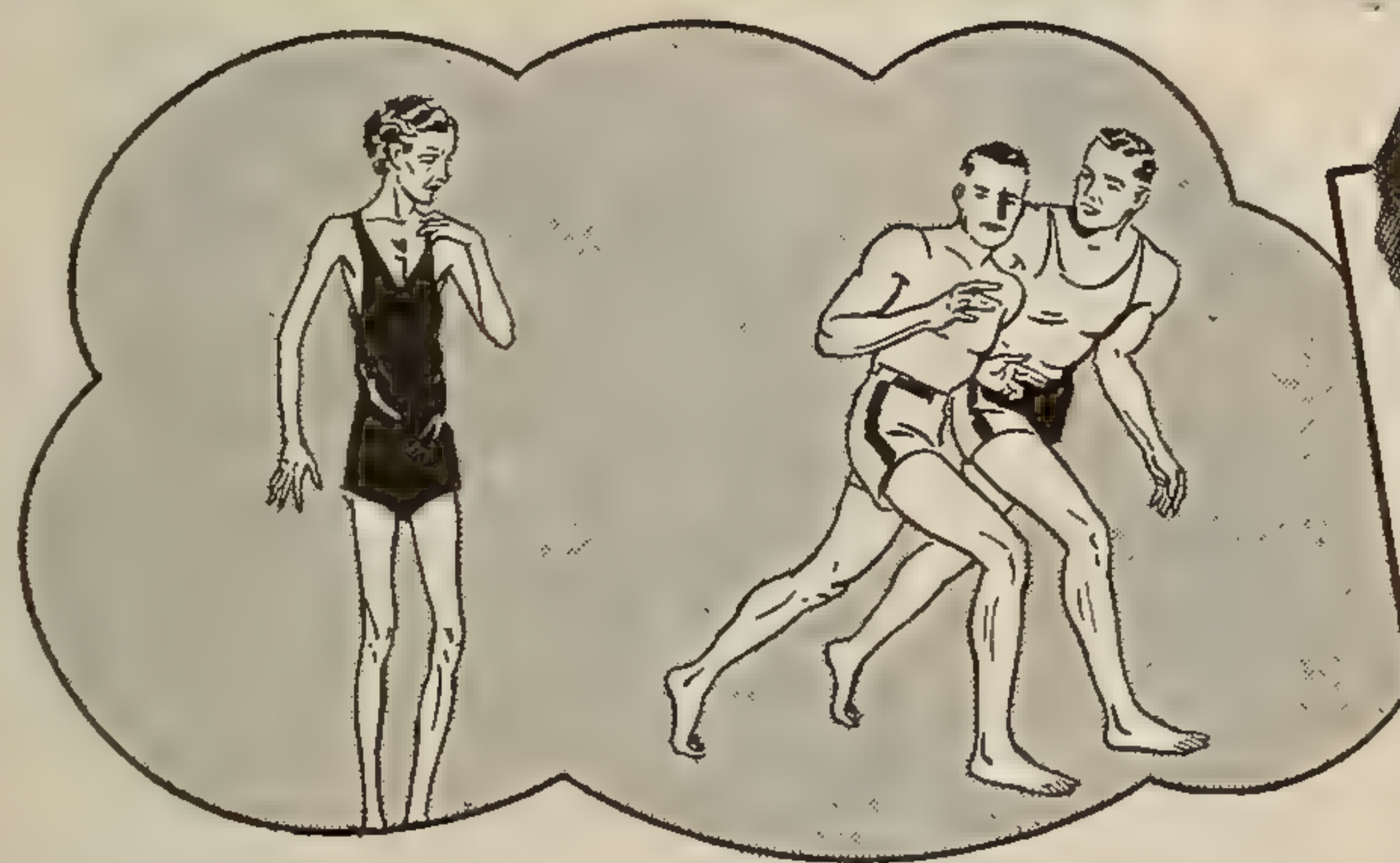
AN ANNOUNCER IS BORN

Salt Lake City: One of the better announcers of the west was brought into being when the managing director of a Utah radio station heard the voice of a Salt Lake City ice cream manufacturer. Glenn Shaw, KSL senior announcer, was the owner of the voice and today is that station's busiest microphoner.

Establishing an enviable fan record in the four and a half years he has been airnouncing for KSL, Glenn has done everything from presenting Kiddie Hours to stooging rasslers on the fine points of grunting "Hello, momma." He is currently conducting and producing the Night Boat, one of Salt Lake's oldest sustaining radio features, and has been assigned the announcing post on the new Mar-O-Oil show. As a member of the KSL players he calls himself Gary Stratton.

Now twenty-six, he is a family man with three kiddies at home to listen for daddy's voice to come through the loudspeaker. So ambitious he obviously, but graciously, resented the time lost in this three minute interview.

THE MEN IGNORED HER—SHE WAS SO SKINNY!



"When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you and you never have a date. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."

—Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

— then she gained 11 LBS. QUICK, new popularity

New IRONIZED YEAST tablets
give thousands 10 to 25 lbs.
— in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny, rundown people who never could put on an ounce before have recently gained 10 to 25 pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh, glorious new pep and popularity—in just a few weeks!

They've taken this new, scientific formula, Ironized Yeast, which although developed and perfected at the cost of many thousands of dollars, comes to you in pleasant tablets which cost you only a few cents a day!

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in

ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are then added. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and re-tested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take but marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest, scrawniest people quickly to gain just the normally attractive curves, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

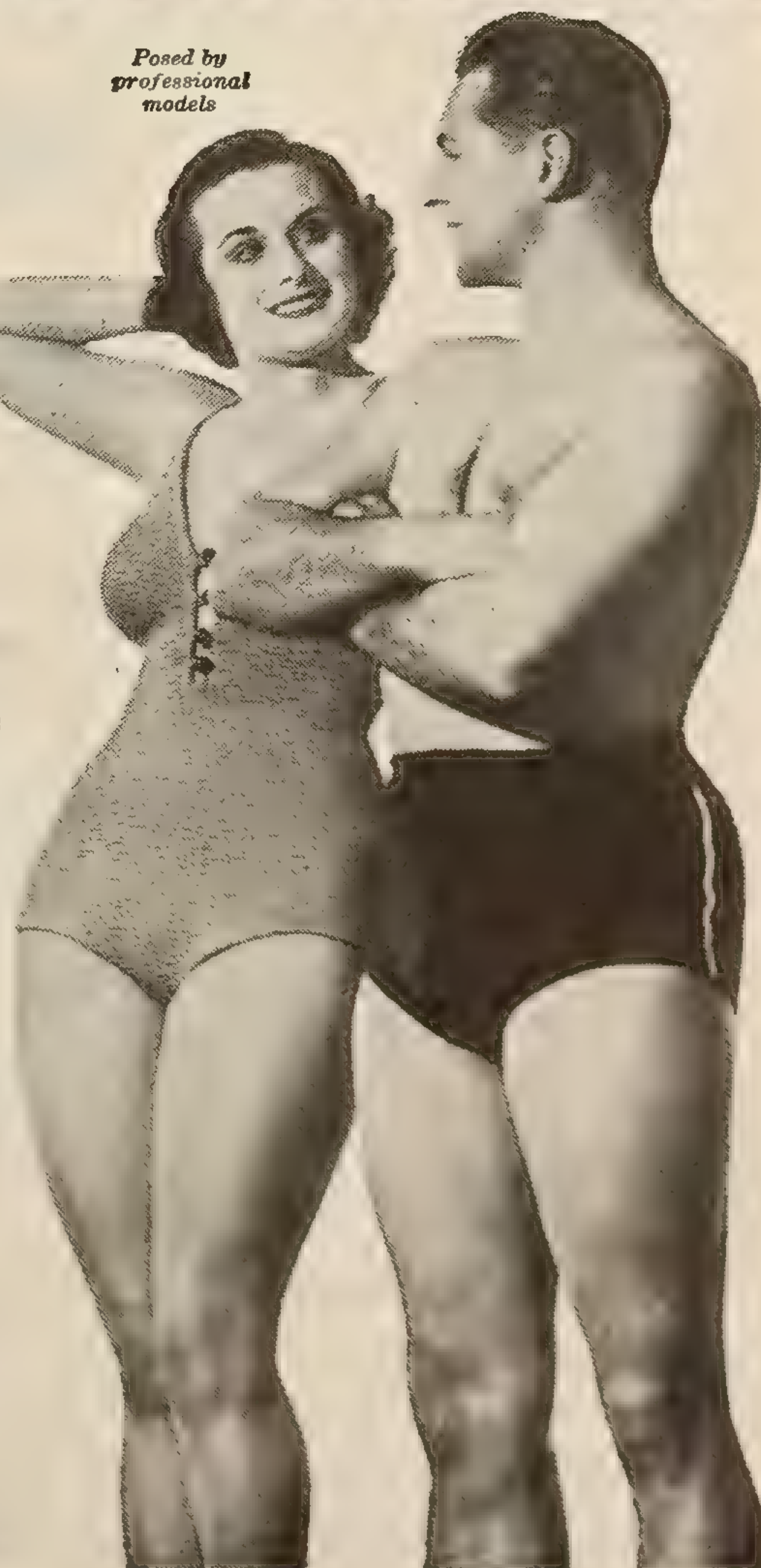
If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 229, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast.

Posed by professional models





CONFESSIONS of a Love Doctor's Secretary

● Psychoanalysis can be a very wonderful or a very terrible thing according to the ability and ethics of the psychoanalyst. You will find deadly quacks as well as splendid practitioners among psychoanalysts and woe to the victim, particularly if it be a neurotic woman, who falls into the hands of the quacks.

In *Physical Culture* for September the ex-secretary of one of America's most outstanding quack psychoanalysts tells vividly and intimately the havoc, both mental and physical, she saw wrought upon many of his patients.

Her brilliant article, while not an indictment of psychoanalysis when properly administered, is a frank and fearless exposé of the seamy side of a science the very nature of which furnishes the charlatan a natural opportunity to mulct the public not only of its money but often of its health and morals.

In your own protection read "Confessions of a Love Doctor's Secretary" complete in the September issue of *Physical Culture*, the gripping personal problem magazine, on sale everywhere.

DIVORCE IN HASTE—AND REPENT AT LEISURE

● That is what Betty did when she returned from Europe and found that during her absence her husband had become disastrously involved with another woman. Reno—divorce—freedom—all in quick succession. Later misery, unhappiness and bitter regret with plenty of time to think about it. So many divorces fail to solve any marital problem that it will pay anyone even remotely considering divorce to read Betty's true, in-

timate account of her experience with divorce. Entitled "I Blundered Into Divorce", you will find it not only most enlightening but very, very interesting. Read it by all means in *Physical Culture* for September.

The MIRACLE OF YOUR HAVING BEEN BORN

● Did you know you are a sixteen-million-to-one shot? The amazing story of your prenatal life is told by Amram Scheinfeld in his absorbingly interesting article on heredity entitled, "The Miracle of Your Having Been Born." If you wish to learn things about yourself you never dreamed, read it today in *Physical Culture* for September now on sale everywhere.



WILL APPROVED BIRTH CONTROL AFFECT SEX MORALS?

By approving birth control the A.M.A. throws this controversial subject strongly into the limelight. Many questions arise—power of life and death—health—morals—quackery—malpractice. For your own information and enlightenment you must read Cyrus Bernstein's brilliant and illuminating article on birth control in the September issue of *Physical Culture*.



OTHER GRIPPING FEATURES IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

MY RECOVERY FROM INCURABLE DISEASE (ASTHMA)
● REDUCING — RIGHT AND WRONG ● AM I DOOMED TO BE A CHILD ALL MY LIFE? ● WHEN BABY IS FEVERISH ● SINUS SURGERY UNNECESSARY ● ARE YOU THE VICTIM OF THE MEDICAL RACKET ● HEALTH FOR THE EXPECTANT MOTHER, AND MANY OTHER HELPFUL, ABSORBINGLY INTERESTING FEATURES.

Physical Culture is the one magazine devoted exclusively to the solution of the personal problems of its readers. No matter what your problem of mind or body may be, others have had it and solved it. *Physical Culture* will tell you how they solved it so that you may profit by their experience.



SEPTEMBER

Physical Culture

The personal problem magazine.
Get your copy today

Charlie McCarthy Really Lives!

(Continued from page 19)

"I did that, mother," he exclaimed. "I made that noise! Can't I do it simply wonderful?"

What his mother said is not recorded. She probably gave him a maternal look of combined impatience and indulgence and told him to run outside and play.

A week later Edgar owned a book on ventriloquism. It had been advertised in a magazine on magic he had been reading and he had sent for it with twenty-five cents in stamps. Then no one was safe. He confused his school-mates on the street and on the ball-field and he confused his teachers in the school-room. To imitate the voices of the boys he knew was easy enough; he had been practicing mimicry for a long time.

Five years later, when Edgar was nineteen, Charlie came into being; born of an idea and a large block of white pine. Together they worked Edgar's way through the Northwestern University. They played the Chautauqua circuit in the summer and local vaudeville houses during the school term. Their first check was for three dollars for five Saturday performances, but they didn't work for that small sum very long.

IN those days Charlie wore a baseball suit and a cap pulled at a rakish angle over one eye. From the beginning, you see, Charlie expressed Edgar's innermost desires. Edgar would have liked to be a baseball hero with lightning in his throwing arm and words laconically dropping from the corner of his mouth.

They went West together, as young men should, and played in vaudeville on the Pacific Coast. The lovely girls in the theaters interested Edgar—but he was strange to the casual manners of show business. The theater might be part of his dreams but it was not part of his blood. No one else in the Bergen family ever had been behind the curtain. But if Edgar was too shy to make friends, Charlie wasn't. Charlie always speaks to anyone he likes, and people would get to know him first and Edgar afterwards.

There was Dorothy Edwards, for instance. She used to play with the Comedy Knock-outs, a team which went on just before Edgar and Charlie on one of their vaudeville tours. Edgar used to prop Charlie up in the "change room," a little booth where the performers would go to make quick costume changes. Coming in, Dorothy would always find Charlie there inside the room, while Edgar stood just outside the door.

"Hello!" Charlie would say. "Better hurry! Better step on it, Dorothy. You're terribly slow today. You are really. You'll never make it—the boys are nearly finished with their song!"

After a joke like this it was perfectly natural for Dorothy to smile at Edgar when she passed him on her way to the stage. And often enough—having hurried more than necessary because of Charlie's fussing—she had time to stop and chat for a minute or two before it was time for her to tilt her head prettily, purse her lips, open her parasol, and trip on.

Edgar and Charlie played in vaudeville with increasing success for several years. They went to London and Paris, Stockholm and Iceland and South America. They came back wearing white ties and top hats and tails, with maroon carnations in their button-holes. And I have an idea it was through Charlie that Edgar Bergen, born to obscure Swedish-American parents in Chicago in 1903, made his transition into a young cosmopolite. He

would be shy about adopting little elegancies of living even though he could well afford them, even though he hankered for them in his heart. But once Charlie had evening clothes made to order and the hotel florist had a standing order to send him a maroon carnation every day it was only another step for Edgar to adopt all these things for himself, too.

They really needed to be elegant in Europe. In London they appeared at a private party at Grosvenor House, with the former Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness among those present. And in Sweden they gave a command performance before the Crown Prince.

In Venezuela things were different. There, at Laguara, they played for the lepers. Confined in an enclosure, the lepers were far from being a responsive audience. They pressed white faces up against the bars. Death lay quietly waiting in their eyes. But Edgar and Charlie understood how these men consigned to their long doom would find it necessary to stop feeling all emotion. Therefore when they didn't laugh, when their faces didn't brighten Edgar and Charlie worked harder than ever. And if their effort created a moment or two of forgetfulness for even a few of those men they rate that performance their greatest success.

Upon their return to America bad news awaited them. Vaudeville, which had given them their living for so many years, had practically disappeared from the stage. So they girded their loins in the black broadcloth of their fine London-tailored clothes, cocked their top hats at an angle, and set forth to conquer the night-club field. Finally they were successful. That "finally" covers a multitude of set-backs and fears and revision of their dialog, all of which Edgar writes himself, many times before he caught the right tempo for their new audience.

Their night-club appearances brought them to the Vallee Hour and the Vallee Hour brought them to their present star spot on the Chase and Sanborn program and the movie work which now keeps them on their toes.

THE wardrobe ordered for Charlie before he and Edgar flew to California was something to see. Cavanaugh of Park Avenue made his slouch hats and his berets. He was photographed by candid cameramen while he was fitted to his camel's hair coat. And his green pajamas, size four, piped in beige, came from a smart Fifth Avenue haberdasher. To the last detail his wardrobe was everything an actor bound for Hollywood would dream about but which his better judgment would restrain him from buying—unless, like lucky Edgar, he had a Charlie through whom he dared express his subconscious personality.

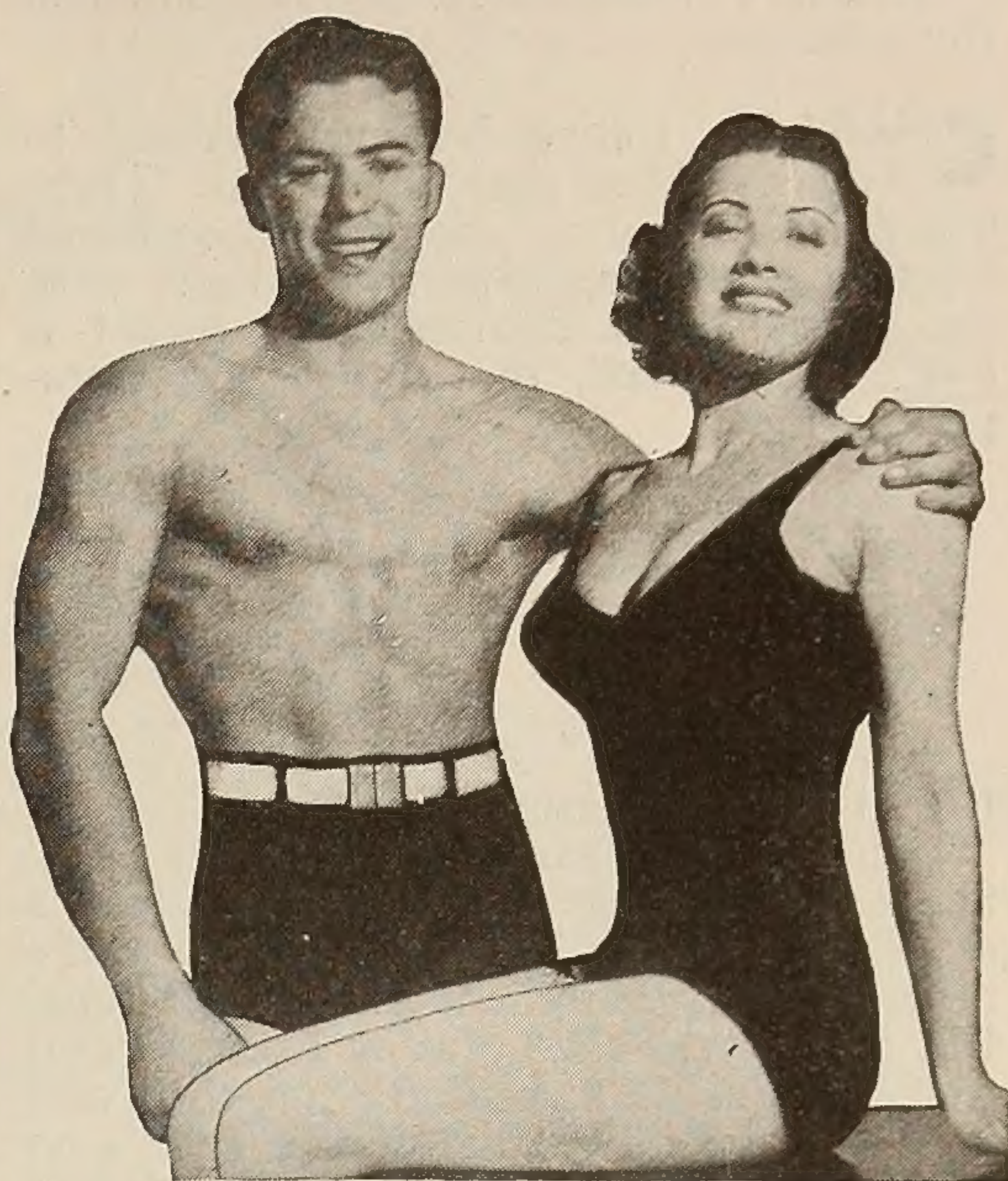
A few weeks before Edgar and Charlie left for California they appeared at a fashion show. Sitting in the rear of the salon where this show was held, waiting to go on, Edgar watched several gentlemen hat designers run back and forth with their latest creations. Swish back and forth would be a better way to put it for they were those gentlemen now described as chickadees.

To the end Edgar restrained himself. But when a chickadee swished past Charlie he leaned forward and, in his best soprano, piped out "Dee-er, Dee-er!"

I saw Edgar and Charlie making a movie scene which found them in bed with Charlie's top hat hanging over a bed-post

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to indicate they had made a night of it. When the scene was finally shot, almost every line in it was the result of the ad libbing Edgar had done during the rehearsals. Several of the improvised lines referred to girls. Then, during one rehearsal, Edgar tried having Charlie clear his throat in a way that left nothing to the imagination and lean over the side of the bed searchingly. I spoke up about that. It wouldn't, I explained, please women in the audience.

CHARLIE, rolling his eyes, turned to Edgar. "Hear that?" he asked. "There was no trouble at all about all those broad lines you put in. Six is all right with the ladies! But clearing your throat is out! No? Well, that's the way it impresses me!"

Edgar has another dummy, Elmer Snerd. Elmer, he says, is a stupid country boy who hails from Keokuk, Iowa, where he's the main squirt on a dairy farm that boasts five cows. But Elmer never has and never will be important in Edgar's life, like Charlie.

"Charlie," says Edgar "has a great deal of the imp in him. He's honest really, but he will lie if he thinks it will help him."

At this point there was a little groan from Charlie who seemed anxious to change the subject. "I haven't been a bit well," he said, playing for attention. "I suffer all the time. I even suffer when I think how I suffer. No one knows. I wouldn't tell them. It's none of their business!"

It was about here that the telephone rang and Edgar left me alone with Charlie

who was propped up on the bed, in his green pajamas, his head slightly turned in my direction. Perhaps I confess to imbecility but I kept expecting him to speak. When he didn't I felt I should. I knew I would sound crazy talking to him. But when I didn't talk to him I felt like a stupid lump. So I left the room. I had no more than crossed the threshold than Charlie's voice called after me: "Do tell my public I'm a simple boy, but simple! Tell them I don't want to be a millionaire; that I just want to live like one!"

Edgar Bergen stood before me at the telephone. "Good-bye," he said. "It was nice of you to come." He acted like a gentleman and a scholar. And why wouldn't he when as an outlet for every other instinct he has Charlie?

The Feud That's Shaking Hollywood—With Laughter

(Continued from page 29)

to a little temperament.

Consider, they said. Shirley's new here. She's just hitting the big time, after a series of bad breaks, and naturally she's nervous about her career. Give her time. But a few weeks ago Shirley Ross stopped suddenly during a scene for her then current assignment, "This Way Please"—on the second day of production—and walked off the set. And she didn't come back.

Then Hollywood sat up and took special notice.

Now movie studios fear a feud among their contractees more than anything else. It means tension and icy looks on the set, a mood not calculated to further the efficient, smooth progress of a scheduled film. Even technicians and props and cameramen are nervous.

It's tough on the stars themselves for that matter. When the powers that be discover, in the middle of a picture, an affair of hate at first sight, there's nothing to do but head down the home stretch under difficulties. But no studio can afford to make another picture with the same feuding players.

So there's one thing left to do. Simply route the two warring people into different productions—a difficult thing to do at best. Very often the unlucky stars lose out on a smash hit which could have been produced if they'd worked together.

Sometimes a star survives this without any trouble. But other times, it's just the beginning of a whole chain of bad luck. Hollywood today is wondering, "Is Shirley Ross lucky enough and box-office enough to ward off any consequences?"

That's why Hollywood, the old meanie, is laughing, for Hollywood loves a fight at any time. It's especially tickled with this one because, from such tiny beginnings no one even knows what they are, it has developed into something that's keeping a whole studio on its toes. Why, it's even winning the title of "jinx" for a picture that's planned for a big fall hit. Besides, who doesn't like to see two lovely women toss their noses in the air

at each other?

To go back to the original Shirley Ross-Martha Raye feud during the filming of "Waikiki Wedding," no one seems to know exactly what started the feeling between them. Martha, at least, won't put it into words. She has announced, I'm told, that she "just doesn't like the shape of Shirley's mouth—" worthy of a lawyer for saying a lot by saying nothing.

Martha tells her friends that Shirley "puts on the act all the time," but the term is too peculiarly Hollywood for easy definition. It means broadly, the business of acting like a star off screen—doing a Garbo—giving out with the lorgnette stuff. And it's a perfectly healthy natural thing for a new star to do.

ANYWAY, the strain of "Waikiki Wedding" didn't prove too tough to take, though everyone was glad when Martha and Shirley were finished. It was different when "This Way Please" began. Mary Livingstone, according to various members of the company, just hadn't the energy or the time to take anything unexpected from Shirley—even if this was Mary's first picture. Martha, during "Waikiki Wedding" gagged her feelings. When she didn't approve of something Shirley did, she made a quick joke of it. And that was that.

But Mrs. Jack Benny didn't have Martha's bubbling spirit. She'd heard rumors before she started the picture and when she walked on the set that second day, her sleeves were already rolled up.

It all came to a boil with the battle of the wardrobe department when both Mary and Shirley went in for a fitting. Besides the wardrobe mistress, they were the only two people in the room. Mary, I'm told, had prearranged an appointment because she had an important engagement and was pressed for time.

As Mary told friends later, Shirley said to the seamstress: "How about doing my dress now?"

The seamstress apologized and explained

that she was busy and why.

"You can do that later," Shirley is quoted as saying.

What followed can be left to your imagination. But that afternoon Miss Ross excused herself summarily from "This Way Please" saying simply that the role would hurt her because the script gave the picture to Miss Livingstone.

The far-reaching consequences of that act, at least in the Paramount studio, are a matter of record. Officials, dumbfounded that a star with only three pictures behind her should so casually bring down the fires of wrath on her pretty head, shrugged finally and placed Betty Grable in the part.

It was an enormous, an incredible break for Betty. Until that time she had been a very minor featured player whose name was well known primarily because of her betrothal to Jackie Coogan. But if she makes good now—well, it probably means stardom.

If—but Betty too seems to have gone and caught Shirleyitis. "And how!" grins the amused crowd at Paramount. Betty, as the saying goes, is feeling her oats. If everyone thought Shirley was giving out with the lorgnette stuff, they just hadn't seen Betty in action.

SO the laughing continues. Fiancé Jackie Coogan, we hope, is laughing too, but with, not at, Betty.

Which all leaves the producers to wear long faces about the delay, the re-shooting, the blasted schedule, the halted production on "This Way Please" while the rest enjoy the whole mix up.

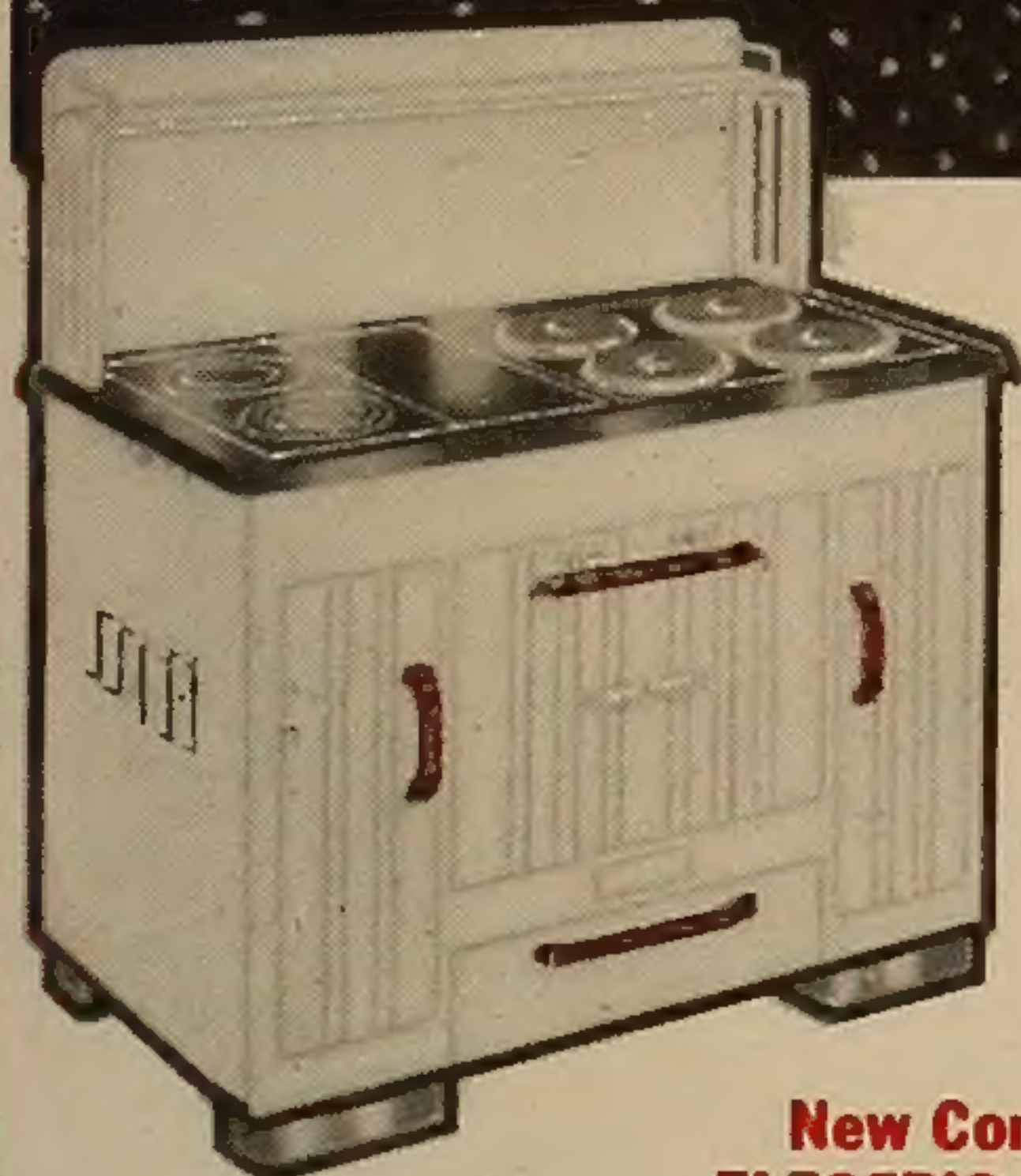
Unless Fibber McGee and Molly, Mary Livingstone, Buddy Rogers, Ned Sparks and Betty Grable are wearing long faces too. After all, they're left to carry on, now that there's a lull in the firing, in a picture that's had an unhappy beginning.

Maybe the cast is going to start wondering if "This Way Please" might mean this way out. As Molly would say to Fibber. "Tain't funny, McGee."

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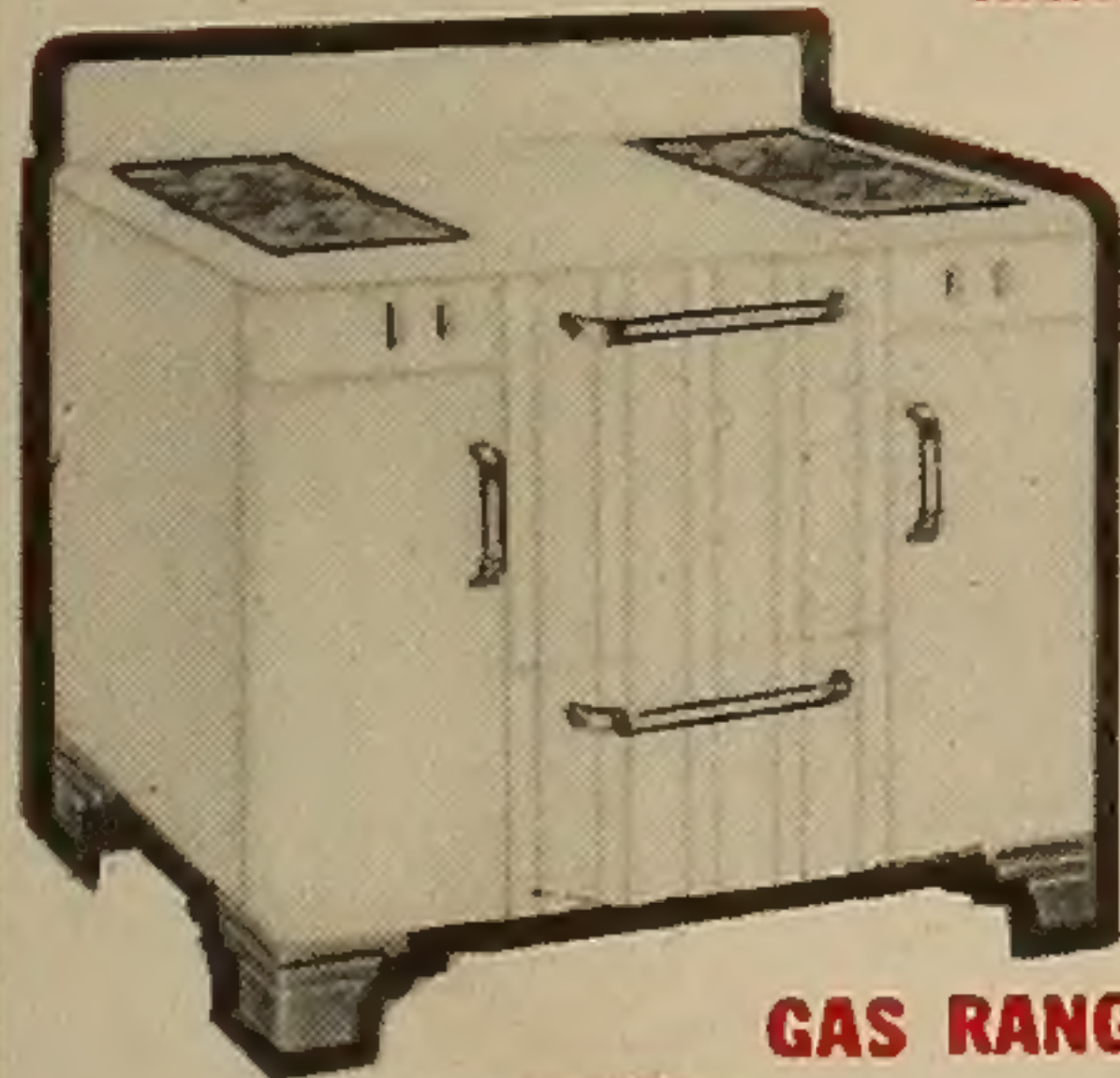
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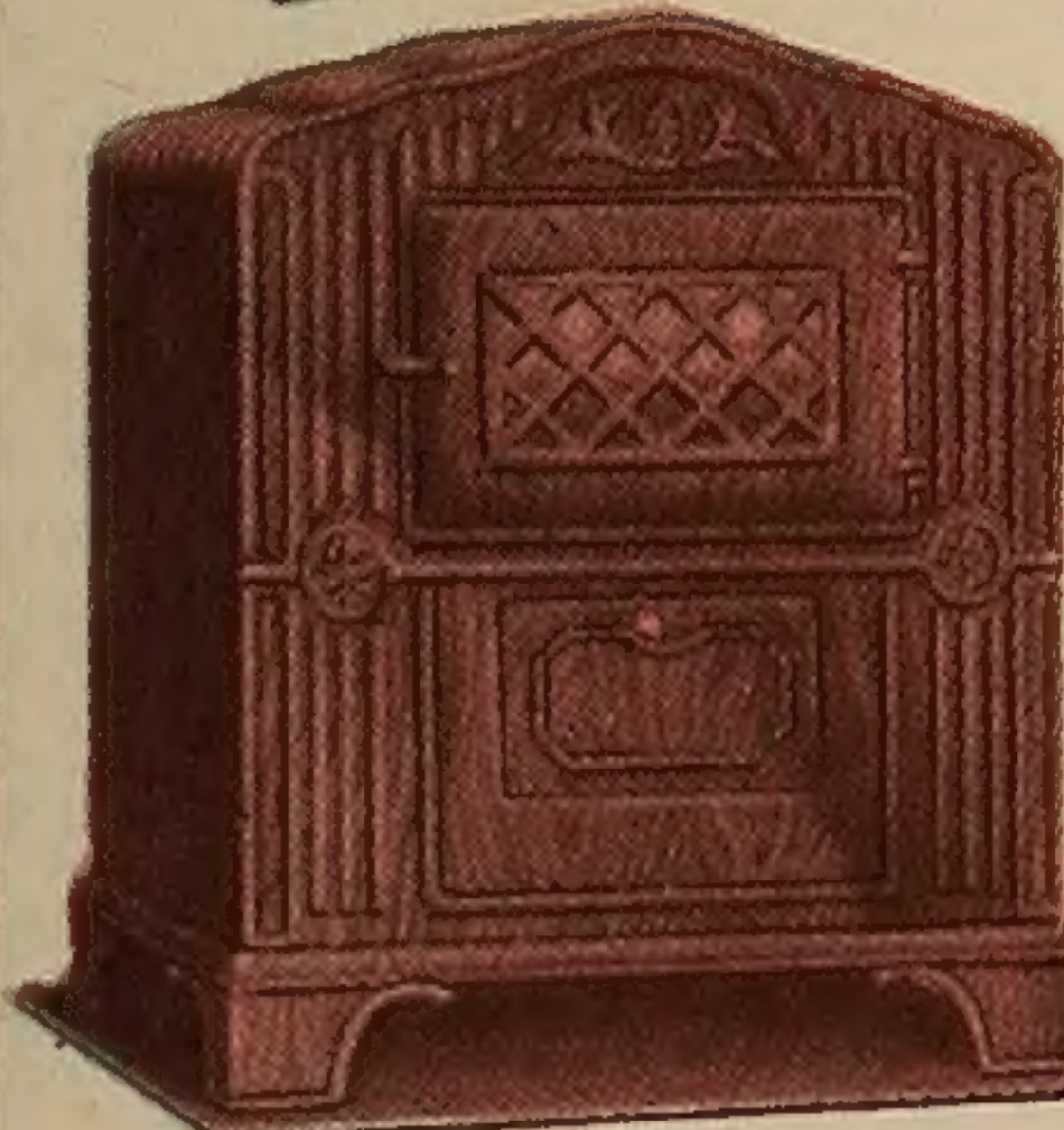
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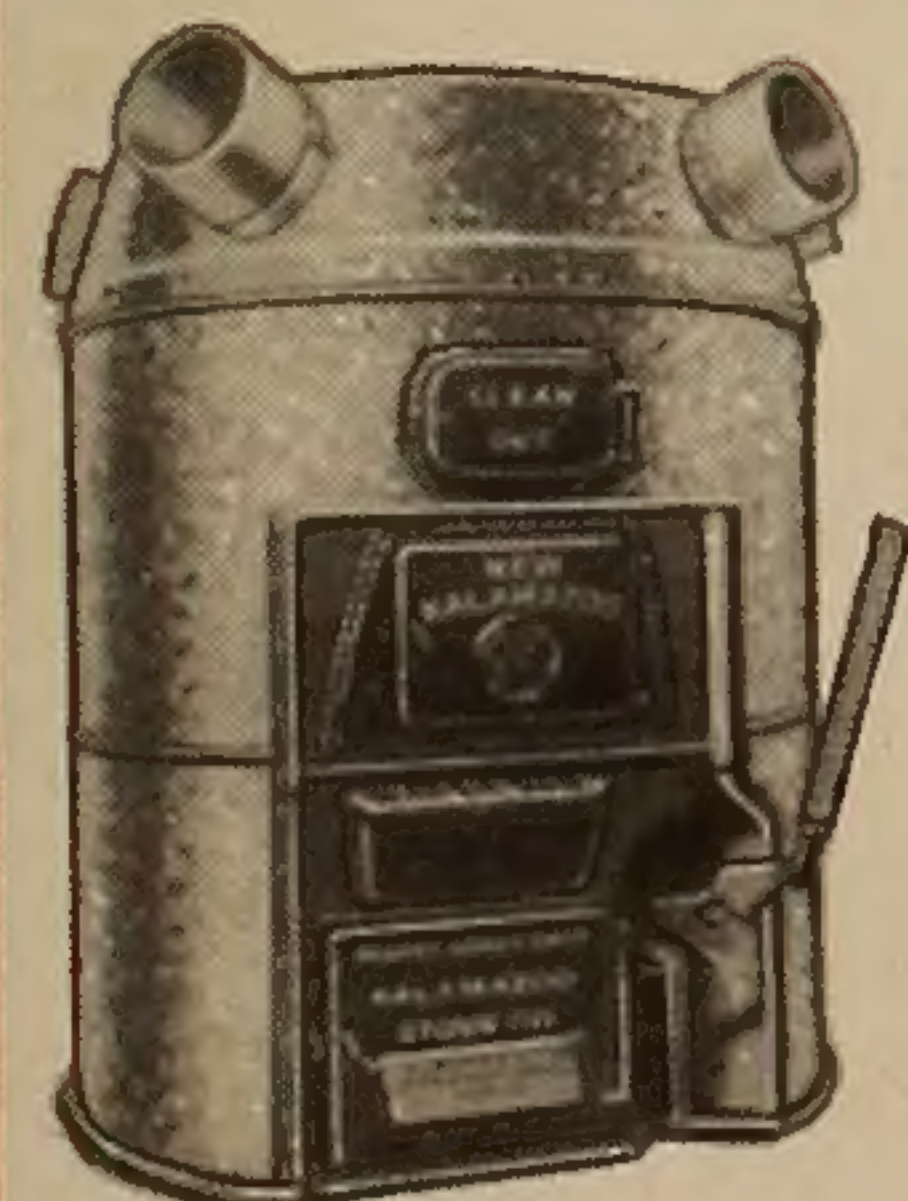


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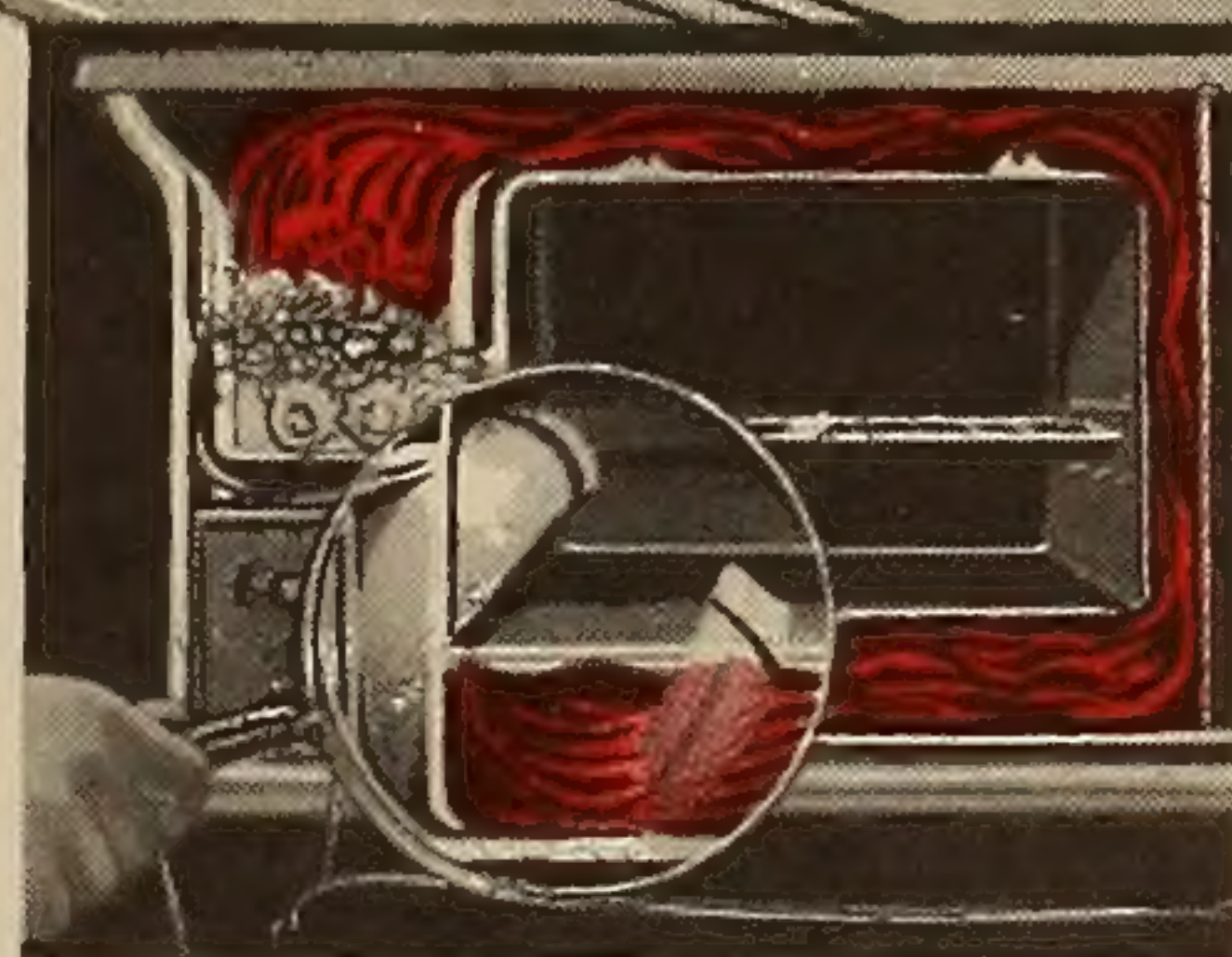
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